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ITALY AND THE ITALIANS

QUEEN MARGARHETTA.

ITALY AND THE ITALIANS

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BY
GEORGE B. TAYLOR, D. D.

WITH MAP AND ILLUSTRATIONS

O woman-country! wooed not wed;
Loved all the more by earth's male-lands,
Laid to their hearts instead.
—*Robert Browning*

Philadelphia
American Baptist Publication Society
MDCCCXCVIII

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From the Society's own Press

To

The Foreign Mission Board

Richmond, Virginia

A token of personal affection

and

in recognition of what Missions have done in making foreign lands better known

To

Dr. H. A. Tupper

Its late Secretary, and to the memory of

James B. Taylor

the first in that office

PREFACE

"I WISH that Italy and the Italians were at the bottom of the sea," remarked a wealthy, intelligent, generous Christian gentleman of our country when the claim of Italian missions was presented to him; and though possibly annoyed at the call, and suffering slight indisposition, he seemed to express his real sentiment.

The murders and lynching in New Orleans were the occasion of many unkind and unjust judgments pronounced upon Italy and her people; those who uttered them being evidently not in accord with the noble saying of England's greatest statesman, that he did not know how to draw up an indictment against an entire people.

We are spending the summer at Stazzema, a Tuscan hamlet of four hundred inhabitants, unknown to guidebook or tourist, and inaccessible to a carriage. The stone houses, steep and narrow pathways over the terraced hills, through chestnut forests, fields of maize, hemp and vines trellised on mulberry trees; the old women with distaffs, and little children tending sheep; and the peasants bearing on their heads heavy burdens of firewood, charcoal, or grain—all are as different as possible from every external thing in the Virginia neighborhood which gave us hospitality two years ago; but there are the same gentleness, good feeling, and kindness here as there; and this might be said of every other Italian village known to me.

The Italians have a proverb that "all the world is a country." There are good and bad everywhere. People of the same class do not differ, save superficially, the

world over. If our country and our people have the pre-eminence in certain directions, it is equally true that in some others Italy and the Italians bear away the palm. Italy with the gospel would be one of the best and happiest, as she already is the fairest, of earth's lands.

Orators pleading for home missions have sometimes sought to magnify their cause by speaking of Italy and other countries of Continental Europe as effete and without a future.

Even if Italy had no future, which is the opposite of true, yet her present is very respectable, and her great past and the debt we owe her, entitles her to our affectionate and grateful reverence. Ere our country was discovered—discovered by an Italian—Italy was the tree whose fruit served for the regeneration of Europe. "In the work of the Renaissance," says John Addington Symonds, "all the great nations of Europe shared, but it must never be forgotten that as a matter of history the true Renaissance began in Italy. It was there that the essential qualities which distinguish the modern from the ancient and medieval world were developed. Italy created that new spiritual atmosphere of culture and of intellectual freedom which has been the life breath of the European races. As the Jews are called the chosen and peculiar people of divine revelation, so may the Italians be called the chosen and peculiar vessels of the prophecy of the Renaissance. In art, in scholarship, in science, in the mediation between antique culture and the modern intellect, they took the lead, handing to Germany and France and England the restored humanities complete." Each of these nations has since played its part well. "But if we return to the first origins of the Renaissance, we find that at a time when the rest of Europe was inert, Italy had already begun to organize the various elements of the modern spirit, and to set the fashion whereby the

other great nations should learn and live." "The reason why Italy took the lead in the Renaissance was that Italy possessed a language, a favorable climate, political freedom, and commercial prosperity at a time when other nations were still semi-barbarous."

Living in Italy for almost a quarter of a century, and enjoying good opportunities of knowing something of Italians of all classes and in every section, I feel it at once a pleasure and a duty to do what I can toward presenting them as they are before my countrymen. It also seems due from one who lives long abroad, especially in a land so interesting and in a most interesting period, to offer some fruit for the benefit of that large majority who in God's providence do not sojourn in foreign countries.

To that "honest fame" which Goldsmith aimed at, I do not profess indifference, especially as far as it includes the approval of my own people; but above all, I shall be glad if this volume may, however little and indirectly, promote the cause of Christian missions.

I have written sympathetically, for I love Italy and admire many traits of Italian character, but I have neither extenuated nor concealed aught necessary to a just estimate. So far from exhausting the subject, I have been obliged to leave unused much material, including facts and thoughts crowding upon me to the last moment of writing. The reader will pardon any apparent repetition due to the recurrence of a subject in a new connection.

Like all who have written of Italy, I have felt free to cull a flower wherever found, but to a large extent the book is the result of my own observation and experience, and, such as it is, not only possesses a certain originality, but, as a whole, covers ground not occupied by any other book known to me. While seeking to give due credit

for material borrowed, sometimes quotation marks, in abridging, may have dropped out. Many volumes consulted and cited are mentioned in the text. I own my indebtedness in writing the first two chapters to Mr. Probyn's "History of Italy"; to "The Liberation of Italy," by Countess Cesaresco Martinengo; to the "Letters of Count Cavour," and the files of "*La Nuova Antologia*" (Italy's chief review). For the contemporary history I owe much to Corsi's new work, "*Italia, 1870–1895*," while many of the facts are described from the daily press and from my own observation. My chief authorities for the account of the earlier evangelization are the excellent "*Storia dei Valdesi*" of Prof. Comba, and a valuable manuscript written at my request by Sig. Oscar Cocorda. A few facts have been gleaned from Coldstream's "Institutions of Italy."

Finally, a word is necessary as to those for whom this book is intended. Certainly it is not for persons well acquainted with Italy, her land, history, institutions, literature, and people. Let all such understand that my modest volume is not for them. Leaving out these, there remains a large class, including many of the cultured and the traveled, to whom it may appeal. It has been written without sectarian bias and in the intervals of mission work, and despite frail health. It is as it is and as such is submitted to the gentle reader's kindly judgment.

G. B. T.

ROME, ITALY, July 16, 1897.

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ITALY
Scale
0 20 40 60 80 100 120 Miles
SWITZERLAND
AUSTRIA
FRANCE
PIEMONT
LOMBARDY
VENETIA
LIGURIA
EMILIA
TUSCANY
MARCHES
UMBRIA
LATIUM
ABRUZZO AND MOLISE
CAMPANIA
APULIA
BASILICATA
CALABRIA
SARDINIA
CORSICA
SICILY
DALMATIA
Adriatic Sea
Mediterranean Sea
ALGERIA
TUNIS
AFRICA
MALTA
Turin
Genoa
Nice
Milan
Verona
Trieste
Venice
River Po
Piacenza
Parma
Modena
Bologna
Ravenna
Rimini
Pistoja
Florence
Pisa
R. Arno
Leghorn
S. Marino
Ancona
Siena
Chieti
Civita Vecchia
ROME
R. Tiber
Naples
B. of Naples
Caserta
Benevento
Foggia
Bari
Potenza
Taranto
Brindisi
Lecce
Gallipoli
Salerno
Rossano
Catanzaro
Reggio
Messina
Palermo
Trapani
Catania
Girgenti
Syracuse
Bastia
Calvi
Corte
Ajaccio
ELBA
Sassari
Oristano
Cagliari
Tunis
Engraved by Geo May Powell, Philadelphia

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THE MAKING OF ITALY

Italia! Oh, Italia, thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty!

—*Byron*

I

THERE is still shown in Modena a bucket which this city captured in 1325 from Bologna, and which gave occasion three centuries later to a mock heroic poem by Alessandro Tassoni. That bucket is a symbol of the divisions existing for centuries in Italy, every city or State being in conflict with its neighbors. It was this divided condition and mutual hostility of her component parts that opened wide the door to conquerors from abroad. Glorious indeed were the free cities of Italy, but as their power waned they were without defense against the spoiler.

Moreover, Italy's marvelous, manifold beauty was a source of danger. Her genial climate, picturesque scenery, art treasures, great past, and gifted sons have ever had a powerful fascination, especially for the people of the North. It was no wonder that Napoleon Bonaparte coveted her, and that she became his easy prey. Then, and for half a century afterward, she might well wish to be "less lovely or more powerful." He came professedly as the liberator of Italy and made many fair promises, all of which were utterly broken, though certain benefits, material and moral, accrued to her from his rule.

When Napoleon fell, Austria succeeded to his supremacy in Italy, using the same flattering but false show of friendship and aggravating the evil of the past without any compensating good. Venice and Lombardy now became a part of the Austrian empire; Parma and Modena were constituted Austrian duchies; Bologna, the Marches, and the Roman province reverted to the pope; the house of

Hapsburg-Lorraine, in the person of the Grand Duke Ferdinand, returned to Tuscany; while Naples and Sicily, under the title of The Two Sicilies, the former for the second time, were turned over to the Bourbons. But all these States not formally under Austrian rule were really so, as any attempt on the part of those having the reins of government to rule other than according to Austria's views, that is other than absolutely, would have led to her intervention; and Austria, on her part, was ever ready to sustain these rulers in their despotism, and put down any efforts on the side of the people for a constitutional government.

Happily there was yet another kingdom in Italy which gave hope of better things, the kingdom of Piedmont, or as it is sometimes called, the Sardinian kingdom, whose throne belonged to the ancient house of Savoy. It embraced Savoy, Piedmont (including Genoa and the Riviera), and the island of Sardinia, which last had remained loyally devoted to that dynasty in its darkest hours. This too was an absolute monarchy; but there were these important differences in its favor, that the dukes of Savoy were Italian and that they were honest, so that promises of reform were maintained. Moreover, they became increasingly patriotic, and impatient of Austria's control in the peninsula.

Thus almost all Italy was under foreign tyrants, and Italy was sneeringly described by Prince Metternich as only "a geographical expression." Yet, though thus divided and in subjection, Italy possessed two important elements of nationality, community of race and a common language. There existed also the *sentiment* of nationality, which was growing and was only fostered by the very efforts to keep her divided and subject, and by the common sufferings of the people from the Alps to the southernmost point of Sicily.

The love of liberty, which never died out in Italy, and the severity of the despotism with which she was governed, led to frequent efforts for relief, which, however innocent, always called forth cruel repression. Spies and informers were ever busy, and persons merely suspected suffered as if guilty.

After the mad uprising in Savoy (1834) inspired by Mazzini, many were shot, while Garibaldi, who was one of the condemned, fled to South America. In Lombardy six hundred persons were prosecuted together. The prisons of Milan were full to overflowing. Torture was used to procure revelations, and under the most atrocious torments, a student and a priest died and two others went mad. In a pamphlet printed in this same year in Milan, by order of the Austrian government as a school book, are the following questions and answers:

"How should subjects behave to their sovereign?"

Answer, "Subjects should behave like faithful servants to their master."

"Why should subjects behave like servants?"

"Because the sovereign is their *master*, and has as much power over their possessions as *over their lives*."

And, some time before, the Emperor of Austria had addressed these insulting words to the professors of the University of Pavia: "Know, gentlemen, that I do not desire cultured men, nor studious ones, but I wish you to form for me faithful subjects devoted to my house."

The pope's cardinals proved not worthier of trust nor less cruel than the worst secular ruler. Without provocation whatever, a band of papal soldiers, little better than brigands, attacked the city of Forli and continued the sack and the massacre all night. Sixty citizens were wounded and twenty-one killed, of whom two were women, one about to become a mother. Cardinal Albani, who professed to come as a benefactor, called this

massacre "a sad accident." The papal prisons were so full of political prisoners, that in 1837 Cardinal Lambruschini ordered one hundred and fourteen of these unhappy persons to be sent to Brazil, to save the expense of their maintenance. The reign of Gregory XVI. was characterized by imprisonments, banishments, executions. Great corruption prevailed, ignorance was encouraged, and sins against God were punished as crimes against the State.

Francis IV., duke of Modena, sought to increase his dukedom and induced Ciro Menotti, a prominent liberal, to join his plot. After the failure of the plot he betrayed and hanged Menotti, as well as Borelli, a pure and learned man, who had favored the liberation of political prisoners and the freedom of Modena. The Chevalier Ricci, one of the duke's faithful servants, falsely accused, was shot. Nearly a thousand Modenese went into exile to escape from the duke, and hundreds languished in prison.

The Bourbon rulers of the Two Sicilies were as faithless as they were unscrupulous and cruel. Ferdinand I., constrained in 1820 to grant a constitution, after having celebrated mass, swore solemnly in the presence of his court and ministers to maintain it, calling upon God to annihilate him if he did not remain faithful to his pledge. His sons also swore to maintain the constitution. In less than a year, he re-established despotism. "Exile, death, and imprisonment were the rewards of those who had been instrumental in winning for their country constitutional liberties," now overthrown by the armies of Austria and the perjury of Ferdinand. The historian Farina states, that "eight hundred were condemned to death, more than double that number to prison or the galleys, and so many driven into exile that it is impossible to give their numbers."

Francis I., son and successor of Ferdinand, was like his father. He not only arranged for the permanent presence of Austrian troops, but increased his mercenary Swiss force. A small rising at the village of Cilento was put down by an army of six thousand as if it had been a great revolution. "Twenty persons were shot without any form of trial," and twenty-six, after brief examination, were beheaded and their heads exhibited where their friends and kindred must perforce see them. The commune of Bosco was suppressed and literally destroyed by royal decree. It is not strange that this king suffered in his last illness the pangs of remorse. When the streets were perfectly quiet, he seemed in his delirium to hear the cries of the people asking for a constitution; and he exclaimed "Give it to them, let them have a constitution."

Of all the foreign rulers, the grand duke of Tuscany was the best. His rule was relatively mild and the people fairly contented. The comparative mildness of the grand duke's rule was more from a sort of let-alone spirit than from love of liberty. The poet Giusti called Leopold II. "The Tuscan Morpheus, crowned with poppies and leaves of lettuce." On occasion, as we shall see, the sharp claws under the velvet were used against freedom and for religious persecution. Still his comparative mildness called forth protests from Austria and from the papal government. In fact, the minions of the pope, and especially the Jesuits, were responsible for much of the harsh absolutism manifested elsewhere in Italy. The Sanfedisti, or those attached to what they called the Holy Faith, constituted a large party, opposed to liberal principles and constitutional governments, but were the ardent supporters of despotism, which they truly regarded as the best friend of "Holy Mother Church."

Charles Albert had in his youth, when regent for

Charles Felix, shown his devotion to liberal principles, even granting a constitution which the latter promptly annulled. But after Charles Albert became king, he was so beset by the Jesuits that for a time he lent himself to the reactionary party, and in Piedmont the cruel persecution of liberals continued; but better counsels were soon to prevail.

As in other days Dante and Machiavelli had nourished the national sentiment, so also did the writers of this period. Silvio Pellico's simple, pathetic account of his imprisonment in Venice, and for fifteen years at Spielberg, touched many hearts then as it has done ever since. Indirect but powerful was the appeal of the romances of Manzoni and Massinio d'Azeglio, the latter manifesting his patriotism with the sword as well as with the pen, and also as a wise statesman. Especially did the poets give no uncertain sound. Leopardi, Giusti, Rossetti, Berchet, and others, sang the glory and sorrow of Italy, and protested against her oppressors now with irony and again with invective. Terrible was the arraignment of the papacy in Nicolini's "*Arnaldo da Brescia.*"

The powerful, patriotic poems of Giusti, the Tuscan poet, deserve here special notice. In his brief life between 1809 and 1850 he was cognizant of many of the wrongs of his country, and his pen, now pathetic, now keenly satiric or indignantly scornful, did splendid service for its redemption, which he was not to see save with prophetic eye. In his allegorical poem, "The Boot," Italy under that figure speaks describing itself, its history, and need. In poetic form it contains ideas such as these: I am not made of calfskin, nor am I a peasant's boot. I am double soled for a cavalier to wear in forest or by the sea, and though often in the water, am not decayed. I have a border at the top and a seam down the middle (referring to the Alps on the north border and the bisect-

ing Apennines). I am not easily put on, and few can wear me, nay, I fatigue and hurt a delicate foot, and to most legs I am unadapted. No one can wear me long; one after another has tried me on. I will not tell of all who have desired me, but only of the most famous, and how I passed from robber to robber. It will seem incredible. Once, I know not how, I galloped by myself and ran over the world . . . but . . . losing my equilibrium, my own weight brought me down stretched out on the earth. Then the priest, in despite of the faith, wished to put me on, but finding that I was not adapted to his foot, hired me out to this or that tyrant.

"The Boot" then recounts the experiences of Germans and Gauls and the country of Don Quixote in trying to wear it, which was not helpful to it or to them, and continues: But the greatest evil done me has come from the priests, a malignant and indiscreet race, who are forbidden, anyhow, by the Decretals to wear boots.[1]

Then "The Boot" tells how it is waiting for a leg, neither German nor French, but of its own land. There was a leg which the boot was not ashamed of had not that leg been too much of a vagabond, and which could have found this the strongest boot in the world's map, only a snowstorm in those strange races froze that leg (an evident allusion to Napoleon and his ruinous Russian campaign, in which many Italian soldiers perished). The boot needs to be re-sewed and re-cleaned, with fresh nails in the sole, but for pity's sake look out to get a good bootmaker. Then the poem concludes:[2]

> And look—this bit of blue, how ill it matches
> With red and white, and black and yellow there;
> I'm a mere harlequin of shreds and patches.

[1] A good hit, for shoes, as well as hats of certain form, are prescribed for Roman Catholic priests.

[2] Translation by the late Henry Surhington, Esq., in a review of the works of Giusti in "British Quarterly Review."

If you would really put me in repair,
Make me with loving zeal and sense to aid,
All of one piece and one prevailing shade.

In Giusti's satire on the occasion of the coronation of the Emperor of Austria the emperor is represented as attended by all his Italian vassal sovereigns, who because of their servility to their imperial master were despised in Italy, as they were hated for their oppressions and gratuitous insults; and in the poem each is faithfully portrayed.

"The Land of the Dead" was Giusti's response to those words applied to Italy by a Northern poet. Adolphus Trollope describes this as "the almost awful poem of Giusti," and tells how it "was handed around despite the prohibition of censors and the vigilance of the police." After some stanzas in which the Austrian is taunted with "the forest of bayonets" necessary to keep down this nation so loudly proclaimed to be dead, he continues:[1]

But due receipts and payments
The books of nature give;
Our time is come for burial,
As theirs is come to live.
And truly, if you ask me,
We've had our time on earth;
Why, Gino,[2] we were full-grown men
Long years before their birth.

Ye city walls that round us,
Ye tombs in grand array,
Our true apotheosis
We see in your decay.
Restless barbarian raze them,
The very graves efface,
Whose bones may dare to savor yet
Of this their burial place.

[1] The translation is from an article on Giusti, in the "Athenæum," No. 1484.

[2] Gino Capponi, the venerable Tuscan constitutionalist, to whom the poem is dedicated.

Instead of funeral torches
The sun above our tomb
Keeps watch in changeless radiance;
There rose and violet bloom,
With vine and olive mingled,
To twine a mourning wreath.
Oh, lovely graveyard, that might make
The living covet death!

In fine, then, brother corpses,
Let men sing out their stave!
Wait we and see what ending
This living death may have.
There is a *Dies Iræ*
In the service for the tomb!
Shall there not be, however far,
A judgment day to come?

Thus even when the sword was sheathed, the pen wrought for Italy; and there was this double advantage, that the love of freedom rather than the despotic spirit is the inspirer of noble thought and expression, and that Italy, even apart from this reason, was with the pen far superior to Austria, for even a single street in Florence had produced within a short period more great minds than the Austrian empire in its whole history.

Many were the plans for throwing off the foreign yoke. Notable among those who wrought in various ways for independence was Joseph Mazzini. Pure in character and in life, he was a literary artist animated by the idea that art for its own sake is atheistic, and should instead be a spur to fine action and especially to form a great and free people. Born in Genoa, June 20, 1808, he joined in 1830 the Carbonari, a widespread secret political society of unknown but not recent origin, resembling somewhat in its symbols Free Masonry, and in Italy aiming at the independence and unity of the country. In 1831 he was imprisoned in Savona as a political suspect. At this time he conceived the idea of a new society, to be called "Young Italy." Choosing exile in preference to being the object of espionage and to possible other imprisonment, he went to Marseilles, where the idea became an accomplished fact. The work of "Young Italy" was to be first educative and then revolutionary. Its motto was "God and Country" which, out of Italy, he enlarged to "God and Humanity," and the watchword was Duty. "Young Italy" spread through sailors, and Garibaldi on the Black Sea became a member. Mazzini addressed an eloquent letter to Charles Albert, the Savoyan king, urging him to head "Young Italy" and thus become greater than Kosciusko or Washington.

Finding this appeal vain he became, with his followers, hostile to the king, which only played into the hands of the absolutist party. Mazzini really was more of a poet than statesman, and was "unable to distinguish the desirable from the possible, or the proportion between means and ends."[1] His various attempts to provoke uprisings were, when not utter failures, productive chiefly of harm.

[1] In his long exile in England, the Carlyles saw much of him and while recognizing his moral worth, were impressed with his unpractical, almost visionary character; yet in a grave crisis in Mrs. Carlyle's life he proved himself a wise and helpful friend.

Still, he was useful in inspiring especially the youth of Lombardy and Central Italy and leading them to hear the voice of duty and feel the poetry of sacrifice, and in fostering and partly creating the idea and sentiment of unity. An intense republican, he could not, to the last, give his blessing to the kingdom of Italy and when elected to the Italian House of Deputies, refused to serve. Of quite other spirit were such men as Manin and Garibaldi, who sharing Mazzini's republican principles, were yet glad to yield their preferred form of government when another form proved best fitted to secure the substance of freedom. It may well be doubted whether Italy was really prepared for a republic. According to a high authority, Mazzini's refusal to participate in the government of New Italy was due not to his republican principles but to his disappointment, as an idealist of lofty aims and hopes, "at the race for wealth, ease, and material happiness" on the part of the redeemed people.

The Marquis d' Azeglio was one of those who saw clearly that local, sporadic uprisings could never free Italy, but tended rather to tighten her fetters. After a tour in the Romagna of examination and of liberal propaganda, at the same time discouraging premature and necessarily ineffectual revolts, he made his report to Charles Albert and asked his opinion. This called forth from the king the following noble and stirring words: "Tell those gentlemen to keep quiet and not move, as now there is nothing to do; but let them be assured that when the opportunity presents itself, my life and that of my sons, my arms, my treasure, my army, all will be spent for the cause of Italy"—words afterward faithfully fulfilled.

When in 1846 Pius IX. succeeded Gregory XVI., and initiated his pontificate with a proclamation of amnesty for political offenses, he was hailed as a benefactor, and

the popular feeling knew no bounds. Contrary to his advisers and to his own wishes, but under an influence which he could not resist, he instituted a civic guard and a council of State, and conceded partial liberty to the press.

The year 1848 and 1849 are two most important dates in the history of the making of Italy. In a little over twelve months her hopes and fortunes rose to the zenith and sank to the nadir. On the twelfth of January, 1848, a flame of revolution burst forth in Palermo, which soon extended over the whole island and leaped to Naples. Ferdinand II., who refused the reforms granted in the other States, was now constrained to grant a constitution which with the most solemn oaths was promulgated on the eleventh of February. But the Sicilians, knowing the worthlessness of Bourbon promises, continued to fight and possessed themselves of most of the forts.

On the seventeenth of February, the grand duke gave a constitution to Tuscany; and on the fourth of March Charles Albert, after many reforms, decreed to the Piedmontese kingdom that *Statuto* which is to-day the fundamental law of free, united Italy.

On the fifteenth of March, Pius IX. followed the example of the others and yielded a constitution. With some good provisions it nevertheless kept all control in the hands of the pope and his cardinals, so that it was a promise to the ear broken to the heart. A plain man of the people, but one of nature's noblemen, Angelo Brunetti, nicknamed Ciceruacchio, was for a time the tribune of the Roman people and his property he freely gave to the cause of freedom. These movements and achievements stirred the people of Milan who had ample and ever-increasing reason to hate the Austrian tyranny. Their protests and appeals served only to increase the ferocity and petty tyranny of their oppressors.

Dearer even than tea to the Anglo Saxon is tobacco to the Italian ; but on account of a tax put upon the latter, the Milanese gave it up, and not a man was seen with a cigar. There needed but a spark to explode the mine, and that was supplied by the news of revolutions in Vienna. Then came the famous Five Days of Milan, March eighteenth to twenty-second, in which the people arose and after severe fighting drove the twenty thousand Austrian soldiers from the city. Women, old men, and children took part in the struggle ; and costly, but not too costly, was the sacrifice of life.

On the same day in which Milan triumphed, Venice also came into the hands of its rightful owners and Daniel Manin, equally wise and patriotic, was made dictator. The other cities of Lombardy had followed the example of Milan and the Austrian forces retreated within the quadrilateral which included the four strong fortresses of Peschiera, Mantua, Segnano, and Verona.

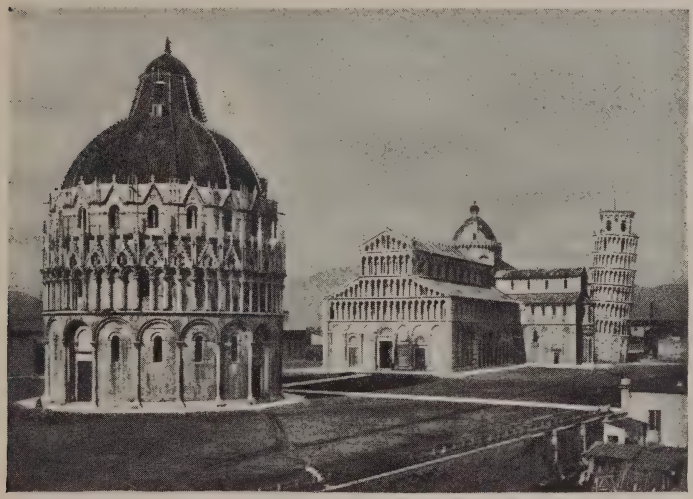
Daniel Manin was a learned and cultured lawyer whose frail suffering body was upheld by sheer will. Hating intensely Austrian domination, he often showed that they ruled illegally according to their own laws. For this and analogous action he and the scholarly Tommaseo were thrown into prison—that dismal pile by the Bridge of Sighs. But it was the year of revolutions and soon the people demanded and obtained their liberation, and Manin then became master of the city and most of the Venetian province, the Austrian troops, which were few and not the most reliable, having retired. Never did ruler show more wisdom, tact, courage, self-sacrifice than Manin. There was an anarchical element in the city which only he knew how to hold in check. The citizens showed themselve worthy of their chief and of the cause of freedom. "Ladies brought their costly jewels, gondoliers, their silver bodkins ; twelve thousand soldiers were

clothed by voluntary subscriptions ; a couple of citizens gave one hundred thousand *lire* apiece ; the young Marquis Bevilacqua—soon to spend his life's blood also in the Italian cause—presented his palace ; old General Pepe, the commander in chief, came forward with his ewe lamb in the shape of a precious picture by Leonardo da Vinci ; Manin, who through his term of office refused to accept any salary, dispatched to the mint the entire contents of his modest plate chest—two silver dishes, two coffee-pots, and a dozen forks and spoons. Little children came with their toys ; boys went dinnerless so as to bring in their mite ; the very convicts made up a purse for their country."[1] Despite these sacrifices and the foresight of Manin in providing food, the blockaded city was threatened with famine, the cholera was claiming its victims by hundreds, and the most terrible bombardment was going on. Capitulation became a necessity but it was of the most honorable kind. Alas, though, that Manin, the noblest of men, who had worthily filled the office of dictator, was sent into exile and for the few years that remained of life gained a miserable subsistence by teaching in Paris. Nearly two decades were yet to elapse ere Venice became free and a part of United Italy

But the Austrians were still "in their own house," to use an Italian phrase, and until they were driven out, no local victories, bloodless or sanguinary, availed aught. The Piedmontese king, Charles Albert, believing that the supreme hour had come, declared war against Austria on the fifteenth of March, and by the thirtieth of May had driven the defeated enemy back to Verona. In one of these, the day, when almost lost, was retrieved by Victor Emmanuel, soon to be Italy's king, who, though wounded in the thigh, gathered up the wavering troops and hurled them against the Austrians.

[1] "Italian Characters," by Countess E. Martinengo Cesaresco.

But now the tide of battle turned. The pope and other princes in Italy seemed to regard Charles Albert as a rival rather than an ally, and though they had been obliged by their subjects to send troops to his aid, it was against their will, and they soon made haste to withdraw them, leaving only those volunteers who refused to obey and return. The pope really had proposed only to defend his own territory, and now with a famous encyclical con-



demned the war with Austria. From that day he lost his influence in Italy. The grand duke of Tuscany decreed the dissolution of the corps of volunteers, but the people beginning to mutiny, he was obliged to yield. Almost all of the sixteen thousand Neapolitan troops were withdrawn.

Marshal Radetzky availed himself of this defection, and before the Tuscan and Neapolitan volunteers remaining could reorganize, he crushed them with his army of thirty-five thousand men and one hundred and fifty cannon. Among the wounded of the volunteers was

Professor Montanelli, who commanded a company of students from the University of Pisa. Then, while Charles Albert was investing Mantua and Verona, the Austrian commander attacked with an overwhelming force General Durando, who led the troops from the pontifical States, and though again and again driven back, yet with fresh troops finally gained the victory over those worn-out men. To Colonel Alberi, sent by General Durando to capitulate, Marshal Radetzky said, "Rejoice with your general: he commands not soldiers, but heroes." There was now a period of inaction, and in the interval Radetzky offered Lombardy to Carlo Alberto as a condition of peace provided Venice were retained; but the king refused it, saying that he was fighting for the independence of all Italy.

Radetzky having re-established his communication with Vienna and secured reinforcements and additional munitions, attacked the Piedmontese army, and after three days of fighting with various fortune, won a decisive victory. This battle, so glorious and yet so disastrous for the Italians, is known as the battle of Custoza. On the tenth of August an armistice was signed, and the Piedmontese army recrossed the Mincio. Garibaldi remained to carry on a guerilla warfare in the mountains.

In Rome the agitations of feeling culminated in the assassination, on the fifteenth of November, of Count Ferdinando Rossi, the pope's minister of the Interior and temporarily of Finance, a worthy man, but unpopular both with the Sanfedisti and the advanced Liberals. All honest men, however, deplored the act. Nine days later, dressed as a simple priest, the pope left Rome and went to Gaeta in the Neapolitan State. Leopold of Tuscany, after opening Parliament, left his dukedom, placed himself in communication with the pope, and under the protection of Ferdinand.

The negotiations of Piedmont for peace with Austria, despite the intervention of France and England, having utterly failed, Austria resolutely refusing to yield the advantages gained by her victories, Charles Albert, on the twelfth of March, 1849, with the full approval of his people, but perhaps not wisely, closed the armistice. Marshal Radetzky, now eighty, predicted that the struggle would be brief, as indeed it proved, for on the twenty-third of the same month, he gained at Novara a victory so signal that it ended the campaign. Charles Albert had amply fulfilled the pledge of himself, his sons, and his treasure to the cause of Italy, but as it then seemed, all in vain. Yet such blows struck for freedom could not be in vain, and the wave now ebbing to its utmost limit was destined in its flood to make Italy's fortune. For her sake, as well as in deep discouragement, he now abdicated in favor of Victor Emmanuel II.

Charles Albert has been called the Hamlet of monarchy. Struggling between bigotry and liberalism in his own breast, he could have used Cowper's words:

> 'Tis my honest conviction
> That my heart is a chaos
> Of all contradiction.

"All his life Charles Albert was a Faust for the possession of whose soul two irreconcilable powers contended." He more than once said, "Am I not an incomprehensible man!" But he was a true martyr to Italian independence, and like Moses, never entered the Promised Land.

Despotism was now triumphant, or soon to be so, in all Italy save in the Piedmontese kingdom. Brescia still resisted after Novara, but when the resistance had been overcome, Haynau proved himself a cruel conqueror, and made his name the symbol of remorseless tyranny.

Naples was the prey of furious rage. Whoever was known for his love of Italy and fidelity to the constitution, ministers, senators, deputies, magistrates, priests, were either obliged to find refuge on foreign ships from the snares of spies, and so seek safety in exile, or, afflicted with every kind of moral and physical evil, were thrown into prison with murderers; whoever was irksome to the infamous swarm of spies and false witnesses who headed the police, was the object of accusation and inquisition; some were calumniated from private revenge and some for gold; there was no guarantee for civic right, no legal check, no shame in the government—nothing but insolent tyranny.

Such is the statement of Farini, the Italian historian; but only he who has read the memoirs of some of the distinguished men, like Settembrini, the man of letters, or Baron Poerio, can imagine the sufferings, bodily and mental, endured for a decade in those loathsome prisons, often with fetters as well. He who now writes these words has never been able to read those details without scalding tears of horror and sympathy and admiration.

Many of the noblest men of Lombardy, both in character and station, were excluded from the amnesty after Novara, and were banished. Seventeen persons in Milan, two of whom were women, were brutally flogged in public with from twenty-five to fifty stripes, for the mere expression of opinion. Sixty blows of the Austrian kind meant death, and an account was sent in to the authorities for rods broken and worn out, and for ice used to prevent gangrene. Piedmont's war indemnity, originally fixed at forty-eight million dollars, was reduced, on pressure from England and France, to about one-third of that amount.

The flight of the pope had led to the establishment of the short-lived Roman republic, in whose assembly sat Mazzini and Garibaldi, and at the defeat of the Piedmontese at Novara, the executive, was intrusted to a triumvirate consisting of Mazzini, Saffi, and Armellini.

This time it was France that intervened with arms for the restoration of the temporal power of the pope. There was now to be new confirmation of the view of Guerrazzi, following Machiavelli, that the papacy was a cause of Italy's divided state and consequent subjection to foreign nations, as well as of the saying of Metternich, that "A liberal pope is an impossibility." The first attack on the eternal city was on the thirtieth of April, 1849, and after seven hours of fighting, the French were repulsed. The city was defended chiefly by Romans, but Garibaldi and his volunteers, as also Manara, the hero of the Five Days of Milan, with his young followers. On the third of June, General Oudinot, having seized the Villas Pamfili, Corsini, and Valentini at Porta St. Pancrazio, on the Janiculum, began the siege of Rome. After a heroic, sanguinary defense, in which many of the volunteer leaders fell, on the third of July the city was occupied by the French, followed soon by the pope, who, forgetful of his former liberal acts, gave free rein to the Sanfedisti, his throne supported by foreign bayonets.[1] With much that was fine in his character, it was now nevertheless clear, and was afterward to be clearer still, that Pius IX. was not one of the makers of Italy, for he re-constituted the order of the Jesuits, ever the enemies of freedom, and convoked the celebrated Vatican Council, which declared the dogma of papal infallibility, a mighty arm against the nation's unity and independence, as will be more fully considered.

Rome having fallen, Garibaldi told his soldiers that he was going to seek the foe elsewhere, concluding with these sublime words, "I cannot offer you honors or pay; I offer you hunger, thirst, forced marches, battles, death." Three thousand men accepted the offer. Among them were the monk Ugo Bassi and Ciceruacchio, with his

[1] Probyn, p. 173.

two sons, one of them a mere boy. After long and painful wanderings, they were received by the republic of San Marino, which was to secure them immunity, their arms having been laid down. But all were declared outlaws and the people were forbidden to give them bread or water. Garibaldi watched by his dying wife, Anita, in a peasant's cottage till all was over, and then succeeded in making his escape, but found no rest for the sole of his foot till America was reached. The patriot friar and Brunetti and his two sons were taken and shot.

THE MAKING OF ITALY—CONTINUED

O woman-country! wooed not wed;
Loved all the more by earth's male-lands.

—*Robert Browning*

II

THE history of Piedmont is henceforth almost the history of Italy's struggle for independence. The first difficulty confronting the young king came from his own parliament, which refused to accept the peace he had made with Austria, so that it was twice necessary to dissolve the House and appeal to the electors. In Genoa the dissatisfaction expressed itself in disorder, requiring to be quelled by arms, which was done with equal promptness and prudence. During this trying time the sovereign showed fine tact, feeling as averse as his subjects possibly could to the peace imposed, and therefore sympathizing with them, yet on the other hand insisting firmly on submission to the inevitable. Then and afterward he was given to understand by Austria that if he would rule absolutely, his realm would be enlarged and other things would be done in his favor, but such offers could only fill with indignation the honest king who had sworn to observe the constitution.

That article of the *Statuto* which guaranteed religious toleration was now further strengthened by an enactment of Parliament to the effect that every citizen not convicted of crime should be eligible to any civil, legal, or military office. Thus was Piedmont in the matter of religious liberty ahead of England, the latter country at that time requiring a person elected to Parliament to swear on the faith of a Christian before taking his seat, so that certain ones who could not conscientiously do this were refused membership in spite of their election. Another reform was the abolishing of ecclesiastical jurisdiction in civil and criminal cases, thus placing ecclesi-

astics on the same footing as other citizens. This law aroused the hostility of the papal authorities to such a degree that when, soon after, Santa Rosa, the minister of commerce, died, he was refused the sacrament and absolution, a revenge truly diabolical, since it meant, from the papal point of view, nothing less than consigning him to perdition.

There now came to the front the ablest man modern Italy has produced as well as the most important factor in accomplishing her freedom and unity, Count Camillo Cavour. He was born August 10, 1810, and was by his father destined and educated for military life, from which, however, he turned away when free. He made several journeys to England and was a great admirer of English institutions and was equally removed in his convictions from a fixed conservatism and radicalism. In youth when suffering some penalty for his liberal opinions, he predicted: "I shall make my way, and in my dreams I see myself already minister of Italy." As editor and as member of Parliament, he powerfully supported the cause of constitutional reform. Some natural disadvantages there were to contend with, for not only was he ungainly and homely in person, but his voice was harsh and grating, and his speech, in Italian, slow and hesitating. But over these he triumphed by his strong intellect, sound sense, keen dialectics, moral courage, and indomitable will. It is interesting in reading the parliamentary proceedings to observe how he was baited by men whose names are preserved now only from their opposition to him, as the fly in the amber. He was quick at repartee. When taunted by one of the deputies with his devotion to England and English institutions, calling him "Milord Camillo," he replied promptly, "The taunt comes from one whose name has never reached England." He never married, though he

had pleasant friendships and liked to converse and correspond with clever, cultured women. He loved the country and country life, took great interest in his farm, introducing and recommending to his neighbors the most improved agricultural methods and machinery ; thus he had, as suggested by the author of "Rab and his Friends," an extra line of rails on which to shunt his mind now and then and so rest it. But more and more public affairs engrossed him, and ultimately the palace of the ministry became his home.

When he succeeded Santa Rosa, Victor Emmanuel, who knew men, said with a smile to Massimo d' Azeglio, then president of the Cabinet, "Look out what you are doing ; Cavour will soon be master of you all." In fact, soon after, indirectly because an agreement could not be had with the pope on the laws concerning civil and ecclesiastical relations, despite every effort, Massimo D'Azeglio resigned, and both Count Balbo and M. de Revel failing to form a ministry, Cavour became Prime Minister at the head of a strong and liberal government. He reformed the finances of the country in view of the heavy war debt, and carried out practically his free trade principles even when, as in the case of France, his course was not reciprocated. He promoted intercommunication by railways and common roads, projecting and promoting the Mont Cenis tunnel. Ecclesiastical reforms were continued by the establishment of civil marriage and the partial abolition of mendicant orders. But misunderstood and hated as he was by the clericals, he was the farthest removed from an atheist, and secured from a priest, who was his personal friend, the promise to administer the sacrament to him in his last hours, being a Catholic as well as a Liberal, which involved no contradiction whatever according to his famous saying, "A free Church in a free State."

Among the books which had been written concerning the condition of Italy and the remedies therefor, was one by Cæsar Balbo, entitled "Hopes"; but because it took a true, if somewhat dark, view of the situation, it was by some nicknamed "Resignation," and by others, "Despair." It contained, however, one remarkable prevision, that relief would come from movements in Europe and especially in Eastern Europe. Cavour had determined to plead before Europe the cause of Italy, and he now saw in the Crimean War, then imminent, his opportunity. Believing in the righteousness of the cause espoused by the Western Powers, he proposed to send troops in their aid, to which Victor Emmanuel at once consented, saying that if he could not go himself, he would send his brother. Sundry difficulties were to be surmounted, but at length Piedmont was admitted as an equal ally of England and France, and eighteen thousand men, under General La Marmora, were sent to the seat of war, who by the part they played and the qualities they showed won the admiration of friend and foe. No doubt many of them felt that though so far away, they were fighting for Italy.

In the meantime, the brave Piedmontese king was sorely afflicted in his own house, losing in a single month his mother, his wife, and his only brother, that brother the duke of Genoa, whom he had destined to head the Piedmontese troops in the Crimea; and added to all was the insistence of the priests that these bereavements were so many judgments from God for his treatment of the papacy, an insistence possibly not unsupported by his own fears; but whatever his sufferings, he did not flinch in his duty and declined, when offered, the resignation of Cavour.

After an armistice between the contending powers, a congress was held in Paris to settle the terms of peace. Count Cavour and the Marquis Villamarina represented Piedmont. Cavour communicated privately to the various envoys his views concerning Italy, and after the treaty of peace was signed (March 30, 1856), the case of Italy was considered. Cavour was heard, and the official representatives of the powers of Europe, save Austria's envoy, who declined to discuss the subject, strongly condemned the state of things in Italy as abnormal, wrong, dangerous. Thus did Cavour win a great diplomatic victory for Italy. It was an incidental advantage of his policy that Russia, hitherto ignoring and apparently despising Piedmont, now became cordial. But, as hitherto, yet more than ever, Cavour was now between two fires at home, and had to reckon both with the revolutionary and with the reactionary parties. Consummate skill and tact gained him here also substantial success, while he conducted so ably negotiations with foreign powers as to call forth from Prince Metternich, who had himself been thought a prince in diplomacy, the high but deserved tribute: "Diplomacy is passing away; there is now only one diplomatist in Europe, and unfortunately he is against us, M. de Cavour."

There was soon fresh occasion for both diplomacy and statesmanship. The attempt[1] of Orsini, an Italian who had suffered in Austrian prisons, to assassinate Louis Napoleon, who had lately by a *coup d'état* become emperor and absolute monarch of France, naturally produced great excitement among Continental rulers, and it was sought to exercise a pressure upon Piedmont. The king sent by the hands of one of his generals a kind yet very dignified letter to Louis Napoleon in which, after expressing sympathy, he let it be understood, as on another occasion, that he was master in his own house and would not suffer dictation. At the suggestion of Cavour, a law was passed visiting with further penalties those conspiring against foreign sovereigns, and he took occasion, while protesting against Italian despotism, to show how alien were political assassinations to the genius and spirit of Piedmont. He and his king really knew but two ways of attaining their ends, peaceful diplomacy and open war. What appeared so full of danger to Italy, having been thus wisely met, seemed to issue for her good; at any rate, there was soon a private meeting[2] at Piombières between Count Cavour and the French emperor, in which the latter pledged France as an ally against Austria. A few months later, the tie between France and Piedmont was further strengthened by the marriage of the Princess Clotilda, eldest daughter of Victor Emmanuel, to Prince Napoleon, cousin of the emperor.

The year 1859 brought great events. In opening Parliament Victor Emmanuel used these significant words: "While I respect treaties, I am not insensible to the cry of pain which from so many parts of Italy is raised toward me." His address was received by the two chambers with enthusiastic cries of "Long live the

[1] Jan. 14, 1858. [2] July, 1858.

king," and the exiles who had found a refuge in Turin wept for joy, already acclaiming him as their king.

Austria precipitated the inevitable war by demanding that Piedmont within three days agree to disarmament. Quite other than disarming, preparations for war were pressed forward; the flower of Italian youth from all parts hastened to Piedmont, while Garibaldi, in full accord with the government, formed a corps of five thousand men, known as "Hunters of the Alps." The campaign was sharp but short, the first blow being struck at Montebello on May 20, and the last on June 24, and it included, besides several minor but not unimportant engagements, three great battles, in all of which the allies were victorious. At Magenta the Austrians lost twenty thousand men. The battles of Solferino and San Martino were fought on the same day, the last of the campaign, the emperor leading the French at Solferino, while Victor Emmanuel at the head of his troops assailed the heights of San Martino and routed the enemy with the bayonet. The Austrians lost that day twenty-five thousand men besides nine thousand prisoners.[1]

[1] It was on this fateful day that the following incident occurred: A soldier in the Austrian ranks, mortally wounded, having appealed to his slayer to hear him, stated that he was a Venetian and had been forced into the enemy's ranks, but that he had never fired a shot against his countrymen, which the condition of his musket confirmed, that he rejoiced at least to die by Italian hands since he could not die for Italy, and begged to be stripped of the hated uniform, and buried with the Italian dead. Mrs. Browning wrote on the incident this poem:

"In the ranks of the Austrian you found him;
He died with his face to you all:
Yet bury him here where around him,
You honor your bravest that fall.

"Venetian, fair-featured, and slender,
He lies shot to death in his youth,
With a smile on his lips over-tender
For any mere soldier's dead mouth.

"No stranger, and yet not a traitor!
Though alien the cloth on his breast,
Underneath it how seldom a greater
Young heart has a shot sent to rest!

Suddenly it was known that the Emperor Louis Napoleon, having privately met the Emperor of Austria at Villafranca (moved by the terrible scene of Solferino, it is said), had on the twelfth of July agreed on the preliminaries of peace which later was concluded. The Italians, including the Piedmontese, were bitterly disappointed. Cavour represented the general feeling when he indignantly protested against the action of Napoleon and urged Victor Emmanuel to repudiate it. But the king saw that he had no choice, and accepted the resignation of his great minister, who this time was less wise than

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"By your enemy tortured and goaded
To march with them, stand in their file,
His musket (see!) never was loaded—
He facing your guns with that smile.

"As orphans yearn on their mothers,
He yearned to your patriot bands—
'Let me die for one Italy, brothers,
If not in your ranks, by your hands.

"'Aim straightly, fire steadily; spare me
A ball in the body, which may
Deliver my heart here and tear me
This badge of the Austrian away.'

"So thought he, so died he this morning.
What then? Many others have died.
Aye, but easy for men to die scorning
The death stroke, who fought side by side;

"One tricolor floating above them;
Struck down 'mid triumphant acclaims
Of an Italy rescued to love them;
And brazen the brass with their names.

"But he without witness or honor,
Mixed, shared in his country's regard,
With the tyrants who march in upon her—
Died faithful and passive: 'twas hard.

"'Twas sublime. In a cruel restriction
Cut off from the guerdon of sons,
With most filial obedience, conviction,
His soul kissed the lips of her guns.

"That moves you? Nay, grudge not to show it,
While digging a grave for him here.
The others who died, says our poet,
Have glory; let *him* have a tear."

usual and less wise than the king. But if all that had been hoped for was not gained, much certainly was gained: Lombardy at once, a little later and indirectly, Parma, Modena, Bologna, and Tuscany becoming an integral part of the kingdom of Piedmont in accordance with the popular will expressed by vote. Alas, that the

queen of the Adriatic must yet for a season wear the fetters of Austria! In every Venetian home there was mourning for the death of near kindred. Not only had the emperor of France seemed somewhat faithless in the matter of peace, but he showed a certain unwillingness for Central Italy to enjoy the fruits of victory; perhaps, indeed, it would not have done so but for the skill of Cavour, who in the meantime, clearly in obedience to public sentiment, had again become prime minister.

When on the second of April, 1860, parliament met in Turin, it was no more Piedmontese or Sardinian, but an Italian parliament, representing a population of eleven millions. Seeing Piedmont thus increased, the French emperor demanded for equipoise, and as compensation for his aid, the provinces of Savoy and Nice. The sacrifice was made on the condition, afterward fulfilled, that the peoples of these provinces should agree to the arrangement. It was bitter to Victor Emmanuel to surrender the cradle of his race and Garibaldi was indignant with Cavour at the abandonment of Nice; but it is a great thing to know both when to hold and when to let go, and the great statesman was a master at both. He and the king, despite violent protests on the part of a few, were amply sustained in the measure by a large majority of parliament. On the whole, the gain to Italy had been great, and events justified the shrewd prevision of Guizot: "There are two men upon whom the eyes of Europe are fixed, the Emperor Napoleon and M. de Cavour. The game is being played. I back M. de Cavour."

Moved by the success in Northern Italy, the Sicilians, ever bearing badly a foreign yoke, made a movement toward freedom, which it was vainly sought to suffocate in blood. Provisional governments were formed in various places, but the Bourbons had an army of fifty thousand soldiers on the ground and her warships girdled the island to prevent help from without. But help and a great deliverer were soon to come.

At the suggestion, it is stated, of Francesco Crispi, Garibaldi with one thousand men,[1] on the fifth of May, 1860, sailed from Quarto near Genoa, in two ships named respectively "Lombardy" and "Piedmont," and on the twelfth of the same month landed at Marsala.

[1] The Sardinian government not only winked at the expedition of "The Thousand," but provided indirectly for their protection.

By rapid marches the Stonewall Jackson of Italy beat the Bourbon troops in detail. The Neapolitan king, alarmed, offered a constitution and confederacy with Piedmont. But it was too late, his subjects by painful experiences having learned the worthlessness of a Bourbon's word, and Garibaldi was marching on Naples. Francis II. did not wait to meet him, but fled with his court to the fortresses of Capua and Gaeta, so that Garibaldi entered Naples in triumph, yet not without danger, for there were troops ready to fire on him; but as he approached them in his carriage, he ordered, "Drive slower, slower, slower still," and then stood up in the carriage, so that the opposing soldiers were won and changing their minds did not fire, but saluted instead. The people of Naples loved and revered him and walking by his lodging after he had retired, would tread lightly and say with hushed voices: "*Il Dittatore dorme*" (The Dictator is sleeping).

In the meantime the Marches and Umbria appealed to Victor Emmanuel, who having interceded with the pope for them, but in vain, ordered his army to enter these States, which was promptly done, the pontifical troops being easily routed. The king of Italy had tried to dissuade Garibaldi from trying to free the two Sicilies, lest foreign jealousy be aroused, but Garibaldi had felt that the work must be done and consequences looked to later. Victor Emmanuel was now assuming the same responsibility, and, in fact, Russia, Prussia, and Austria protested against his action, and Louis Napoleon blamed it, while the pope hurled his excommunications upon all who had entered his territory. On the other hand, England fully approved of the king's course, and providentially the disapproving powers had reasons for not doing more than protest.

"On the second of October, 1860, Cavour asked par-

liament for full power to annex the new provinces of Central and Southern Italy, if they desired it." This was voted almost unanimously, and at Cavour's request the king put himself at the head of his army now about to effect a junction with Garibaldi. Francis II., wishing to strike one more blow for his crown, aided from the fortress of Capua, attacked the volunteer troops and made a brave fight on the Volturno, during the first and second of October, but was beaten, and knowing that he could not stand against the united armies, returned to Gaeta with the bulk of his troops, leaving four thousand in Capua. On the first day of the battle, the Garibaldians suffered the loss in killed and wounded of one-tenth of their number. This battle on the river Volturno was the greatest and bloodiest of their many fights for the cause of freedom.

On the twenty-sixth of October, near Teano, Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel met. The former, lifting his cap, cried "Hail to the King of Italy." The king replied, "Thanks," adding, "How are you, Garibaldi?" "Well, and your majesty?" "Very well." The soldiers of both leaders shouted "Long live the king." Garibaldi now claimed the honor of assaulting Capua, but Victor Emmanuel said, "No, your troops are worn, mine are fresh," and so it was to the royal army that the fortress capitulated on the second of November. On the seventh the king of Italy entered Naples, where he was welcomed with exuberant joy. Equally enthusiastic was his reception in Palermo. At first, Garibaldi wished to delay for two years the union of Naples and Sicily with the rest of Italy, remaining himself the dictator of these provinces which his prowess had liberated. No doubt his motive was noble, but the plan was not wise, and he yielded to the king's judgment in the matter. He also made a request which one cannot think

of without regret, that Victor Emmanuel should dismiss Cavour and the rest of the cabinet—a request to which, of course, a constitutional king could not listen for a moment. Let us rather think how this son of the people having won a kingdom laid it at the feet of Italy's sovereign, and declining a dukedom and the collar of the Annunziata, which makes one cousin to the king, retired impoverished to his island till again needed.

Gaeta, a sort of Gibraltar, and the citadels of Messina and of Civitella del Tronto remained to be taken. This effected, every province save Rome and Venice was redeemed, and by popular vote was become a part of the kingdom of Victor Emmanuel. It was a time of jubilee when on the eighteenth of February, 1861, a new parliament met, and the representatives and senators of these provinces took their seats. Though there was a new ministry, Cavour was still at its head. There was need of him, for the new state of things brought many new and important problems requiring to be solved, evils to be dealt with, and difficulties, chiefly financial, to be met and overcome. He proposed to accomplish everything through constitutional liberty, and in a constitutional liberal way.

Garibaldi's army was made a part of the national force, the rank of his chief officers being recognized; but this gave occasion to sharp words on his part to Cavour, whom he had not forgiven for ceding Nice, his birthplace. The king, however, made peace between these two men so great and yet so different except in a common patriotism and a common aim.

There was to be a yet sharper conflict, though impersonal, between Garibaldi and the king's government. Cavour was outspoken as to the wrong suffered by Venice at Austria's hands and as to the evil of the papal rule, and frankly declared that both must become a part

of the Italian nation, but on the other hand he recognized the delicacy of the situation and the necessity of trusting to negotiation and the progress of events, while Garibaldi was determined to make another effort of arms to deliver Rome, and to act at once on his own responsibility. This could not be permitted, and it became necessary actually to take him prisoner, which was done at Aspromonte, near Reggio in Calabria. Unfortunately he received a wound in the ankle, which was a matter of grief to all.

But before this episode, the king and the kingdom of Italy and the cause of freedom suffered a terrible calamity in the death of Cavour. On the twenty-fifth of May, 1861, he had returned from parliament after a long, painful, irritating, tempestuous debate concerning the Italian volunteers. He was sad and weary. Illness followed, but he forced himself to hold a meeting of his cabinet. On the sixth of June he died at the too early age of fifty years. Other great men have since served the country well, and the Savoyan monarchy has been a tower of strength; but often since, in some grave crisis, to many there has risen the cry, *Oh, for an hour of Cavour!* To human eyes that great economist, statesman, diplomatist, and patriot died too soon; and it is hard for a lover of Italy even now to think calmly of his death. But his ambition had been to govern the country so that it would not depend upon any one man, and nearly four decades of progress and prosperity have demonstrated how amply that ambition has been fulfilled.

In 1865, the seat of government was removed from Turin to Florence. It was a trial to the king to leave his beloved native city, but, as in the case of ceding Savoy, he yielded his personal preference to reasons of State and the wishes of his constitutional advisers. Whatever else the removal meant and did, it was certainly a step

toward Rome. The people of Turin were of course grieved and indignant, but the words and the conduct of the king in the matter restored good feeling.

Early in 1866, war threatening between Austria and Prussia, Italy effected a treaty with the latter. When the war broke out, Italy brought a force of two hundred thousand men, divided into two army corps. One of these, which was led into battle at Custoza without sufficient prudence, was after a hard day's fight with an army of equal numbers, obliged to retreat. Nor was the naval battle of Lissa more fruitful of good, and for analogous reasons. Meantime Garibaldi had with thirty thousand men won several battles and penetrated into the Trentino. But as General Medici was moving toward the city of Trent, news came of an armistice. Prussia had fought more successfully than her ally, which however, had kept a large Austrian army busy on Italian soil. A condition of the armistice was the cession of Venice to Italy. Really it had been offered earlier, through the emperor of France, but Italy with fine delicacy and loyalty to her ally had declined the offer. Her fidelity and the value of her co-operation were afterward expressly recognized at Berlin.

At last Austria was out of Italy ; but it was unfortunate that in the final treaty of peace between the two countries the province of Trent, known as *il Trentino*, was not left where according to the principle of nationality it belonged. Besides, the Alps form the natural boundary, and future trouble would have been avoided by letting Italy have all her territory. Austria herself was a real gainer by abandoning Italy. There had been great discontent at home with the despotic government, and Hungary would not be satisfied till her ancient liberties were regained. Happily not too late, Austria and Hungary were united as a constitutional State with

Francis Joseph as emperor of Austria and king of Hungary; and to a considerable extent civil and religious liberty were guaranteed. Austria's statesmen had taken a leaf out of Italy's book, and might even have gone farther in the same direction without faring worse; but she has certainly proved in later years a faithful ally to the kingdom of whose making she was so bitter a foe.

Again Garibaldi made an ill-advised effort to win Rome, but, although at first successful, he was beaten at Mentana, November 3, 1867, by the French troops sent to succor the pope.[1] Again the old hero was made prisoner, but was soon allowed to return to Caprera.

It was about this time that Victor Emmanuel said to one of his generals, who was also a confidential friend, "I want a wife for Humbert." "You have not far to look," was the prompt reply. "Who so worthy as his own cousin, the beautiful and noble Margaret, daughter of your brother, the Duke of Genoa." Had Europe been searched it would not have been possible to improve on the general's suggestion. The marriage occurred in 1868, and was a matter of rejoicing to the nation in tending to secure the succession of the dynasty. Victor Emmanuel was glad to gain so fair a daughter, and besides he had felt that a court without a woman at the head was but an imperfect thing.

Pope Pius IX. now convoked the famous Vatican Council, which was held in Rome from December, 1869, to the twentieth of the following October. It was the largest that has ever met, being attended by a thousand ecclesiastics, of whom seven hundred and sixty-four were cardinals. It is chiefly remarkable for the proclamation of the dogma of the infallibility of the pope, on the

[1] Garibaldi had really beaten the papal soldiers. Then firing was renewed with a sound quite new, produced by the *chassepot* rifles of the French troops then used almost for the first time. If those *chassepots* influenced Louis Napoleon to attack Prussia, Mentana was more than avenged.

eighteenth of July, immediately after which the Franco-Prussian war broke out, which so interrupted the council that afterward the attendance was reduced to one hundred and eighty or two hundred members.

As to the character of the council and the way in which the new dogma was adopted, and as to its own significance, I quote from a competent witness :[1]

"This sublime senate of the church had been called together to register a foregone conclusion. No assembly since the Robber Synod of Ephesus, A. D. 449, has been distinguished by a more shameful disregard of freedom and justice. . . The pope had created titular prelates in Italy simply for the purpose of imposing his own mind on the church. He exerted, in fact, a strong pressure on the assembled fathers, for he never lost any opportunity of denouncing the opponents of the dogma of papal infallibility as a faction hostile to himself and the church. We cannot exaggerate the weight thus thrown into the scale among those who were accustomed to regard the pope with superstitious reverence. The bishops in favor of the dogma were allowed to give full expression to their sentiments, while those of the opposite party were hooted down and assailed with vituperative epithets when they attempted to oppose the will of the tyrannical majority. The Vatican Council was one long intrigue, carried through by fraud and violence. The absence of free discussion would by itself prevent it from being regarded as a true council of the church. . . The Jesuits had settled everything, and the bishops were only required as figures in a scene already arranged by the stage-managers. The series of oppressive interferences with the liberty of the council was crowned . . . finally on July 18, 1870, by a decree declared by the pope, the first time in three hundred and fifty years in his own name, while a thunder-storm was rolling over the Vatican, which seemed the voice of God expressing his anger at the impious announcement, "That the Roman pontiff, when he speaks *ex cathedra*, *i. e.*, when in the discharge of the office of the pastor and teacher of all nations, he defines a doctrine regarding faith and morals to be held in the universal church, is by the divine assistance promised to him in the person of the blessed Peter, possessed of an infallibility with which the Divine Redeemer willed that his church should be endowed in defining doctrines regarding faith and morals,

[1] A. R. Pennington, "The Church in Italy," p. 458.

and that therefore such definitions of the Roman pontiff are of themselves, and not from the consent of the church, irreformable."

This dogma . . . is plainly disproved . . . by the heresy of Zephrinus and Callistus, bishops of Rome in the beginning of the third century, against which St. Hippolytus protested; by the wavérings and retractions of Liberius and Viglius in the fourth and sixth centuries . . . and by the error of Pope Honorius in the seventh century as to monothelism, which was accounted deadly heresy, and was often anathematized by councils and his successors. . . Henceforth all which opposes Rome can be declared to be heresy by the mere word of the infallible pontiff. A mere man, and he not necessarily good or wise or educated, becomes by the mere fact of election an infallible judge in every point of faith and morals. . .

Among the decrees of the council is one in which it is boldly declared that absolute obedience is due to an infallible pope, at the peril of salvation, not only in faith and morals, but in all things which concern the discipline and government of the church. This claim must also include subjects belonging to the domain of the State, because there are innumerable points of contact between them. . . The popes can also claim, under awful sanctions, in virtue of this decree, the obedience of the faithful, on the arrival of a favorable opportunity, when they summon them to aid them in raising again their earthly throne, even if they can only erect it among the blackened ruins of the Eternal City and on the dead bodies of the population. . . The allegiance of Romanists is now due exclusively to their spiritual sovereign, on whose side they must range themselves when the will of that sovereign comes into collision with their duty to maintain the institutions of their country.

The defeat and surrender of Louis Napoleon at Sedan, September 2, 1870, led to the recall of the French troops from Rome. The supreme moment had come, and on the twentieth of September the Italian army entered the Eternal City through a breach in the wall at Porta Pia. Victor Emmanuel, as so often before, addressed the pope most respectfully, entreating him to accept the new state of things, but the old answer was prompt, "*Non possumus*"—we cannot. This time no voice of protest was raised by any power of Europe, and Rome, by the vote of the people, October 2, became part of United Italy.

The taking of Rome by the Italian army was without incident save for the prayer of Pope Pius IX., as he ascended the *Scala Santa* (holy stairs), and which was taken down as it fell from his lips. It was as follows:

O thou great God, my Saviour, thou of whom I am the servant of the servants and the unworthy representative, I supplicate thee by this precious blood which thy divine Son shed upon these stones, and of which I am the supreme dispenser, I pray thee by the sacrifice of thy divine Son who voluntarily ascended this very stair of opprobrium to offer himself in holocaust before the people who insulted him and for whom he went to die on the shameful cross; O I beseech thee, have pity on thy people, on thy church, thy beloved daughter, suspend thy wrath, thy just anger. Let not infamous [perhaps the word was *wicked*] hands come to defile thy abode. Pardon this my people, which is thine; and if there must be a victim, O my God, take thy unworthy servant, thy unworthy representative. Pity, my God, pity, I beseech for it; and whatever must come, let thy holy will be done.

The pope was not made a victim, but lived for several years. Victims there were, however, the pontifical army suffering a loss of sixteen killed, including one officer, and fifty-eight wounded, among whom were two officers, two surgeons, and a chaplain. The Italian troops lost twenty-five killed, including three officers, and one hundred and thirty wounded, eleven of the number being officers. There was really no need of this sacrifice, but the officers of the pope's army naturally disliked to surrender without some show of defense, and the loss would have been larger had not the pope ordered the unequal conflict to cease, when his army marched out with the honors of war, which they had hardly expected. Italy is made; she is free and one, mistress of herself. It seems too good to be true, and like a dream. Instead, the dream of a century has become an accomplished fact.

Let us pause to ask who were the makers of Italy. The answer has indeed already appeared in these pages, but it is worth while to dwell upon it with some particularity. In the first rank of Italy's makers must be placed the martyr, Charles Albert, his more fortunate son Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, Garibaldi, Mazzini, and the men who served with them as statesmen and as military leaders. The writers, and especially the poets, who kindled and fanned with their brave words the spirit of freedom, must have a conspicuous place in the roll of honor. The Marquis d' Azeglio must be especially named, since he served with both sword and pen, besides filling his place in the cabinet, and even preaching a morality not less lofty than that inculcated by Mazzini. Manin too was alike statesman and dictator. What shall be said of the Milanese population in those now famous "Five Days"; of the youthful volunteers with the brothers Dandolo and Manara and Morosini, who fell in

defense of Rome; of the noble Cairoli family of Pavia, four of whose sons[1] were given by their mother to die for Italy; of the Bandiera[2] brothers and their companions; of Ciceruacchio; of the monk Ugo Bassi—shall their names not be inscribed in Italy's golden book as among those who made her united and free?

There is also the name of Beppo Dolfi, a Florentine baker, to be added to the list, of whom it was said that at a word he could summon ten thousand men who would follow him to the death, and who was the main dependence of Ricasoli, "the iron baron," in governing Tuscany in the interval between the departure of the Grand Duke Leopold II. and its union with Italy under Victor Emmanuel. Indeed, it was chiefly due to Dolfi that order was maintained. Afterward, when the king wished to give him some decoration or honor, he replied: "Thanks, your majesty, but it is honor enough for me to bake good bread for the people of Florence." Ancient Rome in its palmiest days may equal, but cannot surpass this.

Save the pope and his Sanfedisti, the Italian people, with a unanimity rarely equaled and never surpassed, were devoted to the cause of their country. Not always wisely, and not always united, save in their common aim; in that aim they were one, both in sentiment and in act. This was as true of Naples and Sicily as of Pied-

[1] The remaining son, as will be seen farther on, became prime minister, and received in his own person the assassin's dagger meant for King Humbert.

[2] The brothers Bandiera, Lieutenant Moro (a singularly fine character), and other youths, sailed from Venice to Calabria to join an insurgent band concerning which they had been falsely informed. They were all vilely betrayed. Some of the company of twenty died fighting; but the brothers Bandiera, Moro, Ricciotto, all devoted patriots, were shot at Cosenza, feeling it sweet to die for their country. When they were asked at the trial if they knew who the Corsican was who had betrayed them, Nardi replied: "'I know no word in my divine Italian language that can fitly describe that man.' The betrayer had been engaged to be married to a Greek girl of Corfu, from whom he had already received part of her dowry. Now she refused to marry him despite his entreaties and her former love for him, saying, 'Upon me rests the blessing of my parents; upon you, a traitor, the curse of God.'"

mont itself. There was in this no division of class. The relation between servant and master, peasant and landed proprietor, artisans, merchants, and professional men on the one hand, and the nobility on the other, had ever been kindly ; there was from this side no ground for a peasant war, though Metternich vainly counted on it ; while, moreover, these humbler folk had reason in plenty to hate Austria and her minions. The nobles, above all, must have felt the humiliation of being ruled over by strangers, while on the principle of *noblesse oblige* they were the natural leaders in a struggle for independence, and this they actually were. Here is the testimony of a Frenchman :[1]

We must say in praise of the aristocracy on this side of the Alps, that the best soldiers of independence were nobles. If Italy owes the final success to the superiority or capabilities of Victor Emmanuel and Cavour (themselves nobles), and to the agitating power of the General of the Thousand (Garibaldi), it is well not to forget the struggles sustained for years by gentlemen whose example did so much to raise partisans among the humble. These aristocrats, passionate for liberty, have (like our own of the eighteenth century) done more for the people than the people itself. The veritable history of this Risorgimento would be in great part that of the Italian nobility in which the heroic blood of feudal chiefs revolted against the oppressions and above all the perpetual humiliation born of the presence of the stranger.

As ever in such cases woman bore the brunt of Italy's liberation. Well said the English poetess, herself a mother, with a heart full of love for Italy, and the interpreter in our tongue of her wrongs and aspirations :

And many a plighted maid and wife
And mother, who can say since then
" My country," cannot say through life
" My son, my spouse, my flower of men,"
And not weep dumb again.

[1] Paul Bourget, cited in " Liberation of Italy," by the Countess Martinengo.

And she pictures the mother, one of whose two sons fell near Ancona, and the other before the fortress of Gaeta, now left all alone :

> I made them, indeed,
> Speak plain the word *country*. I taught them, no doubt,
> That a country's a thing men should die for at need.
> I prated of liberty, rights, and about
> The tyrant cast out.
>
> And when their eyes flashed—oh, my beautiful eyes!—
> I exulted! nay, let them go forth at the wheels
> Of the guns, and denied not. But then the surprise
> When one sits quite alone! Then one weeps, then one kneels!
> God, how the house feels!

And Louis Napoleon, was he one who helped to make Italy? There was Solferino, true, but there was also Villafranca, and Mentana, with the *chassepots* and the price paid for Solferino—Nice and Savoy. These are the facts, let each judge. England was, as she is, friendly, but in Italy's tug of war for independence, passively friendly. So far as human help goes, I say Italy was self-made, but blind would he be who would not see that the chief maker of Italy was God. What augury for Italy's future!

ITALY'S DYNASTY, CONSTITUTION, ETC.

"Sempre avanti, Savoia!"

Ever forward, Savoy!

III

BEFORE entering upon the history of Italy after it was made one and complete by the addition of Rome as capital, it is worth while to consider Italy's Constitution, and to refer to the dynasty so intimately bound up with the past and the future of the kingdom. The house of Savoy is one of the oldest and richest in Europe, dating from 1048 when Conrad, Emperor of Germany, gave Savoy to Count Humbert. It has intermarried with every royal family of Great Britain and the continent. It has been a warlike race, distinguished for courage and fidelity in the maintenance of engagements, and the faculty of inspiring allies and followers with enthusiastic loyalty. No doubt there have been unworthy scions of so fruitful a stock, and grave errors in statesmanship and wrongs are chargeable to it, as for example the persecution of the Waldenses, for which only a partial excuse can be found in the times. But the house of Savoy has possessed the faculty of self-criticism, and has been among the first, almost the first, to accept in its fullness the comparatively modern doctrine of religious and civil freedom.

The names of the dukes of Savoy and the kings of Piedmont and Sardinia recur with little change through the centuries, the first and latest being a Humbert, while an Amadeus and an Emmanuel are found in every generation. The island of Sardinia was acquired by Victor Amadeus II. of Savoy in 1726.

It is somewhat remarkable that the first article of the Constitution is of religion and that it declares the Cath-

olic, Apostolical, and Roman to be the sole religion of the State; but the explanation is found in the character and convictions of Charles Albert. The article adds that the other existing forms are tolerated in conformity to the laws. It is evident that he either did not understand or did not love religious liberty, since toleration implies the

right to suppress, as was well pointed out by James Madison in Virginia more than a century ago. This first article should be abrogated and there is now a propaganda to that end. In the meantime it is partly so in practice, since several new cults exist in Italy, and moreover subsequent legislation treats all religious bodies without discrimination; nor can it well be otherwise, since ministers of all denominations pay an income tax, and all places of worship pay what is known as a *mort-*

main tax.[1] It is also significant that in every courtroom this legend, in large letters, meets the eye of all who enter: "THE LAW IS EQUAL FOR ALL."

In point of fact, religious liberty is enjoyed, especially in the larger cities. Within certain not narrow limits,[2] any religious denomination may buy ground and build churches and schoolhouses and propagate its tenets through the pulpit and press as freely as in England or America. In the smaller places there is more ignorance and more prejudice, and the local authorities are apt to be somewhat under clerical influence; but if legal rights are infringed upon, and the local authorities refuse protection and redress, justice can be had by an appeal to the courts or directly to the government, which controls the police.

The next twenty-two articles of the Constitution treat almost exclusively of the attributes of the king; the Chamber and Senate being mentioned incidentally.

The form of government is declared to be monarchical-representative; that is to say, the monarchy is limited by popular representation. It is hereditary, according to the Salic law, which excludes females from the succession.

The legislative power is collectively exercised by the king and the two chambers, *i. e.*, the Chamber of Deputies (corresponding to our House of Representatives) and the Senate (unlike in its composition, as will be seen, the U. S. Senate). The legislative function of the king con-

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[1] Whenever property changes owners by sale or succession, a certain per cent. on the value goes to the government; and as it is supposed that church property will never be alienated (a mistaken supposition), a tax called the *mortmain* (dead hand) is charged to cover the government's loss from the remaining of the property in the same ownership. The term *mortmain* (dead hand) is used, inasmuch as church property remains fixed by the action of men and women long since deceased; and this is true of most Roman Catholic churches in Italy.

[2] Only one limitation occurs to me, viz., that a Protestant church may not be built in immediate proximity to a Roman Catholic church—a prudent provision.

sists of his sanction, which is necessary in order that the acts of the two Chambers may become laws; but, though the veto power is used by the president of the United States, it may be doubted whether any circumstances would induce the king of Italy to refuse his signature to acts passed by the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies.

The person of the king is sacred and inviolable. To him alone appertains the executive power. He is the supreme head of the State; commands all the forces, land and sea, declares war, makes treaties of peace, of alliance, of commerce and others, giving notice of them to the Chambers as soon as the interest and the safety of the State permit, adding thereto appropriate communications. Here is seen a remarkable difference between the Italian and the American Constitution, the latter placing the declaration of war and treaty making in Congress. But the difference is more apparent than real, for if the formal signing of these treaties be by the king, it is really the act of his ministers responsible to parliament, and who, unless sustained by a majority, must resign, so that in this regard the king may be said to reign rather than rule.[1] It is also specifically prescribed that those treaties which involve a burden upon the finances or variations of the territory of the State, shall not have effect until after the assent of the two Chambers is obtained.

The king nominates to all the offices of the State, and makes decrees and regulations necessary for the execution of the laws without suspending them or dispensing from obedience to them. He alone sanctions the laws and promulgates them. He can grant pardon and com-

[1] It is a notable fact that the Triple Alliance, often attacked by the press and in parliament, has been maintained alike by the Liberal and by the Conservative parties when in power.

mute sentences. The king convokes the two Chambers every year. He can prorogue their sessions and dissolve that of the deputies; but in this last case he convokes another within four months. The proposing of laws shall appertain to the king[1] and to each of the two Chambers. But every law imposing taxes, making appropriations, and approving the accounts of the State, shall be first presented to the Chamber of Deputies.

The king is of age at eighteen. During the minority of the king, the prince next of kin in the order of succession to the throne shall be regent of the kingdom, if he is twenty-one years of age. (Then follow five articles concerning the regency, covering several possible cases.)

The rights appertaining to the civil power in matters beneficiary, or concerning the execution of provisions of every nature originating without the kingdom, will be exercised by the king.

The endowment of the crown is maintained according to the medium of the last ten years. The king will continue to have the use of the royal palaces, villas, gardens, and their appurtenances, as well as of all the personal estate attaching to the crown, of which an inventory will be carefully made by a responsible minister. For the future, the aforesaid endowment[2] will be established for the duration of every reign by the first legislature after the coming of the king to the throne.

Besides the private property actually in possession of the king, those objects also which he may acquire gratuitously or by purchase will remain during his reign his private possession. The king can dispose of his private property either by will or otherwise without being held to the rules of the civil laws which limit the amount disposable. For the rest, the king's possessions are subject to the laws which govern other property. There will be

[1] Through his cabinet ministers. [2] The king is paid by the country $2,850,000.

provision made by law for an annual grant to the hereditary prince who has reached his majority, or even before, in the case of his marriage; for the appanage of the princes of the family and of royal blood, on the same conditions; for the dowries of the princesses and to the dowries of the queens.

The king on ascending the throne swears in the presence of the united Chambers to observe loyally the present Constitution. The regent before entering upon his functions, takes oath to be faithful to the king and to observe loyally the Constitution and the laws of the State.

Now follow nine articles on the rights and duties of citizens.

All subjects, whatever may be their title or degree, are equal before the law. All enjoy equally civil rights and are eligible to positions civil and military, save the exceptions determined by the laws.

They contribute without distinction in proportion to their possessions to the burdens of the State.

Individual liberty is guaranteed.

No one can be arrested or brought to trial except in the cases provided for by the law, and in the forms which it prescribes. One's domicile is inviolable. No visit to the domicile can be made except in accordance with the law and in observance of its prescribed forms.

The press shall be free, but a law represses its abuses. Nevertheless, Bibles, catechisms, liturgical books, and books of prayer, shall not be printed without the previous permission of the bishop.[1]

All property, without any exception, is inviolable. Yet when the public interest, legally ascertained, requires,

[1] This is really laughable, so utterly is it a dead letter, as Bibles, catechisms, books of liturgy and of prayer, have been printed and are constantly printed in Florence, Rome, and other cities of Italy, and no bishop's permission asked.

owners can be compelled to cede it, in whole or in part, for a just indemnity conformably to the laws.

No tribute can be imposed or collected without the consent of the Chambers and the sanction of the king.

The public debt is guaranteed. Every pledge of the State to its creditors is inviolable.

The right is recognized of meeting peaceably and without arms, in conformity to the laws which in the public interest may regulate its exercise. This disposition is not applicable to meetings in places public or open to the public, which places remain entirely subject to the laws of the police.

The Senate is composed of members of not less than forty years of age, chosen for life, nominated by the king without limit as to number, and selected from the following categories: The archbishops and bishops of the State; the president of the Chamber of Deputies; the deputies after three legislatures, or six years of exercise; the ministers of State (*i. e.*, members of the cabinet); the secretaries of these; the ambassadors; the envoys extraordinary after three years of service; the various presidents, advocates-general, procurators-general, counselors of the Courts of Appeal, of the Supreme Court, and Chamber of Accounts; the counselors of State and divisional counselors; the generals of the army and admirals; general superintendents of finance; members of the Royal Academy of Science; members of superior council of public instruction; all the above according to period of service; citizens who by eminent service or merit have brought honor to the country; also those who for three years pay a tax of six hundred dollars per annum on their property or industry.

The princes of the royal family form by right a part of the Senate. They sit next to the president. They enter

the Senate at twenty-one and have a vote at twenty-five. The president and vice-president are nominated by the king. The secretary is chosen by the Senate from its own number.

The Senate is constituted into a high court of justice by decree of the king to judge crimes of treason and attempts against the safety of the State, and to try ministers accused by the Chamber of Deputies. In these cases the Senate is not a political body. It cannot occupy itself save with the judiciary matters for which it was convened under pain of nullity.

Except in case of flagrant crime, no senator can be arrested except by an order of the Senate.

The acts with which are legally ascertained the births, the marriages, and the deaths of members of the royal family are presented to the Senate, which orders their deposit in its archives.

Eight articles treat of the Chamber of Deputies.

A deputy must be a subject of the king, at least thirty years of age, and in the actual enjoyment of all his civil and political rights. The deputies represent the nation in general, and not the sole provinces in which they were elected. No imperative mandate can be given them by their electors.[1] The term of service is five years. The Chamber chooses from its own number at the opening of each session its officers for that session. Save in case of flagrant crime, a deputy cannot be arrested during the session, nor tried in a criminal matter, without the previous consent of the Chamber, nor can an execution for debts be served on a deputy during the

[1] A favorite question for discussion in lyceums and debating societies, whether a representative is bound to obey his constituents, is here wisely decided by Italy in the negative, for the deputy is supposed to be an expert as to the best means for securing the welfare of his electors and the country at large.

Lord Macaulay, in a famous letter of August 3, 1832, informed the electors of Leeds that while he would state his opinions he would make no pledges, and proceeds to illustrate and defend at length his refusal.

session, or for three weeks preceding or succeeding the session.

Let it be observed that there is nothing said as to a deputy being a resident of the district electing him. On the contrary, as is the case in England,[1] a deputy may be chosen by the electors of a given district from any part of the kingdom, and it sometimes happens that the same man is elected from several districts, in which case he chooses the district he prefers to represent, and the others must have new elections.

Seventeen articles of the Constitution are common to the two Chambers.

The sessions of the two bodies must begin and finish the same day. The reunion of one of the Chambers outside of the session is illegal, and its acts are null and void. Both senators and deputies before being admitted to the exercise of their functions swear to be faithful to the king, to observe loyally the statutes and the laws of the State, and to exercise their functions with the sole object of the inseparable welfare of the king and of the country. The functions of senator and of deputy are gratuitous,[1] and give claim to no payment whatever. This provision is a guarantee of position, influence, and disinterestedness on the part of members of the two legislative bodies of Italy. Pecuniary gain is excluded, and pecuniary sacrifice is involved.

Senators and deputies are not accountable for opinions expressed and votes given in the Chambers. The sittings of both bodies are public; but at the written request of ten members they may deliberate in secret.

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[1] The reader will recall Lord Macaulay's election in Edinburgh, though his home was London. It will also be remembered that Lord Macaulay positively refused to be bound by the instructions of his constituents, and defended with cogent arguments his refusal.

[1] Both deputies and senators, however, travel free, a gold medal in the possession of each one serving for his recognition.

An absolute majority is necessary to a quorum. The deliberations cannot be taken but by a majority of the votes.

Every proposed law must be first examined by the proper one of the committees appointed by each chamber preparatory to its deliberations. Discussed and approved by one Chamber it is transmitted to the other, after whose approval it goes to the king for his sanction. The discussions must be had article by article. If a proposed law has been rejected by one of the three legislative powers, it cannot be reproduced in the same session. The right of individual petition is recognized, but the petition may not be presented in person, and it will take the regular course of a proposed law and if approved by the Chamber be referred to the proper attention. But only the constituted authorities have the right to present petitions in a collective name. The Chambers cannot receive a deputation or hear any one other than their own members, the ministers, and the commissioners of the government. Each Chamber is the sole judge of the validity of the titles to admission of its own members; and each Chamber makes its own rules for the exercise of its functions.

The Italian language is the official language of the Chambers, but the use of French is allowed to members who come from places where French is spoken, and in reply to the same. (French really was the language of Turin and other parts of Piedmont when the Constitution was given.)

Voting in the Chambers, by rising, by division, and by secret ballot; and this last will be employed in voting on a law in its entirety. No one can be at the same time a deputy and senator.

This is perhaps as good a place as any to add some items of information about the Chamber of Deputies.

The edifice in which it meets is in Piazza Montecitorio, just off the Corso, and though not originally built for the purpose, serves it admirably. The president has so far not been elected on party grounds, but rather on account of fitness for the office. He uses a bell instead of a gavel, as with us. The retiring and incoming president

kiss each other. At times the sessions are very tumultuous, and when the president has in vain sought to secure order, expostulating familiarly like a good-natured schoolmaster, he puts on his hat, which act closes the sitting, though it is usually resumed in a few moments. The style of addressing members, or referring to them, by the president and by other deputies, is more familiar than in the British Parliament, or in our House of Representatives. In the latter a member is addressed or

spoken of as, The gentleman from Maine, or Texas, or other State. In the former, the *naming* of a member by the Speaker is equivalent to a severe reprimand. In the Italian Chamber of Deputies, on the other hand, members are addressed by their own names, as the honorable Crispi, or the honorable Mazzarella.

As in the French Chamber, the Conservatives are known as the Right and sit on the right of the president; the Liberals are called the Left and sit on his left, while Independents bear the name of Center and have seats in front of him. These parties are still further divided.

Subjects are often discussed instead of motions, and when the question of confidence in the ministry is before the body, many motions are proposed, and after a long general debate, the prime minister chooses the one on which the vote shall be taken. To pass to the "order of the day" is equivalent to the laying on the table. Voting is as with us, but black and white vases and balls of the same color are provided for balloting; a white ball in the white vase, and a black one in the black, means approval, and the reverse disapproval. Not so much as with us are members of parliament chosen from the bar, every profession being represented in the Italian Chamber. Few men of the working-class are deputies, but in the late parliament sat the head porter of Milan. Elections to parliament are always on Sunday, in order, as it is claimed, that every elector may be free, without inconvenience or loss, to deposit his vote.

As to the cabinet, it is prescribed that the king appoint and recall his ministers, who have no deliberative vote in either chamber, save when members. They can always be present and have the right to be heard whenever they request it. The ministers are responsible. The laws and the acts of the government are not in force unless they have the signature of a minister.

As to the order of the judiciary, it may be said that justice emanates from the king, and is administered in his name by the judges whom he appoints. The judges nominated by the king, except those of the district, are irremovable after three years of service. The magistrates, tribunals, and judges actually existing are retained. The judiciary organization cannot be diminished except in force of law. No one can be removed for trial from his natural judges; therefore extraordinary commissions and courts shall not be created. The interpretation of the laws in a form obligatory for all belongs exclusively to the legislative power.

The communal and provincial institutions and the boundaries of the communes and provinces are regulated by law. The military conscription is regulated by law. A communal militia is instituted on bases fixed by law. The State retains its flag; the blue cockade is the only national one.

The orders of knighthood now existing are maintained, together with their endowments. These last cannot be put to any other use than that provided in their institution. The king can create other orders and prescribe their laws. The titles of nobility are retained by those who have the right to them, and the king can confer new ones. No one shall receive decorations, titles, or pensions from a foreign power without the authorization of the king.

Every law contrary to the Constitution is abrogated.

The Constitution was given in Turin, the fourth day of March, 1848, and in the tenth year of the reign of Carlo Alberto. It was signed by the king and by each of his seven ministers.

A brief reference to some other institutions not named in the Constitution, will suffice.

The *questor* is the head of the police and guardian of

public order, and the generic name for the office is *ordora questura*. A young man duly qualified may enter the *questura* and work his way up to a higher place. The *pretor*, appointed by the cabinet, is a judge in civil or criminal cases of small importance. The generic name of the office is called the *pretura*. From the *pretura* a man may be promoted to higher judgeship, as judges are not usually appointed from the bar, but begin with the *pretura* and rise. The idea of a career enters into the whole life of Italians. Men do not work on one line for a while and then change to something else, but a position once secured, seek to make the most of it, as in all offices the pay increases with time, and at death, or after a certain term of service, there is a pension equal to two-thirds of the largest salary earned.

The *sindaco* corresponds to our mayor, but is elected not by the commune but by the communal council over which he presides. He receives no salary.

For admission to the bar, the university degree of doctor of laws is necessary, as is also the successful passing of a special examination, and for the higher grade of solicitor, a distinction known also in England, though not in our country, a certain period spent in a legal office is necessary in addition. The solicitor prepares the pleas which the advocate presents in court, or as we would say is an office lawyer.

Taxes in Italy are of various kinds and all high, but to some extent graduated according to the position of the taxpayer. Thus there is a household tax, that on real estate, and an income tax, besides import and export duties. The income tax is assessed according to the source of the income, and ranges from twenty per cent. on *rentes* to seven-and-a-half per cent. on clerks' salaries. There is also a duty on bequests and sales. Every check must bear a government stamp, and every

promissory note, according to the amount, while every second or third page of one's bank book must be stamped; every contract must be on stamped paper, and a stamp is required on every public notice. The government has also the monopoly of salt and tobacco, deriving thence a large sum, as the former is an object of necessity and tobacco in almost universal use. Let the fragrant weed and ardent spirits be taxed ever so high, but it is a shame that there are Italians who suffer from *pellagra*, a painful skin disease, for the lack of sufficient salt. This monopoly explains the queer fact that salt and postage stamps are bought at the shops of the tobacconists. A heavy tax has recently been laid on wax matches, so largely manufactured and universally used in Italy. Some idea of the heavy import duties may be gained from the fact that sugar selling in England at five cents per pound of sixteen ounces, costs in Italy eleven cents for a pound of twelve ounces. The government, however, is introducing with promising success beet culture and the manufacture of beet sugar.

FROM 1870 TO 1898

. . . Let loose from chains
To live at liberty.

—*Wordsworth*

IV

THE ex-papal State was temporarily placed under General Alfonso La Marmora, well qualified by nature, training, and special experience to act as military

governor. At first there was a great talk of the pope's abandoning Rome; and some may have feared it, but the more common sentiment was, "Oh, if he only would!" Certainly his leaving would have greatly simplified Italy's problem, and removed a grave difficulty from the path of the new nation; but the pope was too shrewd to take such a step, for where else in the whole world would he have filled the place or enjoyed the advantages afforded by the Vatican palace and the Eternal City? Then began the comedy of his imprisonment, and straws alleged to be taken from his prison pallet

were sold to the faithful far and wide. In point of fact, he is as free in his personal movements and in the exercise of his papal functions as heart could wish. True, he does not reign as a temporal sovereign over a population repudiating him, and supported on his throne by foreign bayonets, but that is all.

There was, of course, a great flocking into Rome of exiles from other parts of Italy and from foreign lands, and of *Garibaldini* (Garibaldians), real and fictitious. Had all who then claimed that name been his true followers in the days of storm and stress, that chieftain might have long before taken Rome, and held it against all comers.

On the second day of October, 1870, the plebiscite of the Roman people solemnly united them to the rest of Italy.

Father Tiber has always been prone to break bounds now and then, and inundating the lower part of the city bring loss and danger to the population. As if to mark the great scenes enacted on his banks, the old Roman seemed now to make a supreme effort, and came with such a flood as was almost without precedent. The clericals naturally interpreted it as a divine protest against the great iniquity consummated by the Sardinian government, that being then and since their preferred term of contempt. To the new *régime* this disaster was but the occasion of vigorous, well-directed interposition to relieve those in danger and supply the needs of such as were cut off from ordinary supplies.

Many had been the speculations concerning the moment and the manner of the king's entrance into Rome. Unannounced he now appeared, offering sympathy and a helping hand to the sufferers from the inundation; and so always since the king of Italy, wherever there is peril and pain, is in the midst of his people.

Before the removal of the seat of government from Florence, and before the formal entry of the king, the law of papal guarantees was passed, defining the relation of the pope to the kingdom of Italy, and securing to him safety and honors. Here are some of the main points:

The person of the sovereign pontiff is sacred and in-

violable. Any attack or instigation to attack upon his person is punishable as if against the king. Throughout the kingdom royal honors are paid him by the Italian government, which gives him over six hundred and forty thousand dollars[1] per annum. The Vatican and Lateran palaces and the villa of Castel Gondolpho, with all their grounds, edifices, and dependencies, are inalienably his,

[1] The pope has, however, refused to accept this, and at the end of every five years it passes to the credit of the nation.

subject to neither tax nor appropriation. The Italian government guarantees protection to any conclave or Ecumenical Council. No agent of the public authority may enter without his consent the palaces of the sovereign pontiff, who is completely free to fulfill the functions of his spiritual ministry in Rome. All envoys of foreign governments to the Holy See enjoy in the kingdom all the prerogatives and immunities which belong to diplomatic agents according to international right. The supreme pontiff corresponds freely with all the Catholic world, and has the facility of postal and telegraphic offices in the Vatican, worked by clerks of his own appointment. He may correspond directly by sealed packets with the post offices of other countries, or remit his correspondence to the Italian offices. In both cases his dispatches or correspondence are free from every tax or expense in Italian territory. In the city of Rome and the six suburban Sees, the seminaries, academies, colleges, and other institutions, continue to depend only on the Holy See.

The consent of the crown in the appointment of bishops is given up, nor are the bishops any longer required to take the oath of allegiance to the king. Such full liberty is not accorded to the Church of Rome by any other Roman Catholic countries, which retain also the right to prohibit the publication of papal bulls and briefs, rights renounced by Italy. Altogether it is clear that New Italy meant to give no occasion of protest from other Roman Catholic powers whom, in fact, she has surpassed in the freedom recognized alike to Roman Catholics and Protestants.

The new liberty opened the way to abuses. On the streets of Rome sheets ridiculing priests, bishops, cardinals, and the pope himself, were posted and sold; science was deified, and atheism showed a bold front,

while in the schools anti-christian teaching had its way. But the door was also wide open for the antidote in the preaching of the gospel. All the principal religious denominations, having planted themselves and begun work in hired rooms till permanent property could be secured, began to demonstrate the unscripturalness of the papal tenets, and to present the great doctrine of justification by faith to the crowds that gathered, drawn in large part by mere curiosity and by sympathy with everything liberal; but there were a few who hungered for the bread of life and at once joyfully accepted it. And this evangelical work in Rome offended the Vatican far more than the display and propaganda of atheism; just as an individual who becomes a Protestant is regarded by the papacy with greater horror, and blamed more severely, than the greatest skeptic and evil-doer; and the reason is plain, for the latter is still within the pale of the church, while the former has left it and possesses the arms most fatal to it.

Italy was now free and united, but not strong save in the patriotism and courage of her sons; and she was surrounded by nations which might some day find it to their interest to thwart, if not to reduce or crush her. Two courses were possible; the one was to seek a position of recognized neutrality, as in the case of Switzerland. This might have proved impracticable. At any rate the other alternative was adopted, of seeking alliance with other powers, and finally (in 1875) the Triple Alliance was formed. Strange whirligig of time, transforming Austria, Italy's old foe, into a loyal ally, and uniting Austria and Prussia after the war of 1866!

In the first nine years of united Italy, though much was done in the creation and increase of government equipment, still a balance between expenditures and receipts was maintained. This was well, but it signified

not so much the country's prosperity as an increase of taxation. An Italian writer says that Italy was not able to compete with other nations from lack of capital, but that a greater want was enterprise, belief in herself, and the despising of domestic and lusting after foreign productions. He adds that to the upper class articles from Paris were more than daily bread. The opening of the Suez Canal offered great opportunities especially to Italy, on account of her geographical position, had only her means and spirit been equal to the occasion. Something indeed was done, but it was pitiful to contrast the ancient glories of the ocean commerce of Venice, Genoa, and Pisa, with the actual present state of those cities. As was most natural under a paternal government, which really did much, elsewhere left to private initiative, people expected too much from the government and waited, complaining instead of bestirring themselves.

An army was created with a peace force in round numbers of two hundred and fifteen thousand men. Even a greater naval development was attempted, and the shipyards of Leghorn began a fleet which in time boasted such monsters as "Duilio," "Dandolo," "Lepanto," and "Italia," ships still among the largest in the world. Indeed a later minister of the navy thought them too large, or at least preferred medium-sized ships, and built several torpedo ships.

In 1876 the government passed by a vote in Parliament from the Right to the Left. It was a surprise to all, and it seemed impossible that the party which had been in power for sixteen years (from 1860), and watched over the birth of the new nation, should be displaced. Would the king accept the new state of things and govern through the Left? To those who knew what a constitutional monarch Victor Emmanuel was, there could be no doubt. The king said, Let us try them. Thus the

crown was placed above parties, and an object-lesson in constitutional freedom was given to the country. After all, the men who now took the reins of government were not unknown. Cairoli, Crispi, Nicotera, Zanardelli, Depretis, and Mancini had earned honorable fame, and were to earn new distinction. The party called itself Progressive. The chief features of the programme were as follows: 1. To extend the right of franchise. 2. Greater liberty of cult, of word, press, and meeting; the renouncing of forestalling, and only repressing violation of law. 3. Suppression of grist tax. 4. Abolition of legal tenders. 5. Equalization of real estate tax. 6. The development of the railroad system, and the placing of it in the hands of private companies.

Moreover, Italy, still in part a congress of provinces, was to be more thoroughly united, and public instruction was to be developed.

The grist tax was "more odious than onerous"; it was new in some parts, and had received the significant name of "hunger tax." When one sees the small fields of the poor, and the small crops, every grain of which passes through their fingers in preparing it for grinding, and which seems to them as a grain of gold, one understands how hard it must seem to them to see the small store diminished by the government toll. Still it was an effective tax, and its abolition cost the government millions of income. Both that and the legal tender had to be reimposed as having been, however desirable, prematurely suppressed.

Female education had been exclusively in the hands of nuns, and therefore of priests, in every part of Italy, and even after 1860. The idea was to form not a companion for man, but a "housewife, docile, pretending only to handiwork, above all religious." The religion, it is understood, meaning subjection to the confessional and

fidelity in external acts of devotion. Impure men preferred even convent taught girls for wives, whose innocence was a new piquancy after illicit indulgence. Woman was deemed an inferior creature. A prominent newspaper even later said, It was enough if the wife could make out the weekly washing list, and see to the kitchen. In the middle classes, if a child or other burden had to be carried on the streets, the husband felt it unworthy of his sex to touch it, and the labor fell to the wife, even though the latter were weak and delicate and the former strong and vigorous. Among the peasants the heaviest load was always assigned to the woman, and any large or heavy object was called a woman's load. This, the old-time teaching and practice, alas, is still too prevalent.

A new style of girls' schools was now initiated, free of papal influence, and normal schools were established to prepare teachers suitable to the new plan. There was of course opposition and a deep-rooted prejudice against educated women, whose light heads it was pretended would be puffed up with the vapors of science and literature. "This time it was Adam giving the apple to Eve," and "What will become of the world when Corinnes shall be counted by thousands and shall compete with men in every line of labor?" expressed the honest though foolish fear of many. Happily the modern view prevailed that the proper instruction of woman is due to her as elevating her in the scale of being, as delivering her from the priest, better fitting her for noble wifehood and motherhood, and as enabling her to gain, if need be, an honorable independence, the latter especially through art and industrial schools.

In 1883-4-5, four hundred millions of francs were spent in constructing railroads which were then turned over to two societies or companies, one undertaking the eastern,

known as the Adriatic system, and the other the western, called the Mediterranean system, while the cross connecting lines were shared between them. It is now recognized that over and above the roads necessary for strategy, commerce, and travel, others unnecessary were built, the construction of which might have waited for years without loss, and which in fact never paid the smallest per cent. on the cost. Moreover, the whole railroad network cost largely in excess both of the estimate and of what it ought to have done. This, perhaps, is true of other public works besides railways, and of other countries than Italy.

The name of the army was changed to The Royal Italian Army, the object, of course, being to emphasize the monarchical character of the government.

The most salient fact of that time (1885), was the occupation of Massana and Assab on the Red Sea. The spirit of colonization was now high. France had occupied Tunis, to Italy's mortification, and also Tonquin; and England had taken possession of Suakim and was moving toward Khartum.

While Italy had gained the Austro-German Alliance, France, recuperated marvelously from her defeat, now regarded her with feelings not altogether friendly. With many Frenchmen, there seemed to be displeasure that a country which France had invaded and ruled over, or helped in a patronizing way, was now a nation, recognized as a sixth great European power. Some in the new republic even regarded Italy as ungrateful; but Italy had paid at the time for service rendered, service too, accompanied by an act greatly neutralizing the help. These feelings in France were to bear bitter fruit for Italy. England remained as ever Italy's friend, though passively rather than actively.

The Triple Alliance received about this time public re-

affirmation by the visit of the king to Berlin and Vienna, and the visit to Rome of the crown prince of Germany, representing the aged emperor. Never did a man make himself more loved by a people than did the amiable Prince Frederick, destined to so short a reign and to sufferings which touched the heart of the civilized world. Who that saw him appear on the terrace of the Quirinal Palace, with the Prince of Naples in his arms, will ever forget the genial action or the manly, *simpatico* figure? The touch of nature made two nations kin.

But the story must go backward a little to refer to the most important event of those years. Early in January, 1878, Rome was shocked with the news that Victor Emmanuel was dead. People did not quite believe it, for only a few days before he had been seen, a familiar figure, driving in the streets, returning salutations at every step. Moreover, people had not heard of his being sick. When I bore the tidings to the chief private bank of the city all said, "It is impossible, you must be mistaken." But when the truth was known, universal consternation prevailed, while many said with affectionate sympathy, "Poor Victor, cut down in the flower of his age," for he was only fifty-seven years old, which seems young to Italians, and he was robust and vigorous. To himself death came as a surprise, but he received the doctor's sentence with calmness, "Has it come to that? Then send for a priest." He had been heard in the past to say more than once, "I am not a good man, but I do not mean to die a bad death; she who is in heaven (referring to his deceased wife) would not permit it."

Italy was thrilled at the sudden death of her soldier king, henceforth known as the father of his country, and the national mourning was solemn and beautiful. For two days the Roman population and thousands of

strangers waited from early morning in the *Via Venti Settembre* (Street Twentieth of September), and in turn visited the dead king, propped into a sitting position on the bed. I was one of the number, and felt the impressiveness of the spectacle. In the crowds there was doubtless much idle curiosity, but there was no lack of emotion. A grander pageant than the funeral could scarcely be imagined, when all Italy with the embannered coats of arms of her hundreds of cities, her regalia ecclesiastical, military, and regal, with her genius for effective adornment, united to do honor to the dead hero; but

> The pomp of heraldry, the show of power,
> All that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike the inevitable hour;
> The path of glory leads but to the grave.

Aye, though that grave be in Westminster Abbey or in the Pantheon of Rome!

Victor Emmanuel was every inch a king though never surrounding himself with that "divinity which doth hedge about a king." Indeed he had the rare faculty of being extremely approachable and affable without the smallest sacrifice of dignity. He was far more at home when heading the country's struggle for freedom than he was in the comparative inactivity of peace. He often said in his quaint way after his Roman life began, "I do not like the profession of king," for he hated court life and its conventions, and no doubt often longed for dear Piedmont and for his hunting grounds in the Alps. He was once deputing Count Pletzna to a mission which involved, as the latter supposed, some ability as a courtier or diplomat, and he earnestly begged to be excused, avowing his ignorance of etiquette.

"Is that really so?" asked the king, rather sharply; "do you really know nothing of etiquette?"

"I assure your majesty that I do not," replied the gentleman, somewhat surprised.

"Then give me your hand, for neither do I;" and yet Victor Emmanuel could hold his own in the proudest courts in Europe, and reflect only honor on himself and his country. Nor could any man better rebuke a veiled insult or repel a liberty.

"We Roman aristocracy do not drive on the Corso now," said a *papalino* to him one day.

"We the king of Italy do," was the answer. On one occasion he went to the great church of S. Petronio at Bologna and was not met as he should have been by the ecclesiastic in charge. When later the bishop apologized for absence, pleading illness, the king replied: "You were quite right not to inconvenience yourself, my lord, for I do not go to church to visit priests, but to worship God." Something analogous occurred at the cathedral of Pisa—the great door being closed, though his coming was known. His attendants were indignant and proposed some severe measure, but he said: "This side door will serve us just as well; it is by the narrow door that we must enter heaven."

In one of his many semi-filial letters to the pope, whom he ardently desired to conciliate, he wrote something like the following:

> I have often read in your books that God uses kings to castigate a pope, or a pope to castigate a king, so, if you cannot bless me as king of Italy, you can at least bless me as the Almighty's instrument for ends beyond our penetration.

When threatened with the interdict, he inquired and learned that it would have no force unless the document were consigned into his hands. "Then," said he, "when I see a priest coming, I shall just put my hands into my pockets till he is gone."

He liked to pass with the peasants as a simple countryman, which with his plain dress, frank manner, and perfect mastery of the Piedmontese dialect, was easy enough; indeed, it was not always easy to undeceive them, and when his attendants appeared, he needed to calm the fears of those who had too freely treated him as one of themselves.

Once a peasant seeing him with his followers accoutered as hunters, said: "Gentlemen, I wish you would be so good as to kill a fox which has been giving me trouble." "Very well," replied the king, "we will do it to-morrow." When the brush was taken to the peasant he handed Victor Emmanuel two francs, which the latter accepted, remarking to his companions that it was the first money he had ever earned. Great was the embarrassment of the peasant when summoned to the king; but he was soon put at his ease, and gold pieces given him in the place of the silver coin.

Very careful about his linen, which he changed daily, he was indifferent about his outer dress, and wore the same so long that a Roman boy said, "The ministry taxes us high enough, but can't buy Victor Emmanuel a new pair of trousers," words which would have highly diverted the king had they come to his ears.

Once at the theatre, needing to call ceremoniously on an occupant of one of the boxes, he borrowed a dress coat of a member of his suite and took a fresh white tie from the neck of one of his servants. When about to make a journey somewhere, perhaps to Berlin, he was admonished by the gentleman whose duty it was to look after such matters that his wardrobe needed replenishing. "Then get Sig. X——, who is my size, to be measured, and provide what is needed," was his reply. In Rome and in Naples he preferred to use a small chamber away from the great regal apartments. He was an early riser,

and a mighty hunter in the high Alps ; he was fond of dogs and a real Philip as to horses,—the royal stables being occupied by the finest procurable from all parts of the world, and he loved to give a fine horse to a friend whom he would honor. He was the soul of kindness, and generous to a fault, so that his gentlemen had to look sharp that his liberality was not taken advantage of. One night as he was about to enter the theatre, a man uncovering, said :

"May I have a word with your majesty ? "

"Even two," was the encouraging reply.

"I am about to be put out of my house to-morrow, for unpaid rent."

"Do you want me to go and see your landlord ? "

"No, your majesty ; it will answer if you will order the rent to be paid."

"Very well, it shall be done."

Stories like this might be multiplied.

Equally generous was he in giving to every man the honor due him. When Cavour returned from his successful mission on behalf of Italy, and reported to him the next day, the king said : "I was in the crowd last night crying, '*Viva Cavour!* Long live Cavour,' with the rest." If he committed an offense against one of his subjects, he was prompt to apologize, and he was ever ready to weigh the opposition of worthy men to his most cherished plans. As a constitutional king he was sincere and conscientious, and though saved from responsibility before the country by his ministry, he yet felt that he must do what seemed to him right, under a sense of responsibility to God. How ready he ever was to sacrifice personal feelings and family interests for the weal of the State has amply appeared in these pages and need not be repeated here. His great affection for his family made that sacrifice real and painful. One of his

sons was a cripple. In Rome, one of his suite sought to deter him from giving money to a lame beggar boy, saying that he was unworthy. "I cannot help it," was the reply; "he reminds me of my Oddone, and I cannot refuse him."

During the prevalence of cholera in Naples, he went through the hospitals with words and acts of sympathy

and cheer for the patients. One man given up to die was so impressed that he recovered. Victor Emmanuel was of course gratified. "But," said he, "don't tell the Neapolitans that I work miracles, or they will tear me into small pieces to wear as relics."

In personal appearance Victor Emmanuel was homely rather than handsome, but there was nothing mean or insignificant about him, and when aroused his manner was imposing. He was at his best, as also in his truest

element, when leading a cavalry charge, and then he seemed the impersonation of war.

Well deserves he the title of *Rè galant' uomo*, the honest king, but it has to be admitted that he was also *un uomo galante*, a man given to gallantry, in not the best sense of that word. This, no doubt, more than the war with her Austrian fatherland, must have wrung the heart of his brave wife. In 1869, when he was extremely ill, the priest summoned to his bedside refused to give him absolution save on two conditions, that he should retract all that he had done as king against the church of Rome, and that he should marry the Countess Mirafiore, with whom he had been living in illicit relations. The king declined to retract his public acts against the church, but consented to the marriage; and the priest having been brought to yield the other point, the marriage was duly solemnized. The Countess Mirafiore, in spite of this, was never received at court by the Princess Margaret.

Pope Pius IX. quickly followed the king. He was clever and genial, but not great, nor was his death a loss to the church. Never did he rise higher than during the king's last illness, or show more of the spirit of Him whom he professed officially to represent. He had always liked Victor Emmanuel personally, and now, laying aside all enmity, he sent a message of friendship to the dying king, and said that but for his infirmity he would himself have come to see him. This was a touch of nature which made the world akin, and "vividly impressed Dean Stanley's imagination," and among some verses written by him on the subject for Queen Victoria, are the following lines:

O'er Tiber's stream with sweep sublime,
A shadow moved by tower and hall;
It smote the monarch in his prime,
The pontiff in his lingering fall.

In each the nation joyed to see
At that dread hour the better part—
The patriot, faithful, frank, and free,
The prelate's generous, human heart.
Long, long estranged—united then—
In their loved country's mingled woe,
Unlikest they of mortal men,
Yet not without a kindred glow.

Many other men, statesmen and soldiers, heroes of the struggle for independence, followed the king and the pope into the invisible world. The greatest of all these was Garibaldi. His strength had been failing, and his old fire and influence were gone, but his departure renewed the memory of his checkered career, his marches and battles, his disinterestedness, self-abnegation, and lofty patriotism. He was a man of great heart and childlike simplicity. The only thing he ever seemed to hate was oppression, and seeing that the papacy was Italy's chief incubus he hated it with all his heart, while he clearly recognized, and was already to avow, that the word of God was the surest arm to combat and destroy it, so that the humblest colporter of the Bible Society he ever made welcome. The red shirt of Garibaldi and his men, adopted by chance, became as emblematic as the black robe of the priest. It is sad, however, that he accepted the honorary presidency of an atheistic society, while Crispi and Saffi declined the doubtful honor.

Garibaldi was extremely magnetic and exerted a powerful influence over all with whom he came into contact. Especially for the other sex he had a strange attraction. "Women all through his life," says Mrs. Elliot, "made a dead set at Garibaldi. There was a devotion of look and manner about him which encouraged it. Mesdames Mario and Chamberlain devoted their lives and fortunes to him." A young soldier was once shaved bald to satisfy the demand for locks of Garibaldi's

hair; and his doctor, personating him in a dark room when he was ill, was nearly smothered with kisses. Garibaldi "was not tall, but with a chest and shoulders of a Hercules, an Olympian head covered with matted hair flowing into a long flaxen beard, gave great individuality to his face. But the depth of expression lay in his eyes, heavily charged with brow and lid, yet lighting up at moments into a glow of inspiration and sending sparks as of fire upon those around." He was as susceptible to the charms of the sex as he was charming to it, and of his last two marriages, one was unworthy of him, and the other was shameful, but due in great part to his excessive kindness of heart. When courted it was as hard for him to resist as he was irresistible.

Garibaldi had no successor, perhaps none was needed, so well had his work been done; and besides times had changed. As to Pius IX., his place was more than filled by Leo XIII., a learned and able man. King Humbert has proved himself animated by the same sentiments and principles as his stronger and more celebrated father, while Queen Margaret has made herself universally liked and given high character and worldwide fame to the court of Rome. She is said to be perfect mistress of Latin from her childhood, mistress of German (her mother's language), French, English, and perhaps other tongues, and in her receptions winningly addresses every guest in his own language. She is the patroness of schools, orphanages, and the fine arts. You see her driving by, giving gracious nods and beaming smiles on the right hand and on the left, and however republican you may be, it will seem not a bad thing at all to have such a lady for one's queen.

Foreigners have wondered at the freedom with which in Italy on public occasions royalty may be approached, the people unhindered gathering around and pressing

upon the monarchs. On the other hand, the self-respecting people receive their majesties with a fine courtesy, having no tinge of adulation. When M. Bazin expressed to a Milanese the absence of cheers in the presence of the king and queen, he met the reply, "We are monarchists, but not courtiers." Likewise a friend of mine was preparing to illuminate his house on the occasion of the late royal nuptials, not, he explained, as a royalist, but just as an Italian.

If Victor Emmanuel uttered the historic saying, *Here we are and here we remain*, Humbert's *Roma intangibile* (Rome not to be touched) is not less pithy or significant. On another occasion, when intending to go to Berlin for some festivities, he abandoned the plan on account of the cholera in Naples, "In Berlin they are feasting, in Naples they are dying; I go to Naples."

Victor Emmanuel used to say, "I know Humbert, and I trust him; he will do well," or some such words. How worthy of a nation's trust King Humbert has proved, history will tell. He possesses one faculty very valuable to the leaders of men, a memory for names and persons, and in his tours and visits to different parts of the country, is able to recognize and name many of the prominent people, showing them that he knows them and their position and part, than which there can scarcely be a more delicate or more appreciated tribute.

Nor did the country suffer only from the loss of her great men. The phylloxera attacked her vineyards; an Alpine avalanche was destructive and vast districts were flooded by the rise of rivers. I traveled, immediately after the inundation of the Po, through a region where harvests and houses had been laid waste and the starving people were camping in straw huts upon a narrow strip of ground. More serious still was the earthquake which brought devastation to the beautiful island of

Ischia, in the gulf of Naples, famed for its hot springs. There was a constant draft on the practical sympathy of the people, as on the paternal government, which had its hands full in acting as father to so many millions. Worse than all was the cholera, which revealed a remnant of ignorance and superstition of the southern masses, suspicious of doctors believed to be in league to poison them, but which also revealed more scientific treatment and even a decrease of popular suspicion, while the superstition chiefly took the form of prayers to the Virgin and saints. After the scourge had passed, the walls of houses in Naples still bore many affecting printed prayers, some of which were at least in part to the Uncreated One. King Humbert, as his father had done before him, won the love of his people not only by his benefactions, ever royal in fact as in name, but also and more by his visits to the hospitals and personal kindness to the sick and dying and to the poor of the stricken city. As he drove through the streets, his carriage was filled with petitions, and he permitted no suppliant to be turned back, but wished every cry of woe to reach his ear and heart, beautiful image of Him who can and will, and who alone can, hear and heed every human prayer for help and blessing!

The popularity of King Humbert was manifested rather than increased by the attempt on his life on the part of the misguided wretch Passanante. It was as the king and queen, with Cairoli, were leaving the Naples railroad station in a carriage that the attack was made. The queen first saw the danger and cried "Cairoli, save the king," and that true Bayard, a knight without fear or reproach, joyfully received the stab meant for his sovereign. He felt that night the happiest man in Italy, as he was thenceforth the most popular. Alas, that in the turmoil of politics his heart should have suffered; but he

was not long for this world, and in his death the king lost one dear as a brother, and Italy the last son of a noble family, every one of which had lived and died for her weal.

As for the cholera, it was a blessing in disguise, suggesting, and in a way compelling, large labors for the resanitation of Naples, involving the destruction of the crowded unwholesome quarters, the opening of broad streets through the more crowded parts, and the erection of wholesome dwellings not beyond the purse of the poor. These improvements suggested others, which adorned and ennobled a city dowered by nature with unsurpassed beauty.

In truth the spirit of progress was abroad in all Italy with good results, and also with those not good, as will be seen ; the latter happily being of a temporary and the former of a permanent nature. Several of the towns

secured especially an abundant supply of pure water, and wells and cisterns, the sources of disease, began to be dispensed with.

The promise of the liberal party in Parliament to extend the right of suffrage was amply fulfilled, every man not under twenty-one years of age, paying a tax of something less than four dollars, and possessed of the elementary branches taught in the public schools, being made an eligible voter. But a small proportion of these newly created voters actually voted, a fact due perhaps to long established habit, a natural let-alone disposition, and the immaturity of the nation so lately made one and with such diversity of origin and customs. Whatever the cause, the effect was not wholly bad, for if the use of the elective franchise may be educative, a certain preliminary education as to civic responsibility and duty is necessary, without which the masses are often led by demagogues and used for their purposes. In fact, of these, now appeared upon the scene a certain Coccapieller, who claimed to be the tribune of the people, the tribune of Rome, and while professing loyalty to the throne, propagated doctrines subversive of social order. It would have been amusing, if it had not been so sad, to see the popularity of this man with the common people, who were ready to take him at his own valuation. Another man of the same order, but of far higher intelligence, was Professor Sbarbaro. Both were elected to Parliament, one from Savona and the other from Rome. But ere long the libels of which they were guilty brought them under the arm of the law and their career was over.

French hostility to Italy, mainly on account of the Triple Alliance, grew to larger proportions, and a war of tariffs was declared, which certainly hurt France, but hurt Italy far worse, as she was less able to bear such a conflict. France had been Italy's chief market for many of her raw

products, and especially for wine, and now that door was practically shut. Hardly a French newspaper appeared without an article to offend and mortify Italians, who were taunted with their poverty and unjustly accused—attacks which of course the Italian press was prompt to repel. There seemed just enough community of race to make the two peoples, when alienated, all the more bitterly hostile to each other, while both their vices and virtues were very different. Still there was always an element in each nation seeking the things which make for peace, and cultivating between them reciprocal esteem and good-will. Moreover, there had ever been a party in Italy opposed to the Triple Alliance and persuaded that France was her proper ally. This feeling was shared by the Irredentisti,[1] who cannot bear to see Italy in alliance with Austria, which had taken and still held Italian territory, as Istria, Trieste, and the Trentino. It is true that the more advanced Irredentisti insist on Italy's completion by the restoration also of Savoy and Nice, but here the case is different, as these were formally ceded and for a consideration.

The feeling between Italy and France was further intensified by the persecution of Italian laborers in various French provinces. Italy unhappily has more men anxious to work for daily bread than she can provide labor for, and in consequence there is hardly a country in the world to which her willing laborers do not go. France, from her proximity, wealth, and industry, attracted many. It may be that the general prejudice which had arisen in that land against Italy had found its way to the hearts of French workmen. But over and above this, if it existed, was the fact that Italians not only were the better workmen, but worked for less money and lived on

[1] Those who favor the redemption, in whatever way, of Italian territory yet unredeemed and in the hand of other countries.

less than suited the French operative, industrious and economical as he is known to be. In Marseilles and at Aigues Mortes, in Provence, especially, the Italian workmen were attacked, and despite their defense and flight, many were wounded and slain, and great numbers returned to their homes in North Italy. With many of these, in an overcrowded third-class car, I traveled and heard their story. Public indignation and sympathy in Italy rose and long remained at fever height, and a single newspaper, "*La Tribuna*," of Rome, raised by voluntary offerings from all over the country hundreds of thousands of francs for those thus thrown out of work and "upon the pavement," to use an expressive Italian phrase.

Added to the war of tariffs from without there was speculation within which proved an even greater disaster for Italy. "Private persons, societies, communes, even the State, had launched with eyes closed into a vortex of undertakings, labors, pledges, debts, without regard to consequences. . . The declaration of economic war on the part of France sounded like Joshua's trumpets." Thousands of fortunes were sacrificed to the vain hope of great and sudden gain. There was a building crisis in nearly every city, and especially in Rome. On this, Marion Crawford's novel, "Don Orsino," is founded, in which the situation is admirably described. A crisis in the banks was inevitable and not without scandal, but the matter was thoroughly examined and responsibility placed where it belonged. It was a time of darkness and storm, but necessary, and the prelude to a sounder banking system, greater prudence, and brighter days generally, though these last could not come at once; for there were other sources of difficulty. There was, for one thing, great agricultural depression, due to bad crops and heavy taxes, as well as the closed avenue of export. It

may be that Sicily suffered more than any other part of the kingdom. Whether this is so or not, it was in that beautiful island that troubles reached such a height as to attract the attention of all and to provoke the intervention of the State. The subject is interesting enough for separate consideration.

Sicily has happily a mining interest and an agricultural interest, so that often when one of these failed it was possible to depend on the other. Now, however, when agriculture was ruined, the price of sulphur, from causes outside of Italy, fell to a price which did not pay for its mining, and large quantities were already stored and waiting exportation. Necessarily the low pay of the already poorly paid miners, many of them children, was still further reduced, and multitudes were thrown entirely out of work.

There are in Sicily two kinds of agriculture, known as the intensive and the extensive. In the former, trees, vines, vegetables, and fruits, such as oranges, lemons, and Indian figs, and sumac are cultivated. This requires constant attention and intelligence. Whoever, says Professor Villari, traverses the zone around the chief cities is enchanted with the lovely gardens, and admires at the same time the fecundity of the soil and the infinite industry of man, who with hydraulic labors draws water from the bowels of the earth, and with the constant toil of generations has dissolved the lava of Etna to plant productive vineyards. Where this kind of cultivation prevails work and remuneration are seldom lacking. But the greater part of Sicily consists of what are known as *latifondi*, that is, vast farms where only the extensive system of agriculture is possible, with a three years' rotation of grain, pasture, and fallow. On these farms, says Professor Villari, one may ride on horseback five or six hours without seeing a tree or a peasant's house, as

the laborers will not live in the open *campagna*, preferring a village. Some three-fourths of the island is given to extensive agriculture, though with prosperity the other kind increases. This extensive agriculture, as appears in the consideration of the Roman Campagna, does not require much labor except for a small part of the year. The peasant is therefore much of his time out of work; he is dependent on the great landholders, and his gains are precarious. At best he receives less than the Tuscan peasant, who besides is maintained the same even when the crops fail. Space is wanting for details which would be interesting. Enough that partly from long existing causes, and partly from the fault or the inattention, which itself is a fault, of the great proprietors, the Sicilian peasant was at this period suffering many hardships, some of which were real wrongs. Added to all, the communal and other taxation was imposed more heavily upon the peasant than upon the proprietor. It seems incredible, but it was so, the evil relic of an evil time and a worse government, and those high in authority, who should have known of these wrongs and redressed them, were in peaceful ignorance of all till their peace was rudely disturbed, and they were obliged to see and understand the situation.

Socialism has made little headway in Italy, but now was its opportunity. While the exposition of Palermo, in May, 1892, was in progress, there was held there a workingmen's congress. Immediately thereafter appeared the *Fasci*, of which so much was heard afterward. The word *fasci* literally means bundles, and this homely word was adopted by themselves to describe the groups of peasants formed in Sicily to make a stand against the grievances so long suffered in silence. Socialistic leaders organized these societies, which spread like wildfire. The true scope was at first concealed under the pretext

of mutual aid, and the subscriptions were punctually paid. The head of each *Fascio* was an important person, scrupulously obeyed by the members, himself in relation with the socialistic leaders, and received with all solemnity by the authorities. There was something exceedingly dramatic in the movement, in which not only men but also women took part, and whenever one of the *Fasci* marched to any place, the pictures of the king and queen were borne before them. Of the troops they felt no fear, saying, They will not hurt us, they are our sons and brothers. The women were, if possible, more enthusiastic than their husbands, and I recall how one tall, handsome woman stood up and pleaded, before newspaper correspondents and others, with simple eloquence, the wrongs of her people. These people had no revolutionary or even socialistic aims, and sought only relief from their miseries. It was just the turning of the worm trodden on. But the men of intelligence and position who headed the movement were advanced socialists and used the peasants and their woes for their own more far-reaching ends. That they were sincere in conviction and even philanthropic, though mistaken, can hardly be doubted.

On the eighth of December, 1893, the first serious tumults occurred. The communal palace at Partinico was invaded as a protest against the local duties (*dazio consumo*, French *octroi*) and the smaller buildings with the furniture and account books were burned. Although orders were given to suppress the more odious taxes, a slaughter of the rich men might have taken place had not news arrived that the troops had fired on the people at Giardinello (Little Garden), a village of eight hundred inhabitants, killing eleven and wounding many more. Really the firing was due to an accident, a misunderstanding. But from this moment the flame spread, acts of vandalism were committed, and blood was shed.

The general government had been slow, far too slow, in providing for the maintenance of order, but now, Crispi, a strong man and a native Sicilian, having come into office as prime minister, took the most prompt and most energetic measures. He sent thither a large military force under command of General Morra as royal commissioner extraordinary, and he proclaimed martial law and instituted military courts, hybrid between civil and military tribunals. The chief of the socialistic agitators was De Felice, a member of Parliament from Catania, and a genial, popular man; and second only to him in position and in the agitation were Bosco, Barbato, Verro, and Petrina. These were tried in Palermo. An officer zealously defended them and they were allowed to deliver orations in their own behalf and in behalf of their opinions and their conduct. Women wept, popular sympathy was awakened, some newspapers declared them not only innocent but generous and heroic. When they were condemned to long terms of cellular imprisonment, many were horror-stricken. De Felice and the others were made martyrs, and socialism gained far more by their condemnation than it could have done by their acquittal. The trials in other parts of the island were less sensational and attracted less attention, but hundreds were condemned to long and painful incarceration. The general impression was of regret at repression so severe, and the word amnesty was on every tongue. The *Fasci* had disappeared at once, more silently and speedily than they had come into being.

Order was restored, but what was done for those whose wrongs had impelled them to violate order? For one thing attention had been called to them. Moreover, the entire and somewhat complicated situation in Sicily was carefully studied by competent persons entirely in sympathy with that poor and oppressed peasantry, and

a number of small, interesting books, packed with information on Sicily gained at first hand, were given to the public. A plenipotentiary viceroy was placed over the island to represent the monarch, who ever seeks to be the father of all his people. A certain number of the *latifondi*, or vast estates, were cut up into smaller tracts and sold. For the rest, in the midst of other absorbing

subjects and the changes of ministry, the government is studying and will solve the important problem, at once so simple and so difficult.

Nor was Sicily the only scene of discontent, of menace, and uprising. The riotous and destructive proceeding of the Neapolitan lower classes was promptly arrested. Symptoms more or less grave appeared in the region of Bari, in Tuscany, in Lombardy, in Rome itself. It was not misery that carried into rebellion the marble workers

of Carrara, who were well paid and might have provided well for their families and laid by something. It was envy of the rich rather than their own poverty which afflicted them. Republican, then socialistic, and finally even anarchistic ideas, planted among them, had taken root and were bearing fruit. There was a strict bond of relationship between these men and the not less fierce and anarchistic elements in Spezia and Leghorn. They had really a good nucleus for an army, and had gained courage from the inaction of the local authorities due to fear or prudence. The troubles in Sicily and the concentration of troops there seemed to offer them their opportunity, and one night they moved against Carrara, but were repulsed by the few soldiers there, and their comrades within, awed, gave no sign. What was their ultimate object is unknown, perhaps it was not clear to themselves, but the danger was great. The government sent such troops as it could quickly collect, including a battalion from the Alps under General Hensch, inspector of the Alpine passes, with the same powers as Morra in Sicily. The region of the quarries, where it seemed the insurgents would defend themselves, was surrounded by the Alpinists, who thus took them in the rear and flank and cut off all hope either of defense or of flight. The fire was quenched ere it was a flame. General Hensch too had his courts, and the ringleaders were punished. But he did not content himself with repression and with the condemning of the guilty, but with care and wisdom sought to instruct the people and remove the causes of social disorder, a task rendered easier by the smallness of the disturbed region and by the simplicity of the case as distinguished from that of Sicily.

Even from the days of Cavour, the idea of an Italian possession or colony on or near the shores of the Red Sea was cherished. After the government had been

moved to Rome, Assab was acquired by purchase from Rubattino, the great Italian shipowner, and ministers and others declared that the aim was peaceful commerce and colonization, and not conquest. On the fifth of February, 1885, the first band of Italian soldiers disembarked at Massana. There was a prevailing impression that an understanding existed with England, but when Khartum fell and Chinese Gordon was killed, matters in parliament came to a crisis, and the cabinet, of which Depretis was prime minister and Mancini the minister of foreign affairs, said it was an Italian and not an English programme, and announced the early occupation of the region around Massana, and the intention to withstand the rebels scouring the country in the name of the Mahdi. There was strong feeling in parliament against the movement, and not less in the kingdom, but the ministry for the present had a working majority, though it was well urged by the opposition that England had shown at Aden, at Singapore, and at Hong Kong, that a mere point of approach or foothold sufficed for all the purposes of commerce. Many feared that the money of the taxpayers was being thrown away, and no one knew what the end would be ; but already the cry was raised by the abettors of the enterprise that it would be a disgrace to retreat, and the answer did not avail that England had withdrawn from Khartum. Several towns were occupied, Ua, Arafati, and Saati.

There were troubles ahead. Ras Alula, the chief of Asmara, confessed his disappointment. He had thought there would come engineers to open roads, build bridges, and in general promote the welfare of the country ; instead he saw only soldiers, soldiers. Nor was this all, for the chieftain sent word to the Italian commander to retire from that region owned, though not occupied, by Abyssinia, and when the intimation was without effect

he attacked the fortified port of Saati, and failing in this, succeeded in surprising, surrounding, and destroying a column of five hundred men who were going to succor the fort. This slaughter occurred at Dogali, and lost Saati, Ua, and Arafati to the Italians. The news of the disaster produced an immense impression in Italy, and when on the fifth of February, 1887, Depretis communicated the fact to parliament, there were heard unjust complaints that the occupation of Assab and Massana had been without the knowledge of the body. Again it was suggested to recall the troops from Africa, but patriotic feeling, sincere if mistaken, and the desire to avenge Dogali, won the day, and five million francs was voted almost unanimously, and troops were pressed to the front.

John, sovereign of Abyssinia, was bitterly opposed to the project of the Italians and predicted, with a foresight which in the light of subsequent events appears almost miraculous, their utter failure. No European monarch ever believed more implicitly in the divine right of kings, and his own investiture from heaven, than did this John, Negus.[1] You Italians, he said, come here because you are many and your country is not sufficient for you, but God will disappoint you ; he will defend me and send you back home, beaten and humiliated. As for himself, he was ready to fight with the confidence of one who feels sure of having God on his side pledged for his success.

Who can tell if it was really better for Italy that this John, Negus was killed by the Dervishes and was succeeded by Negus Menelik who, impressed alike by the power and by the moderation of the invaders, made terms with them. Soon Rome was thrilled with the presence of Ras Maconnen and his suite upon her streets,

[1] Negus means emperor.

a spectacle interesting even to a city so cosmopolitan and accustomed to new, strange sights. What was better still, or seemed so, was that this Ras was a kinsman of Menelik, and came as his ambassador to negotiate a treaty of friendship. This treaty of May 2, 1889, known as the treaty of Uccialli, from the place in Abyssinia where it was finally signed, a name destined to be famous, was very favorable to Italy, and gave her the protectorate of Abyssinia, and Baldissera, the Italian general, induced neighboring tribes to accept the same.

Everything now seemed propitious to Italy's African enterprise. In reality it was not so. European influences adverse to Italy soon began to operate on the mind of Menelik. He was assured that he had accepted the protectorate of a nation neither rich nor mighty, in fact the youngest and weakest of the great powers; that many of the Italians, as could be shown from their newspapers, were quite other than favorable to the colonization scheme, as beyond her force. Menelik would not have been human had he not been greatly affected by these representations, and he hastened to say that he had never meant to surrender his independence or subject himself to a protectorate of which he was in no need. There was also a difficulty as to the meaning of Article XVII., which made Italy the intermediary of Abyssinia in treating with other nations. There seems to have been question as to the correct translation from Aramaic to Italian. This was really the beginning of the end, though the end was still distant.

The colony was named Erithrea, but it was a colony without colonists, and the commerce was small and gave little hope of increase. Arabs and Greeks had enriched themselves with the trade in slaves, but this would have been repugnant to Italy. Reports came of cruelty to the natives on the part especially of a lieutenant named

Livraghi, and the country was scandalized and horrified, for Italians are nothing if not humane.

There was an investigation, a trial, and some of the guilty were punished. Probably the abuses lamented were not different from those on the part of other armies in analogous circumstances. A war by a European power in an uncivilized country is hardly a school of morals.

Native troops composed of Abyssinians, Sudanese, Arabs, Somali, and others were now enlisted, bearing the generic name of Lascars. They differed also in religion, being Mohammedan, Christian, and Abyssinian. These troops, officered chiefly by Italians, were in every way useful, costing little for their maintenance, with a great endurance of hunger, thirst, and fatigue, and readily attaching themselves to their leaders, while in battle they proved valiant and faithful. The diversity in race, language, and religion was besides a guarantee. The employment of these natives was a pecuniary saving, and what is more important, an economy of men, for the number of Italian soldiers in Africa was proportionately diminished.

The troubles long imminent speedily culminated. On the sixth of December, 1895, at Amba Alagi, twenty-four hundred Italian and native troops were surrounded by six or seven, and then by eight or nine thousand of the foe. Of the twenty-four hundred scarcely three hundred escaped.

On the last day of February, 1896, General Baratieri, at Abba Garima, either weary of inaction or unable to remain for want of food, or from pressure at home, decided to attack the Abyssinians, and seize if possible their position in the Conca[1] di Adna. The advance was

[1] *Conca*, literally a vase, then a vale surrounded by heights. The reader may recall the Conca d' oro, Shell of Gold, near Palermo, so called from the topography, and the lemon and orange groves.

made the next day in three columns, by as many routes, over a rough, precipitous country, but only to overwhelming defeat. There was no lack of courage, but it was unavailing. The Italian columns, from whatever cause, could not, or at least did not, duly connect and support each other, nor did the reserve get into action. They were also outnumbered at least four to one, while the Abyssinians were equally well armed, and in every way far better acquainted with the difficult country. The disaster could scarcely have been greater for Italy. Many of her most valuable officers, some of them bearing historic names and worthy of those names, perished on that fateful field. Besides the large number of killed, at least two thousand Italians were taken prisoners. It seems strange that Menelik did not press his victory, instead of promptly withdrawing, but his army too had suffered severely.

The news of the terrible defeat of Adna or Abba Garima (for the battle is known by both names) reached Rome the next day, March 2, and produced a tremendous impression there as elsewhere in Italy. The Crispi ministry promptly resigned, and the Marquis Rudini succeeded as prime minister, with a Conservative cabinet, sustained by a coalition of Conservatives and socialists of various hues. From Naples, Pavia, Milan, and Turin came the popular cry, "Away from Africa!" Everywhere the socialists and the common people cried for peace, if not the abandonment of the ill-starred enterprise. On the other hand, there were many of Italy's best who, deeply mortified at her reverses, longed for the retrieval of her fortunes, and felt hurt at the thought of the war closing with defeat. Even if a mistake had been made in entering on the quarrel, they wished, now that it was on, to push it to a worthier conclusion. These views and feelings, even if mistaken, were at

that moment equally natural and honorable. It was also a significant fact that when it seemed likely that peace would be made, many societies and companies besought the king, as the guardian of the nation's honor, to refuse his assent to any peace which in the slightest degree could derogate from that honor. These appeals were doubtless unnecessary, but must still have been very grateful to the sovereign's heart.

A military defeat is almost sure to demand the sacrifice or punishment of general officers as well as of the authorities at home who it is supposed are also in some sense responsible for it. Crispi and his cabinet were really victims to the popular feeling, and anticipated the inevitable vote of censure by a prompt resignation. General Baratieri, who had before been idolized, now became very unpopular. Defenders were not wanting in the army and among civilians, however, and after trial by a court-martial he was acquitted.

For once the church and the people were at one, and in many cathedrals masses were offered for the patriot soldiers fallen, and eloquent tributes were paid to them. The whole country was in mourning; every community had suffered.

Long months were to intervene ere peace was concluded, and the condition of the prisoners, many of whose letters to their families were published in the newspapers, caused deep and widespread concern. The pope conceived the idea of seeking their return as a favor to himself, and sent out a commission of ecclesiastics to effect it. This commission was also under the patronage of several aristocratic ladies of the clerical party, who gave and collected funds for the expenses and for the relief of the prisoners. I happened to be a fellow-traveler of this commission on the steamer from Naples to Messina, and witnessed the enthusiastic ovation received by those

ecclesiastics in the former city, an ovation due both to their official character and to their present aims, which appealed to all. Mons. Versowitch, however, did not live to reach his destination, but perished from the climate, and the expedition was thenceforth led by Mons. Macario, long a resident in Africa. These papal ambassadors were courteously received by the victorious emperor of Ethiopia, but whatever other ends may have been attained, the mission was, as to its main object, a failure, for Menelik declined to give up his prisoners, and it was better so. No doubt, Leo XIII. had been animated in part by humanitarian sentiments in seeking by his own embassy to secure the return of the Italian prisoners to their homes and country, but it is also quite certain that he, like most other men, had acted from mixed motives, thinking to strike a blow at the Italian government and at the same time to render himself and his cause popular and beloved, increasing thus the influence and power of both. Certainly it would have been a fine feather in his cap had he succeeded. But Menelik, claiming to be the successor of King David and of a religion as old as the papal, was not so much in awe of the pope as many other potentates of other days and even of our own day; and he had no motive either to give up his hostages or to displease Humbert, whom he after all greatly liked and respected.

In due time, Major Nerazzi, a man well qualified for such a mission, was sent by the government to treat for peace and the return of the prisoners. Nor were the conditions hard, Menelik's chief condition being the abrogation of the treaty of Uccialli and the freeing of himself from the obligations to Italy which he had found burdensome to his pride and opposed to his interest. Some half million dollars was allowed him nominally for the cost of maintaining the prisoners, but really as a war indemnity,

for many of the prisoners had more than earned their living by giving to their conquerors the benefit of their labor, their professional skill, and their superior intelligence, scattered as they were in the country under the various chieftains.

If, in view of Italy's economic condition, it is hardly possible to pronounce her African undertaking to be wise statesmanship, yet her splendid traditions, the great commercial port of Genoa, Venice, and other cities, and their more than respectable part in modern African exploration, go far to excuse it. Besides, it is not just to judge her in the light of results which could not have been foreseen, and might have been so different. After all, Italy in Africa has been more unfortunate than unwise, and even her unwisdom is redeemed by the heroism and fortitude of soldiers and citizens; besides, the end is not yet, and nations, like individuals, learn from experience, and climb from failure to high success.

To go back a little, the Columbian celebration of 1892 in Genoa, commemorating the discovery of America four centuries ago, is worthy of mention. It was the occasion of official publications valuable in every way, copies of which were presented by Italy to the government of the United States. Another anniversary celebrated with pomp and enthusiasm was September 20, 1895, making the twenty-fifth year of Italy united and in possession of the Eternal City as her capital. One of the features of the occasion was the unveiling of an equestrian statue of Garibaldi on the summit of the Janiculum and an oration by Crispi, then at the zenith of his popularity and influence. The statue is of heroic size and is a conspicuous object from the distant Pincio.

In the summer of 1896, somewhat mysteriously, the prince of Naples, heir to the crown of Italy, sailed for an unknown destination. Considerable curiosity was felt

on the part of the public; but it was soon satisfied with the news that his highness had gone to seek a bride at the court of the small but noble kingdom of Montenegro, in the Balkan Peninsula. It further transpired that the

prince had met the Princess Helena at St. Petersburg and had fallen in love with her, as any other young man might have done with one so lovely in character and in person; and the czar was said to warmly approve and further the match. In October the nuptials were celebrated. First of all, it was necessary, in homage to an

article of Italy's constitution, that the expectant bride should renounce the Greek for the Roman Catholic faith, a step less radical than might seem, as the difference between the two, though important, is by no means such as that between either and Protestantism. The ceremony of abjuration occurred at Bari, the prior of the church officiating. The conversion of this fair lady, likely one day to be Italy's queen, would have seemed to call for courtesy from the Vatican and the offering of one of her noblest churches for the marriage rite, which in its view is one of the sacraments. This, however, was not done. Happily, the church of St. Mary of the Angels,[1] constructed out of the ruins of the baths of Diocletian by Michael Angelo and owned by the municipality of Rome, was available, and with a few weeks of labor was rendered, within and without, suitable for the purpose. The same prior who had received the princess into the bosom of the Roman Catholic communion officiated at the nuptials. The building was filled with elect men and women of Italy, ravishing music added its charm to the solemn, yet glad hour, and vast crowds of sympathetic people filled the squares and lined the streets to welcome the bridal pair and their followers in their progress to the Quirinal. A touch of nature made the peasant for the moment kinsman of the king, as the parental joy and pride and solicitude of Humbert and Margaret were as evident as if they had been common mortals; while the nation rejoiced in the alliance of the crown prince with a stock so sturdy and not unlike that from which the Savoyan Dynasty itself had sprung, and it

[1] "In the church there is a remarkable meridian line laid down on the polished floor of inlaid marble. . . Standing in the transept of the church one sees with cool eyes a beam of sunshine on a ground of shadow; for precisely at noon a bright ray comes through a small round hole in the roof made for the purpose and falls upon a particular line on the graduated pavement."—*"Two Worlds Are Ours," Hugh Macmillan.*

was felt that this dynasty might well acquire fresh vigor from the new graft. It cannot be denied that here and there a discordant note could be heard, and some felt that the prince in the hour of the country's humiliation should have either sought a bride from one of Europe's great royal families or else have awaited a more propitious season. But it was surely a matter of congratulation that the marriage was of love and not mere convenience, and that the prince, not very robust but highly educated, had won a bride who for beauty, intelligence, and accomplishments, as well as for goodness, promises one day, may it be distant, to prove a second Margaret. One feature of this, as of other festal occasions mentioned, which brought joy to many hearts, was the amnesty to political prisoners. First, there was a progressive shortening of terms of imprisonment, and at last, for most of them, the prison doors were thrown wide open, and De Felice was promptly re-elected deputy and again took his seat in parliament.

Italy in general took little notice of the massacres in Armenia, leaving it to the little band of evangelicals in her borders to print and preach and pray and give for the relief of that atrociously persecuted people; but when Crete wished to become a part of Greece, Italy, through her government, joined with the other great powers in refusing it, in blocking the ports of both countries, vainly trying to prevent the threatened collision between Greece and Turkey. Nevertheless, among the people and in parliament there was strong opposition to the course of the government. Bovio said in the Chamber of Deputies that one should feel ashamed after such action to put into a boy's hand a Greek classic. It was also observed that Italy was acting against that very principle which had made her free and one. Carducci, Italy's chief poet, now a senator, made in the senate a fine protest against

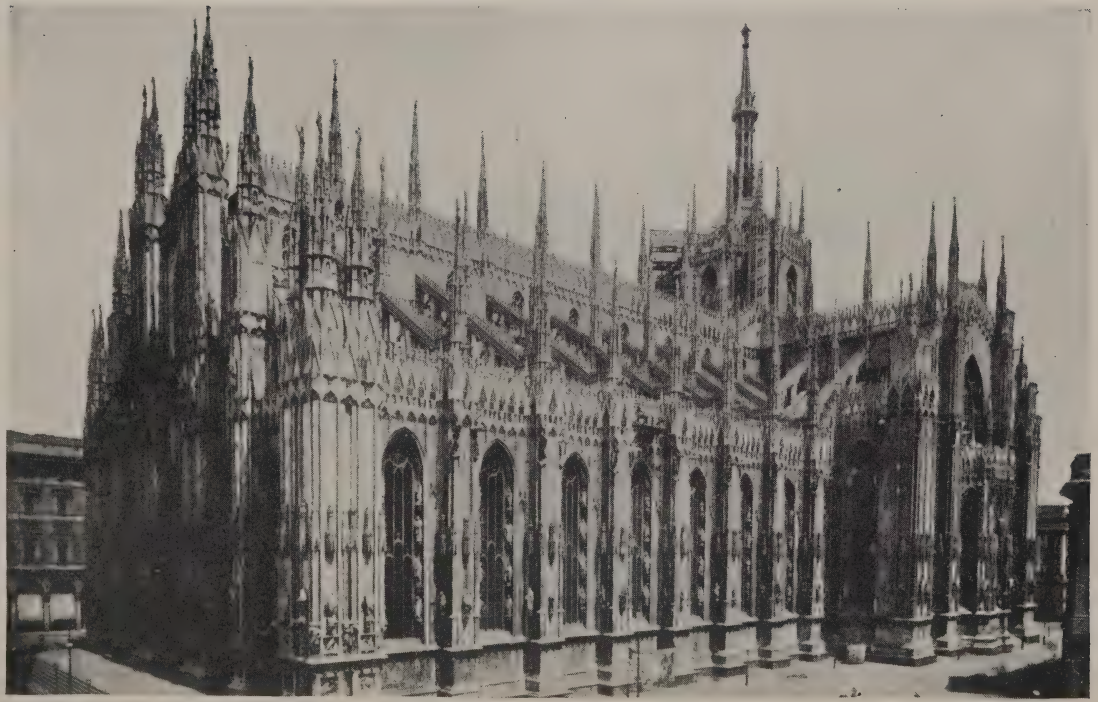
the treatment given to Greece, and the Countess Martinengo published a noble ode to that fair but unhappy country, while companies of Italian volunteers hastened to her aid, and several Garibaldini, including a member of parliament, led by Ricciotti, son of the great general, were killed in the battle of Domoko, where they saved the day. It should be added that some of the Italian volunteers for Greece were socialists and were supposed to go with socialistic and even anti-dynastic views. De Felice, elsewhere referred to, was sent home by the Greek authorities, who seem to have been put on their guard by the Italian government.

About this time an attempt, happily unsuccessful, was made on the life of King Humbert, having many points of resemblance with the attempt which issued in the assassination of President Carnot. It was the occasion of the most enthusiastic demonstrations of affection in Rome and elsewhere toward the monarch. It also gave occasion to the prime minister to order arrests, deemed by many unjustifiable, and the death in prison under very suspicious circumstances of one of the arrested led to a discussion of the subject in parliament and by the press, with solemn protests against arbitrary arrest and invoking immediate trial for the arrested. Some fanatical Roman Catholics ascribed the king's deliverance to the palace's having recently received a priestly blessing, for the first time in many years, while some evangelicals retorted that without that blessing perhaps no attack would have been made ; of course, sensible people saw no effect of the blessing, either for good or evil. But many are asking, Has a conciliation been reached between the Vatican and Quirinal ? and some say that an understanding exists between them. It is certain that the moderate ministry in power since Crispi fell has shown itself much more favorable to the clericals than did its predecessor.

A RUN THROUGH ITALY

Beneath is spread like a green sea
The waveless plain of Lombardy.
Bounded by the vaporous air,
Islanded by cities fair.
. . . the line
Of the olive, sandall'd Apennine
In the South dimly islanded;
And the Alps, whose snows are spread
High between the clouds and sun.
Underneath day's azure eyes,
Ocean's nursling, Venice lies—
A peopled labyrinth of walls.

—*Shelley*



MILAN CATHEDRAL.

V

IT was in the summer of 1870 that I first saw Italy. I was comparatively ignorant of her history and treasures, but with a mind open to impressions. My entrance was over the Simplon on the top of a diligence, and on those Alpine heights, despite abundant wraps, I suffered from the intense cold; but one after another of these was thrown off as we swiftly descended, and all were thrown off when Italy was reached, although "the shades of night were falling fast." Into the court of a spreading inn we suddenly dashed, and while the horses were changed, I sallied forth to use in the purchase of fruit the few Italian words acquired during the day. I may say, in passing, that I was only a summer tourist, and had no more idea of spending a quarter of a century in Italy than I now have of a flight to the moon. With a fresh team we were soon bowling over a road as smooth and as level as a floor, to the rhythmical beat of the horses' hoofs and the music of their bells. On one side lay the island-studded Lake Maggiore, and on the other rose vineclad terraces crowned with many a villa, while the moon riding high in the heavens shed a mystical glory on the novel and lovely scene; I seemed to be in fairyland, and the feeling was only increased when a few hours later I was supping at Arona, in an arbor illumined by the moon and by Chinese lanterns hung amid the foliage of the trees.

The next morning I went by train to Milan, in the great Lombard plain, compared to a prostrate giant, "whose head is crowned by the Apennines and the Alps; his feet are bathed by the Adriatic, and down his entire

length run the rivers Ticino, Adige, and Po,"[1] fertilizing and now and then devastating the soil, but by the systematic irrigation "meadows yield as many as twelve crops in the year." It is a country described by Virgil, born and reared within its borders. Notwithstanding the introduction of the reaper machine and other modern agricultural implements, many of the scenes remain as in his day. The gentle, strong, beautiful ox is, as then, the chief laborer. The writer just quoted tells how in the Veneto the land intended for grain is plowed with four yoke of dove-colored oxen, the great bull acting as wheel horse. One of the poet Carducci's finest odes is to the ox, rendered into English by Frank Sewell, as follows:

I love thee, pious ox; a gentle feeling
Of vigor and of peace thou givest my heart.
How solemn, like a monument thou art!
Over wide fertile fields thy calm gaze stealing,
Unto the yoke with grave contentment kneeling,
To man's quick work thou dost thy strength impart.
He shouts and goads, and answering thy smart,
Thou turnest on him thy patient eyes appealing.
From thy broad nostrils, black and wet, arise
Thy breath's soft fumes; and on the still air swells
Like happy hymn, thy lowings mellow strain.
In the grave sweetness of thy tranquil eyes
Of emerald, broad and still reflected, dwells
All the divine green silence of the plain.

Milan proved flat and warm, but from the summit of the cathedral Mont Blanc and the rest of the snowy Alpine range are spread out to the view. That beautiful pile begun in 1386 is Milan's chief glory; but fine as it is, the *façade* has been long recognized as faulty, the main portal being disproportionately small. It was felt that this must be corrected, but the municipality, Italian

[1] "The Doge's Farm," by Margaret Symonds.

like, was very deliberate and at last invited the architects of the world to present designs for remodeling the *façade*, and at this writing[1] (1897) a plan has been adopted and eighty million francs are ready to carry it into effect. In this cathedral infants are still dipped, and a modified Ambrosian music may yet be heard.

On the cathedral piazza, or public square, is the gal-

lery of Victor Emmanuel, a lofty and splendidly frescoed cruciform arcade full of fine stores and *cafés*, and the center where the Milanese do most congregate, especially in the evening, when brilliantly illuminated.

From the same square comfortable tram-cars run to every part of the city at a fare of one penny, so that one may easily visit the numerous churches, especially

[1] It is sad that the successful young architect died the year after the acceptance of his plan.

that of St. Ambrose; the public garden, enlarged and beautified through the gift of a wealthy duke; the Brera picture gallery, containing besides other fine works, Raphael's great picture, The Espousal of the Virgin; the celebrated Ambrosian Library, with a large collection of manuscripts and palimpsests, some of them very valuable; and the monastery with Leonardo da Vinci's fresco, The Last Supper, widely known through engravings; the original has been half ruined by the dampness of the building. The *Scala* is one of the largest theatres in Europe.

Milan, full of ancient treasures, is in spirit and civilization essentially a modern city. It is governed by its best men and in the best way. While the most extensive improvements have been made looking to the city's inevitable expansion, yet it has been done with such prudence as to avoid financial embarrassment. In these respects it may be likened to Glasgow, which claims with justice to be the best governed city in the world. A new street in Milan, *Via Dante*, has been built with an eye to beauty as well as convenience, and would be an honor to any community. The civic public spirit was shown in the offer of a premium of twenty thousand dollars for the most beautiful house.

Almost every city of Italy has some specialty of food or fabric as well as particular customs. Milan is noted for its *risotto*, which is a dish of rice cooked with gravy or tomatoes, and made very savoury. In all the land it is safe to ask for *risotto Milanese* and also for cutlets *alla Milanese*, though only in Milan, it is claimed, are they to be had in their perfection. *Panettone*, of Milan, a sort of coffee cake, is sent all over Italy. The Milanese are sociable, and some of them occasionally carry their dinner to a restaurant in preference to eating it at home. Many of the women, as in Genoa, wear, instead of a

bonnet, a black veil or scarf covering also the shoulders, and which is very becoming. Here, as elsewhere in Italy, one sees many blondes, reminding him how mixed with northern blood is this race. Lombardy, in fact, was conquered and settled by a Germanic people. Beer drinking, on the increase in some other Italian cities, is especially common in Milan, perhaps because of the climate, the nearness to German Switzerland, and the relative scarcity of wine in the province.

Speeding toward Turin, one sees great rice fields, and elsewhere in the province the mulberry and olive abound, Lombardy having a variety of soil and productions, and using a system of irrigation unique in Europe. The name recalls the long line of Lombard kings in the eighth century, most of them with German names. Lombard Street, a great banking center in London, reminds us that banks originated in Lombardy. All Italy has been fought over, but Lombardy in particular has been the scene of many important battles in medieval and modern times; the names Marengo, Magenta, San Martino, Solferino, and Lodi, will at once occur to any one familiar with modern history.

Turin, dating from old Roman days, twice destroyed and as often rebuilt, situated at the junction of the Dora and the Po, is especially interesting as the birthplace of new Italy, the cradle of her constitution, the home of her first kings, and the chief city of that Piedmont which was the nucleus of the kingdom. There are many public squares and gardens, the streets are broad and clean, and a considerable part of the city is devoted exclusively to residences, whereas generally in Italy people live in apartments over stores occupying the ground floor. Here we see for the first time colonnaded streets, and one may walk long distances under cover. The same is found also in Bologna, and in such secondary cities as Savona

and Cuneo. Here as elsewhere in the north of Italy, the snow, which is often very deep, is not allowed to lie in the streets as in our country, but is carted away by the municipality, as it is also removed from the roof of every house at the expense of the owner. These are slight indications that the city rule, like that of the general government, is paternal, caring for the safety and comfort of the people in a truly fatherly way. The chief beauty of Turin is the semicircle of hills, covered with trees, gardens, and villas. On one of the highest of these, commanding an extensive and varied view, is La Superga, the church in which the dukes of Savoy have been buried. Turin claimed also the remains of her greatest chief, Italy's first king, and Humbert's heart was set on the same as he remembered how Victor Emmanuel loved that city, but both yielded to the rights of Rome as the nation's capital. Turin contains many monuments commemorating events and persons connected with the struggle for Italy's independence and unity.

As one issues from the handsome railroad station he sees the statue of Marquis d'Azeglio, on which are these notable words, taken from his religious and political will and testament: "Let not the slave of municipal or party passions complain if he become the slave of a foreign power." No one more clearly than he saw that the prosperity and freedom of the country depended upon the moral character of its citizens; and often in his *naïve* "Reminiscences" does he insist on placing character high above mere material weal or the pomp of wealth and power, while he united in himself Athenian culture and the rugged virtue of Sparta. An obelisk commemorates the Siccardi laws which abolished ecclesiastical jurisdiction in civil matters. A statue in front of the old citadel is in memory of Pietro Micca, a soldier who in

1706 saved the city by springing a mine at the expense of his own life. The first Italian Protestant church, outside the Waldensian Valleys, was erected in Turin as soon as by the constitution religious toleration was granted. Piedmontese wines are famous and various *liqueurs* from Alpine flowers are a specialty of Turin; so also are truffles, which abound in Piedmont, and are found by little dogs trained to discover them in the soil. Grissini, named from Dr. Grissini, their inventor, are a form of bread not larger than pipe-stems and, like pipe-stems, hollow, but some two feet long, very brittle and easy of digestion, which, though occasionally found elsewhere, are yet a specialty of Turin where they originated and where alone, on account of the quality of the water, are they found in perfection.[1]

Before proceeding to consider the most celebrated and by far the most interesting cities of Italy, Florence, Venice, Naples, and Rome, a word should be said concerning some distinctive features of Italian scenery.

[1] The story is told that some foreigners on seeing these *grissini* exclaimed, "Ah, here is the Italian macaroni we have heard so much of!"

Travel where he may, one is seldom out of sight of high hills and mountains. In the north there are the Alps stretching entirely across the peninsula. Farther south one must traverse the wooded Apennines or have them on his flank. There is therefore almost always a relief to the eye, a frame for the nearer landscape, and especially is this true where their sides and heights are covered with chestnut, pine, and oak forests and olive groves with contrasted color, dotted and crowned with ancient gray towns or ruined and ivy-clad towers. Beautiful lakes in the north and center of Italy add a charming variety to the scenery. The Lakes Como and Maggiore connect with Switzerland, and Lake Garda runs up into the Austrian Tyrol. Lake Thrasymene, near the line dividing Tuscany from Umbria, reminds us of the decisive battle between Hannibal and the Romans, when its waters were dyed with the blood of the slain. The Roman province also boasts of several small but picturesque lakes. Most Italian rivers are, especially in summer, a disappointment to the traveler, who shares Matthew Arnold's pain in finding, save in the rainy season, instead of a bold stream, only a dry rocky channel through which a mere thread of water is lazily stealing. But rivers like the Adige, rising in the Alps, form noble exceptions to this dreary rule.

One of the chief charms of Italian landscape is found in the vineyards whose vines, trellised on mulberry trees, suggest a dance of maidens, or Giulio Romano's picture of Apollo and the Muses. Another pleasing feature is afforded by the minute division of crops, so that on the same plain is seen a mosaic of green and gold of many shades—the ripened grain, emerald turf, brown mould ready for the seed of the sower. As will appear later, the seas which make Italy almost an island contribute another important feature to the scenery.

From Turin to Liguria the change is great, both as to climate and vegetation. This region comprises a strip of country on the Mediterranean from the southeast of France nearly to Pisa, known as the Western and Eastern Riviera. The shore is protected from the north and northeast winds by the encircling maritime Alps and the Apennines, and Bordighera, San Remo, Spezia, and a score of other cities, are sanitariums for the winter and sea-bathing resorts in the summer. The sober but ever reliable Bædeker in his guide-book grows almost eloquent as he describes the journey from Ventimiglia to Genoa: "The road affords the most delightful succession of charming and varied landscapes, traversing bold and lofty promontories, wooded hills, and richly cultivated plains near the coast. At some places the road passes precipitous and frowning cliffs, the bases of which are lashed by the surf of the Mediterranean, while the summits are crowned with the venerable ruins of towers erected in bygone ages for protection against the pirates. At other places extensive plantations of olives with their grotesque and gnarled stems, bright green pine forests, and most luxuriant growth of figs, vines, citrons, oranges, oleanders, myrtles, and aloes meet the view. Numerous palms[1] too, occasionally diversify the landscape. Many of the towns are picturesquely situated on gently sloping heights; others commanded by ancient strongholds and castles are perched like nests among the rocks. Small churches and chapels peering from the sombre foliage of cypresses, and gigantic gray pinnacles of rock, rising proudly above the smiling plains, frequently enhance the charms of this exquisite scenery. Finally, the vast expanse of the sea itself, with its ever-varying hues, constitutes one of the principal attractions. At one time it is observed bathed in a flood of sunshine, at another its

[1] The date palm has been lately introduced and has borne excellent fruit.

beautiful blue color arrests the eye; immediately beneath the spectator roaring billows are frequently visible, whilst farther off the snowy crests of the waves are gradually lost to view in the purple distance." From Genoa to Pisa the scenery is almost as fine, and the railroad, which passes through eighty tunnels, is a triumph of engineering skill, but from the train only the most tantalizing glimpses are caught; indeed the journey has been compared to traveling through a flute and looking out through the stops.

The chief city of this region is Genoa, well called the superb, both from its commanding position and the number of its fine palaces adorned with works of the great painters. But Italy offers an embarrassment of riches, so let it suffice to note in a garden of palms the monument to Christopher Columbus, who was probably born here, though claimed by a neighboring town, and admire the semicircular port, enlarged latterly by the Marquis of Galliera at an expense of four million dollars. Genoa is the seat of the Italian Florio and Rubattino company, whose ships go nearly all over the world, and is now port of the North German Lloyd and Cunard trans-Atlantic liners. Some fifteen thousand ships enter and leave this port annually. Very pretty filagree jewelry is a specialty of Genoa.

At one point in the journey, before reaching Pisa, the traveler's attention is arrested by mountains of snowy whiteness, and he wonders if it can be snow, especially when the season is summer. It is the great quarries of Carrara that he has seen, where thousands of men excavate, remove, and saw the marble. The great blocks are hauled down the mountain by oxen, and once I noted as many behind the drag as in front to serve as brakes. By a railroad belonging to the quarries the marble is conveyed to the main line and to neighboring ports, whence

it goes to every part of Italy and of the world. The country around is strewed with bits of marble, and it is used for door sills of the humblest houses. But it is easy to distinguish between the ordinary and the statuary quality.

Tuscany owes its name to the Etruscans, that wonderful pre-historic people which occupied all Italy and has left many traces of its civilization and especially of its high achievements in certain fine arts. Among the mineral productions of Tuscany are copper, and iron from the island of Elba. Olive oil is an important source of wealth. Tuscany has been the best governed of the Italian States, and is to-day one of the most moral and happy. Professor Villari in a recent work has testified to the justice and kindness with which the peasants are treated by the proprietors of the lands, so that, like the slaves of the old South, they have enough to eat and wear, however short the crops may be. One of the small manufacturing industries is the weaving of straw[1] for hats, and just lately among the socialistic commotions of the day, the cry of these weavers has been heard, and Signa, a village near Florence, known on account of a novel of the same name having the scene laid there, has been brought into notice. Tuscany is famous for the purity of its language, according to the oft-heard legend, "*Lingua Toscana in bocca Romana*" (Tuscan tongue in Roman mouth), as the Roman pronunciation is peculiarly clear. De Amicis, the author of many volumes, chiefly of travel, and translated into English, says in one of his sketches, "He who would learn Italian should take the express train for Florence," and he is speaking not of foreigners but of natives. He tells how he lodged with

[1] At and near Carpi, of Modena, similar weaving is done in wood cut into fine strips by a machine, and then bleached with acids. The woven product is not distinguishable from woven straw.

an old lady of whom he was ever asking how she would express this or that, and of her courteous suggestions of words more suitable than those he used. There is in Florence an ancient society called *La Crusca* (the bran), somewhat like the French Academy, composed of linguistic purists who, if they go to an extreme, do an excellent work in withstanding the more common and dangerous tendency to debase the language in seeking to enlarge it by the introduction of foreign words, and especially Gallicisms. The dictionary of *La Crusca* is of course a standard for the written language, but in speech there is far greater freedom.

The chief cities of Tuscany are Leghorn, a frequented sea-bathing resort, and second as a seaport to Genoa, and for ship building the first, familiar to us through her hats and hens; Siena, whose cathedral, pictures, and architecture would make a town's fortune elsewhere; Pisa, once so great, famous for its university, in which Galileo taught mathematics, but now a decayed city, is yet celebrated the world over for four treasures, the Cathedral, the Baptistery, the Cemetery, and the Leaning Tower, all grouped within a single square so as to be easily and usually visited by the tourist between two trains. The swinging of the great bronze lamp suspended in the middle of the cathedral is said to have suggested to Galileo the invention of the pendulum. The Baptistery, a circular marble structure, with conic dome, begun in 1153 but finished more than a century later, is one of many like reminders in Italy of the general prevalence of immersion at that period, buildings apart from the churches being erected for the purpose. The echo in this one is used on occasion by the custodian with striking effect. The Leaning Tower is, or rather was, the belfry of the Cathedral. With a height of fifty-four metres, it deviates four metres from the vertical line, and one mounted on

the summit has the feeling of falling over. After long debate whether or not it was built in this position, it is now accepted that the foundation on one side partially gave way while it was building. Galileo availed himself of the peculiarity to experiment on falling bodies. The Cemetery, with fifty shiploads of earth brought in the twelfth century from Mount Calvary, is surrounded by an arcade whose walls are covered with symbolical frescoes, of which the best are the Triumph of Death and the Last Judgment.

Lucca, in a fertile country called "Lucca the Industrious," manufactures silk and is a depot for olive oil. As in some other cities, the ramparts of former times are the promenade of to-day. The country is one of the most thickly settled in Europe, and is noted for its extensive flora. The woods are covered with chestnut trees, which largely take the place of grain as food. The peasants of the Pistorian Mountains use a beautiful speech all their own, abounding in tropes and figures; and a literary priest once went among them and made a book from expressions and sentiments used by them in the various scenes and events of life. It is from here that the sellers of plaster images wander over the world, usually returning to end their days at home, and often enabled to buy a bit of ground with their earnings. Italians in America are not deemed desirable immigrants, because among other reasons many of them do not come to stay; but they should at least be credited with their undying love of country.

Florence, the City of Flowers, well called the flower of cities, lies on both sides of the Arno. Here it is not a question of commerce or manufactures, we are in the home of literature and the fine arts. Here lived many of the world's greatest men, who filled the city with some of the choicest works. Here began the Renaissance,

and thence spread over Italy and Europe. Here Dante was born and spent his life, till driven into exile to die in Ravenna. In these streets he wandered, happy if only he could catch a smile from the beloved Beatrice, destined not to be his except in the spirit. His "Divine Comedy," including "Hell," "Purgatory," "Paradise,"

ranks with the "Iliad" of Homer, Virgil's "Æneid," and "Paradise Lost." It is described by Dr. Schaff[1] as

A mirror of the moral universe viewed from the standpoint of eternity, a cathedral of immortal spirits, a glorification of the Christian religion, and a judgment on the corruptions of the secularized church and

[1] In a paper read at the Florence Conference of the Evangelical Alliance, in April, 1891.

papacy of his age. It is at once autobiographical, national, and cosmopolitan, a song of the Middle Ages, and of all ages, a spiritual biography of man as a sinner, a penitent, and a saint. It is a pilgrimage of the soul from the dark forest of temptation, through the depths of despair, up the terraces of temptation, to the realms of bliss under the guidance of natural reason (Virgil) and divine revelation (Beatrice). Dante was and still is a prophet rebuking tyranny and injustice, avarice and pride in high and low places of Church and State, without fear or favor, and pointing to the eternal issues of men's actions. He broke the monopoly of the clergy for learning, and of Latin as the organ of scholarship. He proved that a layman may be a philosopher and theologian, as well as a statesman and poet, and that the *lingua toscana* may give expression to the deepest thoughts and emotions, as well as the language of Virgil and Cicero.

His poem is most naturally compared with "Paradise Lost," but though written more than six centuries ago, it means more to Italy than does Milton's poem to England. Lord Macaulay once expressed the opinion that the "Paradise Lost" was read through by but a small number of persons, and when this opinion was challenged in a company of literary men, it turned out that he alone of them had read it all.

The biographer of Milton, in the "English Men of Letters" series, closes his estimate of it by representing it as an object of pride to England which she would gladly present at a literary world's fair, but as by no means a book for the bosoms and business of men. Italy too would proudly present "*la Divina Commedia*" to this world's fair, but the book means much more to her. It is conned, memorized, quoted, and commented on; the love for it has become a sort of cult, it has entered as iron into the blood of the people; and no wonder, for if it has a medieval color, it is very human, as it is also practical in its teachings and eternal in its principles, and the familiar lines are footpaths for the thought of Italy.

Another name bound up with Florence is that of Giotto,

who was a shepherd boy in the neighboring fields, a born painter. He above all made of Florence the first city of Italy for painting in the first half of the fourteenth century.

In one of the monasteries, St. Mark's, there was a monk whose name is almost lost in the new name he won—the angelical brother—Fra Angelico, whose devoutness was only equaled by his beautiful paintings, mostly of blonde angels with spiritual faces, blowing trumpets. The golden and other colors are still as fresh after five hundred years as if done yesterday.

The galleries of Florence are full of the greatest works of the greatest painters of the world. It is impossible to describe them here, but it is only necessary to compare one of the pictures of Botticelli, Fra Bartolommeo, Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, or Titian, with a copy of it by a modern painter, to see the immeasurable superiority of the original. The copy seems to have the shape, the features, the color, the expression, but there is an indefinable something which is wanting. One picture you feel instinctively is a great and lovely work ; the other, not without cleverness, but in comparison, a nothing.

Luca della Robbia, the celebrated artist of bas reliefs in enameled terra-cotta, contributed to fix the character of Italian sculpture and prepared the way for Michael Angelo. Most of his work is in Florence and in the village churches of Tuscany.

It was about one hundred years after Dante ; the Renaissance had come, but not the Reformation, and Savonarola, though born elsewhere, having come when still a young man to the city of flowers, disgusted and grieved with the follies and corruptions of the age, became thenceforth forever identified with Florence as preacher, reformer, statesman, and martyr. Nothing in fiction is more solemnly dramatic than were his relations

and his one interview with Lorenzo di Medici, each one in his own way sovereign of the city, Lorenzo magnificent but dying, dying in the flower of middle life, yet unable or unwilling to fulfill the conditions without which the monk could not speak to him the longed-for word of peace and pardon.

Among the many valuable books and manuscripts in the Laurentian Library is the oldest existing manuscript of the Pandects of Justinian, the foundation of Roman law.

The architecture of Florence is not surpassed, if indeed it is equaled, even in Rome. The Baptistery is the oldest of the churches, but the city, shamed it may be by the cathedrals of Pisa and Sienna, proclaimed that a Duomo grander and finer than could be found elsewhere should rise in Florence. It did rise in the course of centuries, and yet only since 1880 has the perfect marble *façade* been completed through a subscription headed by Victor Emmanuel, in which princes and people joined. The *campanile*, best known by the builder's name as Giotto's Tower, stands strong, graceful, and beautiful by the cathedral's side, the "Lily of Florence blossoming into stone." The three bronze doors of the Baptistery are of a much later date than the edifice itself. Each of them is a work of art, but the one fronting the Duomo was pronounced by Michael Angelo worthy to form the entrance to paradise. Wonderful city, in which three such buildings are grouped in a space not much exceeding a square in a modern town, especially as there are others hard by scarcely less noble and interesting.

The church of Santa Croce, or Holy Cross, may be called the Westminster Abbey of Italy. It is described by Lord Macaulay as having an ugly, mean outside, and not much to admire in the architecture within, but consecrated by the dust of some of the greatest men that

ever lived; while others equally great, but interred elsewhere, are worthily commemorated. Here rest the remains of Galileo and Michael Angelo, while to Dante there is a monument both within and also in front of the basilica. Giotto, Luca della Robbia, and Canova, are among those whose frescoes and sculptures adorn the

building. Giotto's frescoes have been discovered since Macaulay's day, and are of his finest.

The monuments of the Medici in the sacristy of San Lorenzo, including the symbolical statues of Day and Night, are among the masterpieces of Michael Angelo. His statue of David is of so historic size as to gain rather than lose by its new place on the hilltop over the Arno, and viewed from below stands out nobly against the horizon. Benvenuto Cellini's bronze Perseus, in the fine Loggia dei Lanzi, has a modern interest; Mrs. Carlyle, a

young wife at Craigenputtock, forced to make bread that her husband could eat, was in desperation watching in the small hours of the night her first loaf, "which mightn't turn out bread after all." She felt indignant, degraded, till she laid her head on the table and sobbed aloud. She says:

> It was then that somehow the idea of Benvenuto Cellini sitting up all night watching his Perseus in the furnace came into my head, and suddenly I asked myself: After all, in the sight of the upper powers, what is the mighty difference between a statue of Perseus and a loaf of bread, so that each be the thing that one's hand has found to do? The man's determined will, his energy, his patience, his resource were the really admirable things, of which his statue of Perseus was the mere chance expression.

Happy for us ever if from the finest objects of nature or art we may find not only pleasure and culture, but practical teaching and incitement for the duties of life.

Florence is rich in Etruscan vases, burial urns, and terra-cottas, ancient bronzes, cameos, and precious stones, which are preserved in the Uffizi Gallery.

From this gallery, and its sister, the Palatine, containing many of the finest pictures in the world, we turn to stand in silent thought in the house of Michael Angelo or in the cell of Savonarola or in front of Dante's doorway; then we forget the busy throngs around and are in the midst of the scenes of long ago, seeming to jostle with Guelphs and Ghibellines, the Neri and the Bianchi, and take part in the life of the stormy free city of other days.

Florence is beautiful for situation on the Arno, crossed by six bridges, and framed in hills which are themselves adorned by nature and art. On one side is Fiesole, formerly a rival of Florence; opposite is the hill of San Miniato, crowned by the church of the same name, and on a neighboring height is the villa of Galileo, in which

his last years were passed and where recently released from the Inquisition, "old, frail, and blind, but in full possession of his mental faculties," was visited by Milton, whom he profoundly impressed. These hills, and especially that of San Miniato, were rendered more accessible and very desirable for residence through the improvements made by the municipality when the Italian Government removed to Florence, and subsequently, as was right, in large part paid for by the nation. Railroad facilities exist for reaching the neighboring Certosa, the famed Vallambrosa, and other places of interest in the environs.

With so many attractions it is not strange that Florence is a greatly admired city, and that its foreign colony is large. Concerning the climate some one has said that in the winter and summer one would not wish to live there, but in the spring and autumn one could not wish to live elsewhere. Florence might be called, perhaps has been called, the capital of "bric-a-brac-dom," so numerous are the shops with old coins and curios, so often has a "find" been secured for a mere song. Rome has been called the mother of mosaic, but the mosaic of Florence, made of a few large stones, has a beauty of its own, and is by some preferred. It is a specialty of the city, as are artistic furniture and picture frames; but the city has besides neither manufactures nor commerce worth naming, and there is much poverty among the people. The modern Florentine in many traits resembles the Athenian, being quick and subtle in thought, eager for novelty, and endowed with speech ready, piquant, and pure. Many of the foreigners without regular employment come themselves to resemble the Athenians of old, who "spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing," and many a sharp shaft of wit has been directed against them. On the other hand,

there have been many, before and since Mrs. Browning's day, who dwelling in a city so suggestive, have not failed diligently to gather and illustrate her treasures of history and of art, and to become to the less favored interpreters of Italy's glories and need; while noble women, not a few, moved only by love, labor for the moral and material welfare of the people.

The approach to Bologna from the north or east is very fine, situated as it is near the base of the Apennines. Its motto, "Liberty," not unfitly characterizes the temper of the people; but two other mottoes are equally appropriate: "Bologna fat," and "Bologna teaches," suggested by the fertile region around, and by the university which, dating at least from the twelfth century, in 1884 celebrated its eight hundredth anniversary. The number of students was once as high as ten thousand, but is now only about fourteen hundred. It was here that anatomy was first taught, and here that Galvani made the discovery bearing his name. A statue represents him experimenting on a frog. At different periods for three hundred years professorships were held by women, who taught mathematics, physics, anatomy, and Greek. One of these was so beautiful that she used to lecture behind a curtain, so as not to attract the attention of the students from her lectures to herself. Perhaps the best known of the professors is Mezzofanti, of the last century, master of fifty-two languages. The latest ornament of the university is the poet Carducci, recently nominated senator of the kingdom. A celebrated physician of the city was Dr. Rizzoli, said to have once brought back to life a man who had been executed, and reputed to work miraculous cures; but having the name of being a miser he was little loved, and only at his death, when it was known that his savings were to found a hospital for hip and

spinal diseases, did the popular feeling turn in his favor, and one of the chief streets receive his name. The hospital now occupies one of the picturesque hills surrounding the city.

Bologna's colonnades are elsewhere referred to ; they are the noblest in Italy, and are being extended. Here are two leaning towers, side by side, striking but not beautiful, one of them having been intentionally built leaning. Of several interesting churches, may be mentioned that of St. Stefano (St. Stephen), composed of seven different church buildings erected on the site of an old temple of Isis. Near the railroad station is a statue of Ugo Bassi, the patriot priest shot by the Austrians in the war for Italian independence. The Academy of Fine Arts contains some fine pictures, chiefly of the Bolognese school, but the gem of the collection is Raphael's St. Cecilia, a rarely beautiful and suggestive picture. The cemetery, transformed from an ancient Chartreuse convent, is one of the most interesting in Italy. From its neighborhood a covered way extends for about a mile to the

loftily situated church of the Madonna of St. Luke, where an extensive view is enjoyed.

All the world has heard of Bologna sausage, though the finer kind is scarcely known out of Italy. A toilet water not unlike cologne has also been long manufactured in Bologna, being called from the city's Etruscan name, *Acqua Felsina.*

I am in despair at the thought of writing about Venice, of which volumes of prose and poetry have been written, and which, after all, like the rest of Italy, but more than any other spot in this fair land, needs to be seen aye, and felt, when even admiration gives place to love. Let me, however, write in plain prose and rely on the poets where my pen fails. Venice is a great instance of what we often see, beauty born of suffering and direst need, for it was Attila's conquest and the destruction by the barbarians of other cities in the province, which drove their inhabitants to those one hundred and seventeen islands in the lagoon, a name given to the shallows protected from the sea by long, low hills of sand. The houses are built on piles and rise right from the water. There are about three hundred narrow canals, and half as many marble bridges of a single arch. Over the Grand Canal, like a "crooked S," there are two bridges, one being the celebrated Ponte Rialto. Water, as Goethe said, is at once street, square, and promenade. Think of a city without a horse, a creature never beheld, indeed, by many of the oldest inhabitants.

It is summer. You have traveled from Bologna, or from Milan, in a hot, crowded car, half deafened by the noise; the scenery has been pleasing, with the fields of grain and hemp and rice, and vineyards, with glimpses of those Euganean Hills sung by Shelley, but you are very tired, and bustle through the confined station, longing for rest. It is well, for you have come to the most rest-

ful of cities, and in a moment more have stepped into your gondola and thrown yourself back among the luxurious cushions, and are gliding noiselessly away into some narrow canal, and presently out again into the Broadway of Venice, under the Rialto Bridge, while all the time a soft breeze fans your face, and the moon is glorifying the wonderful city. It would be delicious to glide on without change all night, but here is your hotel, unpretending it may be, but conveniently placed and sufficiently comfortable when the mosquitoes are not too enterprising.

As quickly as possible you are off, just a step away by a narrow street to the Piazza S. Marco, the greatest square in the world, repaved recently at great expense, as if it were a parlor, and so solidly as to be good for centuries without renewing. Here are noble palaces to the right and left and rear, and the unique and beautiful church of St. Mark in front. Under the arcades and out in the square people are taking ices, or promenading, or gathered around the band. Here foreigners from every shore, the aristocrats of the city, artisans and lace-makers with a black shawl for bonnet, meet in this great city hall, roofed only by the sky. And what a sky it is! One sees the colors in the pictures and thinks them too brilliant; or he reads the descriptions and they seem exaggerated; but just let him go to Venice and linger there, and he will say with the queen of Sheba that the half had not been told. And there is too, in the Venetian sky, a charming variety which ever so many paintings, however clever, could not portray.

Hardly less entrancing is the Piazza S. Marco in the daytime. It is pleasant to breakfast in front of one of the elegant *cafés*, the Florian or the Quadri, and then read the papers and watch the ever-passing crowd; nor hardly less so to join them and linger in front of the at-

tractive stores full of the specialties of the place, displayed to the best advantage, or buy some grain and help feed the flock of tame pigeons which walk and fly about, and perch on one's shoulder and eat out of one's hand with the air of feeling that the square and people exist principally for their sake. Or one goes to the Piazzetta (Little Square), which looks out on the Grand

Canal where it is widest, all alive with barks and gondolas, or threads the labyrinth of narrow streets, crossing bridge after bridge, sometimes running up to a canal where there is no bridge, and sometimes getting lost, but knowing well that he has only to follow the human current which flows ever to St. Mark's. Of course that great church and many others, and the palace of the doges and the Academy of Fine Arts must be visited, as well as several churches, and the workshops where the lace-

making and the manufacture of Venetian pearls, jewelry, mosaic, glass work, sculpture of wood, may be seen going on, a beautiful object being made for one before his eyes; and the tall *campanile* should be mounted; but in general the visitor to Venice feels that every moment possible must be spent out of doors. My own visits have always been largely to see an Italian evangelist there, but our meetings have ever taken place in the Piazza; we have walked and walked till tired, and then sat down at the foot of one of the great columns, or taken a gondola for an hour, by the splendid churches and palaces of the Grand Canal, or gone by steamer to the Lido, but out of doors always I have kept when not obliged to be at my inn. Whether one wanders idly or is guided, he will be sure to find much of interest,

A gorgeous confusion of glaring lucid skies, somber palaces, broad flights of stairs, surrounded with black gondolas, dark narrow passages joined by low, broad bridges, wide streets of dancing waters, great glorious moons, the vast pavement, cupolas, *campanili*, and standards of St. Mark, little lighted streets, romantic fruit shops, and fishers of the Adriatic, gondoliers singing by moonlight on the Grand Canal, ragged boys washing their feet on marble stairs, pale faces peering through the curtains of their boats and the deep glories of the lucid firmament.

So wrote J. A. Symonds in one of his familiar letters, and tells of "the luxury in gliding through the narrow canals," where,

Though the sun was blazing in an unclouded sky, those tall houses almost meeting overhead, gave a delicious shade. From light to shadow we passed as the gondola swung around the corners to the warning cry of the oarsmen. To feel the air so soft and warm upon one's cheek, to feel the undulation of the green smooth waters, to see those ancient palaces and profound glooms of deep-cast shadows over marble traceries of vines and eagled lions and angels, was truly Venice. Sometimes our black gondola, like a great crocodile, dispersed a troop of little swimmers. The boys here are amphibious

and run about quite naked but for a wrapper around the middle. They leapt and ran on land, broadening their chests with play. In the water they dived and swam and threw themselves about like ducks.

Here is another word-picture taken from a missionary letter entitled "Stray Venetian Beads," written by one so near to me that I need not frame it in quotation marks:

Father and I made a forced march to Venice, traveling from five o'clock in the morning till one at night, so as to arrive in time for the annual church *agape* and the baptisms on the Lido. When we reached the evangelist's house the next morning, we found that he and his little flock had already left for the Lido. The Lido is a large island out in the lagoons, where the Venetians go for fresh air, bathing, and sharp-shooting. It is a popular resort, with a miniature park, street-cars, and restaurants. At one end of the island is the old fort of St. Andrea, and in certain places the groves and fields slope down to long shelving sands. Ruskin's abominations—those new, swift, white steamers—leave Venice for the Lido, every half-hour, and the fare there and back is only eight cents, so they are always crowded with pleasure seekers and family parties.

A few seconds after leaving the shore we were joined by a woman with a bundle and a baby, who proved to be one of our members, on her way, like ourselves, to the church festa. When I asked the child's name, she replied, with a beaming face, "Lydia, after the woman of Thyatira, who sold purple," and went on to tell me gladly how all her family, one by one, had come to the gospel. Landing on the island, the question was, how to find the little Baptist congregation, with the very slim directions given us by the portress in Campo S. Maria Mater Domini. We spent over an hour wandering through the lanes, which, in their English leafiness, seemed a strange contrast so near the city of the sea, and walking across the hot sands, "matted with thistles and amphibious weeds, such as from earth's embrace the salt ooze breeds." After becoming tangled up in the fort, from which a kindly sentinel released us by unlocking one of the great gates, losing each other, and almost wondering whether we should not have to return to Venice with our end unattained, we met a friend, who led us to the grove where the meeting was just beginning. All were seated on the grass in a shady spot near the beach, where soft breezes fanned our warm cheeks, and the pulse and flow of the Adriatic on the shore near at hand made a deep undertone to the

hymns and to Mr. B——'s earnest words on the latter verses of the third chapter of first Peter. There was something peculiarly touching and solemn, yet joyous, in the open air service, and when father spoke on Christ's feeding the multitude with the loaves and fishes, the eighteen centuries intervening seemed to melt away, and that scene long ago was nearer and more real than ever before. After another hymn and prayer, we all went down to the seaside and witnessed the baptism of the four candidates, one of them being an interesting young man from our out-station at Mestre. When the baptisms were over, all the children and several of the grown people swam around like so many ducks, showing themselves rather Venetian than Italian in their aquatic tastes. It seemed a strange sequel to the meeting and baptisms, but father and I came to the conclusion that, though to us a comical proceeding, to them it was a simple following of nature's bent, and showed no lack of reverence.

Returning to the little encampment, we all found the lunch of bread, cheese, fruit, and wine, provided and served by Mrs. B——, very delicious, and the meal, though a simple one, was gay and friendly. As often before, I had occasion to admire the native good breeding of the Italian poor. In England one finds charming courtesy among the higher classes, but here one finds it in all.

After lunch came a prayer and some more of the beautiful hymns which all seemed to sing with enthusiasm. Then we parted from the church, and floating back to Venice, we

> Saw the city, and could mark
> How, from many isles, in evening's gleam,
> Its temples and its palaces did seem
> Like fabrics of enchantment piled to heaven.

I wish you could have gone with us the evening before we left Venice, to call on the X—— family, and I cannot help hoping that some day you will come to Italy and learn to know our people.

Venice is a casket of architectural gems of which every *campo* and *calle*[1] contains some specimen (you see, in Venice all the squares are called *campi*, only that of St. Mark being dignified by the name of *piazza*), and in the small Campo S. M. Mater Domini, the jewel is the house the X——s occupy. It is not a place to satisfy the *nouveau riche*, but a dark, weather-stained, carved old building after the heart of Ruskin and his fellow-lovers. Have you heard the saying, "Other cities have admirers, but Venice has lovers"? On one side of the Campo S. M. Mater Domini is the usual canal, with the arched

[1] *Calle* is the Venetian name for street, called elsewhere in Italy *strada* or *via*.

bridge and slender, dark gondola gliding beneath; the other three are hemmed in by early Gothic houses. The necessary artistic relief to the dark shading of stone and water, is the characteristic Venetian fruit stand, on the right of the tiny square, with its lavish display of golden pumpkins, green melons, scarlet peppers, glowing figs, peaches, and grapes. One soon learns in Venice that every old fruit vender is a Titian in her department. Knocking at the door of a house with a cross carved between each window, we enter a court made picturesque by the stone well, famed in ancient Venetian chronicles, and the curious old outside staircase which takes you up to the apartment. Dear, homely Mrs. X—— who, with her kind heart, sound common sense, and good management, admirably counterbalances her husband's sensitive, high-strung, artistic temperament, welcomed us warmly and led us into the family room. Somehow this is a very pleasant place in spite of and by reason of its simplicity. The furniture consists only of a book and manuscript-laden desk, a large white deal table, and several rush-bottom chairs. The window is a miniature hanging garden, and Mr. X—— has trained innumerable vines into a delicate lattice to soften the light, and on one side is an enormous rustic bird cage full of feathered pets; on the walls are no chromos or cheap pictures, only a few graceful palm branches brought by a wandering friend from Africa, and great bunches of those small scarlet tomatoes grown on the window sills of the house, which are the keynote of Italian cookery. Soon the little daughter came in from her walk. She is not a pretty child, but very bright and full of life, swimming like a fish, writing verses, devoted to her books, and bringing glad light into her father's eyes by her very presence. Mr. X—— told us that one of the most famous conspiracies of "ye olden time" was formed in this house, and entertained us with talk of the valuable MSS. in the Frari Convent (where he has done much studying), and with many an anecdote and criticism of art and literature. A—— read us some comic verses in Venetian dialect, which were very clever and amusing, though it was like trying to catch leaves in fast running water, to understand the swift, softly gliding words. During the reading mother and daughter sat in the shadow, but the father was in a stronger light, where his spiritual brow, delicate, yet striking profile, and bright, dark eyes, shone out like some fine cameo in the deepening twilight.

When we told them good-bye, and shot back in our gondola to the unpretending "Hotel of the Black Hat," I carried away with me a picture to "flash upon the inward eye which is the bliss of solitude" and recall a household where is "plain living and high thinking."

The writer already quoted speaks thus of the great church of Venice:

St. Mark's is low compared with many around it, but its great dome bubbles, its arches filled with gorgeous mosaics, and the bronze horses, are unlike anything I have ever seen. The interior is somber, and the general effect[1] not overpowering. Seen, however, in detail it may be regarded as a repository of Oriental spoils and splendors. The whole of this great church is covered on the roof with mosaic of all ages, on the floor with marble tessellated pavements brought from the East. It is crowded with chased columns of Oriental, Greek, and Italian marbles, some of them most elaborately sculptured, and the greater number crowned with gilded capitals, luxuriantly carved in leaves and birds and flowers. The church dates from the ninth century, and is the ducal chapel, not a cathedral.

Ruskin thinks that there is no reason to doubt that the Venetians possessed themselves of the body of John Mark in the ninth century; but while half accepting the tradition of his having founded the church at Aquillia, considers him in some sort the first bishop of the Venetian isles and people. Does it not seem a little strange that a lion should be the symbol of Mark, who turned back from the missionary campaign. But that may have been his one youthful weakness, and we must remember that though Paul declined his company on the next journey, his uncle Barnabas did not give him up, and the great apostle himself seemed afterward to reinstate him. After all, the lion depends on a legend, and comes under the head of legendary art.

Over the chief door of the church are four horses, brought from Constantinople, pronounced by Goethe to be a glorious team, and seen from below looking as light as deer.

To inspect the ducal palace let us mount the Giant's Stair and then the so-called Golden Stair, once used only

[1] Hare says: "It is the general impression, not the detail, of St. Mark's which makes it so transcendent." Doctors differ.

by the nobles whose names were inscribed in the golden book. We are equally free to enter the hall of the Great Council, composed of these same nobles, who were the rulers of the city. Here are the portraits of many of the doges, and here and in other rooms of the building are many interesting pictures commemorating events in the history of the republic. One of these represents the

alliance between the Doge Enrico Dandolo and French Crusaders to liberate the Holy Land. Several are devoted to the contests with the redoubtable Barbarossa (or Redbeard) and with the Turks, the final one in each series generally showing Venice victorious. A ceiling fresco represents the glory of Venice, and another Venice as the queen of the sea, described by Ruskin as "notable for the sweep of its vast green surges, and for the daring character of its entire conception." Here is Para-

dise, said to be the largest oil painting in the world. One of the historical pictures is interesting because it suggests the ceremony by which every year Venice was espoused with a ring to the Adriatic.

Most of the important paintings in the palace of the doges are by Tintoretto and by Cagliari, better known as Paul Veronese. Their works predominate also in the Academy of Fine Arts, in the school of St. Rocco, and in the churches. Venice is the true home of these two painters, and their paintings are the distinctive feature of its art. It is indeed true that the great Titian is a Venetian, and that several of his finest pictures are here; but then, on the other hand, so many of his masterpieces are found elsewhere that he seems less closely connected with Venice than Tintoretto. The latter and Veronese have been compared with Rubens, to whom, in some respects at least, they are no whit inferior. Their splendid warm coloring is just what might have been expected of painters under such a sky. Venice produced no poet. Why, one is inclined to wonder.

By more than one writer Venice and Florence in their palmy days have been compared. The former resembled Sparta; the latter Athens. In Florence the individual was everything and the exaltation of the individual produced and nourished splendid characters. In Venice all personal ambitions were merged and lost in the glory of the republic. Florence was constantly disturbed by the storms of revolution, while Venice stood firm for centuries, ruthlessly sacrificing whomever and whatever seemed to stand in the way of her greatness. Neither city cared for Italy. The idea of union had not then dawned, except in two or three of the greatest minds, such as Petrarch and Machiavelli; the latter recognized the policy of the papacy, for her own aims, to keep Italy divided.

Eleven hundred years doges, with the help of greater

or less councils, governed Venice. "It was a serious matter to be doge of Venice," more than half of the first fifty, in one way or another, falling victims to their position. The Venetians evidently believed it expedient for one man to die for the nation. From the time of the first crusade, Venice increased in prosperity for nearly five centuries, and at the close of the fifteenth century she was "the grand focus of the entire commerce of Europe," her military power was proportionate, and she seemed continually engaged in wars, which tended rather to her enrichment. "With the commencement of the sixteenth century her power began to decline . . . in consequence of the discovery of new sea routes to India," and henceforth, despite courage and sacrifice, suffered many disasters in battle. Stirring are the accounts of Marco Polo's voyages. Doubtless Shakespeare's great play gives as true a picture of Venetian life of the day as could be desired. When we read of Aldine editions, let us recall Aldo, of Venice, who even in the early days of printing, did such fine work; and let *Italics* remind us of Italy, and that the first books were all printed with the kind of letters resembling handwriting. Here too, one thinks of the Servite friar and priest Paolo Sarpi, who defended with his genius the republic against Pope Paul, who wrote a history of the Council of Trent, and whose style charmed another great historian.[1] I think of the Venetian martyrs for their faith, some of whom, it is in evidence, while not otherwise Baptists, held certain Baptist tenets and suffered therefor, lying in the dungeons of the palace of the doges and afterward sewn up in sacks and cast into the lagoon. They were usually placed on a plank between two boats which separating

[1] Lord Macaulay says in a letter of 1850, "Fra Paolo is my favorite modern historian. His subject did not admit of vivid painting; but what he did, he did better than anybody."

let them fall into the water. In his well-known "*Le Mie Prigioni*," Silvio Pellico draws a pathetic picture of his sufferings from the heat and other causes when confined under the leads, that is, under the leaden roof of the palace of the doges. One recalls Manin, the lawyer-dictator of Venice, and how Austria sacrificed twenty thousand soldiers in the siege by which she regained control of the city.

There is much poverty in Venice, but the city is looking up and may yet have an era of prosperity. It has shared the sanitary and other improvements which have blessed Italian cities in the last two decades. The question has been asked whether her art glories of the past were ever to be matched in modern times. It is too early to answer this question; but there were some hopeful signs in the International Art Exposition of 1895, in which, by the way, the chief prize was won, though not by a Venetian, yet at least by an Italian, against the entire artist world.

A RUN THROUGH ITALY—CONTINUED

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light:
The breath of the moist air is light
Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight—
The winds', the birds', the ocean floods'—
The city voice itself is soft like solitude.

—Shelley

VI[1]

THE old route from Rome to Naples, through the Pontine Marshes, and by which Paul came to Rome, is now little used except for way travel, there being a gap in the railroad. The site of the Three Taverns, mentioned in Acts 28 : 15, is now placed at Cisterna, thirty-eight miles from Rome. On the main line, among the many interesting places passed may be mentioned Aquino, which has given its name to Thomas, the "angelical doctor"; the lofty monastery of Mount Cassino, founded by Benedict in 1529; Capua, on the Volturno, suggesting Hannibal and great captains more modern. Near this city, some thirty-five miles distant, Vesuvius is first seen, and the *Terra di Lavoro*, Land of Labor, is entered, so fertile as to produce besides the fruit of trees and vine, two crops of grain and one of hay in a single season. The royal palace of Caserta, built in the seventeenth century, is well seen from the railroad. It is rich in the choicest marble, most of which was brought over the mountains from a distant quarry in small pieces, on the backs of mules, but so clever is the joining that it seems composed of large blocks.

Save in its incomparable museum, Naples offers few works of art or antiquity, but of these there is the less need, as the beauty and interest of the environs, and the nearness of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and of the islands of Ischia and Procida and of Capri, with their historic remains and charming Blue Grotto, and especially the museum itself, constitute a sufficient attraction.

[1] Bædeker's "Southern Italy" has been helpful in writing this chapter, although nearly every place and object mentioned has been more than once personally visited and inspected.

One looks down almost any street and sees the dusky Vesuvius dominating the scene. When the air is heavy, its smoke hangs in a white strip down the side, or covers the entire slope. Under other conditions it rises in a solid column, a vast pillar akin, it would seem, to that which went before the children of Israel in the desert. Borne by the wind it floats out for miles, as the streamer of a mighty ship. The black lava fields contrast with the soil and more vividly with the vineyards and villages lower down. At night there are ever and anon brilliant flashes from the crater, like lightning from the sky, leaving a denser darkness. In sharp contrast with the dark mountain is the bright bay of Naples, with sinuous shore, laughing waves, and the slipper-shaped island of Capri in the distance. The air is soft and sweet; joyous musical sounds greet the ear, and sense and sentiment are taken captive by the spirit of beauty and gladness.

Two of Europe's most lovely bits of road are in Italy, and a third, the Corniche, between Nice and Cannes, once belonged to her, and is still at her border. It would be hard to choose between the drive from Salerno to Amalfi, and that from Castellamare to Sorrento, both of which are in the neighborhood of Naples; but I can never forget my experience of the latter. We had planned to give a day to the trip, but were detained in Naples till the afternoon. Would there still be time? It was worth trying. On issuing from the Castellamare depot, I scanned the numerous equipages in waiting and chose one which promised to answer the purpose; the carriage was of the smallest, a boy was on the box, a mere perch for him, and the horse was powerful, and seemed, as he proved to be, generous as well. Off we dashed in a gallop, up hill and down, which was scarcely broken in the eight miles distance. Now we were on the edge of a beetling cliff, so high as to dwarf the ob-

jects beneath, a few moments later in the vale; now in the deep mountain hollow, anon with the sea at our feet. At every moment the scene was changing, but ever lovely. Through villages we rushed without a pause. The fishing nets were spread out to dry; ornamental floral arches spanned the road; the people were in their gala costume, for it was a *festa;* they sang and shouted and laughed with glee, and entering into the spirit of our drive pelted us with flowers, and scattered them in the road before us. The rhythmic, quick beat of the horse's hoofs, the merry jingle of his bells, the silvery sound of those ringing in the church towers, and the lapping of the waves upon the shore, made a glad harmony, rising and falling with our progress, and the fresh scented air struck our faces with the pleasant shock of a shower bath. No champagne could produce the exhilaration experienced. The gallant steed shared our spirit, needed no touch of the whip, but seemed to enjoy the free forth-putting of his energy of soul and body. It was a rare experience, and impossible save near Naples.

Following the gulf coast in the opposite direction, the route is replete with interest. Over the old Grotto of Posilipo is the reputed tomb of Virgil, not without much to favor its identity. Not far away are remains of the villa of Vedius Pollo, who used to feed the large lampreys of his fishponds with the flesh of his slaves. In the same neighborhood is the Dog Grotto, so called because dogs are kept and cast in to show the effects of the sulphur fumes. I once heard Spurgeon compare a professed Christian variable in spiritual life to one of those dogs.

It was in January, 1874, that I made the ascent of Vesuvius. The day was bright, but cold. We first drove to Resina, a suburb of Naples, though there was nothing to show that the city had been left, the street being thickly lined with houses all the way. At Resina

we procured from the municipal office two stout ponies and a guide, as well as a stout stick each, and immediately started up a steep, narrow street, paved, and with walls and houses on both sides intercepting entirely the view. This style of ascent to Vesuvius seemed queer. Presently we reached the main road, but instead of pursuing, crossed it, following a rough bridle path through vineyards, to save distance, as I had often done in the mountains of Virginia. It was a great pleasure to be on horseback once more, and I felt at home, though so far from my native heath; it was pleasant too to look back at the ever-expanding view. The lava fields were rough and not pleasant to cross. At the foot of the cone we left our steeds in charge of the boy who had come along for the purpose, and now began the tug of war. I was still feeble from a recent illness, but resisted the importunities of men eager to help me up by a strap around my waist. The ascent of the cone took us nearly an hour, though some were accomplishing it in less time. I mounted with great difficulty, at times nearly suffocated with the fumes rising from the crevices beneath and blown down from the summit. At length the edge of the crater was reached, and I peeped down into the vast chasm full of fire and yellow with brimstone. It was not without a horrible fascination, but the fumes and stench were so overpowering that in my exhaustion it seemed I must fall and even die; fortunately the guide led us a few steps away to a sheltered position, where we proceeded to refresh ourselves with eggs roasted in the lava and ashes under our feet, and with some wine which a vendor had brought up. Our walking sticks thrust an inch below the surface would immediately take fire. Suddenly we were enveloped in a cloud, and something white filled the air. We were caught in a snowstorm! The guide seemed utterly demoralized, and started down

without thought or care of us, at a fearful speed. We followed as fast as possible, and thrusting our heels deep into the pulverized lava and ashes, rushed along at a rate otherwise impossible down so steep a declivity. The snow was almost blinding, and very painful to our faces. When G——, anxious for me, who brought up the rear, suddenly halted, I could not stop, so great was the momentum, but struck him, knocking him down and forward, rolling over and beyond him; but the ashes being soft, we were neither of us hurt, but greatly diverted by the adventure. Some three minutes sufficed for the descent of the cone. Scarcely had we remounted our steeds when the wind blew a hurricane, and it seemed safer to dismount, as the ground was very precipitous, and the horses gave signs of alarm and became restive, as if fearing to be bodily carried off their feet; then G——'s hat was blown away, and he saw it no more. We were now very uncomfortable with the bitter cold and our shoes full of ashes and lava, but we could nevertheless enjoy the transcendent prospect, and even share the amusement of the peasants at G——'s hatless condition. On reaching the hotel, in lieu of a fire, for which there was no place, we got hot water, which at the same time cleansed and thawed us. How enjoyable was *table d'hote* after such a day!

It was on the lower Vesuvian slope, at Bosco Reale, that I once witnessed the tarantella dance, whose motions are so eccentric and severe as to resemble the convulsive gestures produced by the bite of the tarantula, a venomous spider found near Taranto, for which music and dancing were believed to be remedies.

Pozzuoli, the ancient Puteoli, recalls the great apostle who found brethren there and remained at their entreaty seven days. Here is the crater of a half-extinct volcano, and an amphitheatre where gladitorial combats and fights

with wild beasts took place under Nero, who himself also entered the arena. Near by is the Lucrine Lake, in ancient times as to-day, famous for its oysters. Half a mile farther is Lake Avernus, believed by the ancients to be the entrance to the infernal regions, and as such referred to by Virgil, whose oft-quoted words, "*facilis descensus Averno*" (easy is the descent to Avernus) will be recalled by the classical scholar. The last point reached is the site of Cumæ, where was founded the most ancient Greek colony, and the home of the Sybilline books. This whole region is beautiful, and almost every foot of the way is full of historical suggestion.

Naples itself is a picturesque city, reminding one with its steep streets and lofty castle of St. Elmo, of Edinburgh, though in most other respects no two cities could be more unlike. As to the people and their ways, Naples is extremely interesting. There is something very child-like and unconventional about them, and human nature is seen in them without the mask elsewhere so generally worn. They are a busy folk, and all who can ply their trades in the open air, and especially the streets too steep for carriages are the scene of their labors. Here are laundry women with their little stoves covered with smoothing irons, tailors, and cobblers, on this common ground, hard at work but not too busy to talk. No wonder they spend the day out of doors, for many a family has a single, windowless room, with the bed out of the way on a narrow shelf, and all the pure air enjoyed must be by day. Yonder is a dame school, half in the house and half in the street, the mistress in the doorway commanding the whole. A little girl has just been punished and has run across the way and laid her head on the flagging, crying the while as if her heart would break, evidently to the annoyance of the mistress, who gives me a deprecatory look as if to say that the child merited

what she had received. Though carriages seldom come up these streets, there is the ubiquitous donkey, that might well contest with St. Januarius the place of patron saint, laden with a burden of garden truck that renders him invisible and which bellying out well-nigh fills the passage and scrapes the houses on either side. But if unseen he is heard, that longdrawn, reverberating, now

plaintive now triumphant cry bounding far and wide. Blended with his are the unceasing shrill, yet not unmusical, cries of vendors of shellfish and fruit, or of mineral water in porous jars, and all sorts of cooling drinks. Many of the streets are only steep stairways of stone, but the little donkey, bearing a big man, will climb these with the agility of a cat. Cows are led along the streets, fine creatures almost worthy of Paul Potter's pencil, and are milked from house to house, Neapolitans in-

sisting on pure milk even if many of them have not always pure air, and trusting the milkman only so far as they see him. The calf, wearing a spiked muzzle, is always along till nearly grown, so that she is well trained to take in due time her mother's place in these lacteal rounds. For several months, beginning with the earliest spring, flocks of goats too are personally conducted through the city, the milk warm from the udder being excellent for delicate persons, while many, besides, use it as a substitute for cow's milk, as being lighter and more digestible as well as very nutritious. The clatter of their hoofs on the pavement is unlike any other sound, and when all customers have been served, they lie on the sidewalk or in the middle of the streets, chewing the cud, the very picture of philosophic contentment, now and then using their long horns as back scratchers. Many of them, with long silky hair and elegant figure, are beautiful creatures, and I often have, in Naples or Rome, to admire them.

The abounding life and the rapid movement on the streets is what might first strike a stranger. The chief thoroughfare, once Via Toledo, now called after Italy's capital, would resemble a rushing river did not the currents set both ways. An unceasing procession of carriages, omnibuses, and other vehicles, lines each side, while the portions assigned to foot passengers are so crowded that it is almost impossible to go faster or slower than the living stream bearing one along, or to pause in an eddy and admire the display of the shop windows which in all Italy is easily first and a rival of Parisian splendor; for if there is bitter poverty there are also wealth and luxury. Vehicles rush by with a gayety indescribable, and the crack of Jehu's whip is like that of a pistol.

The horses in Italy, and especially in Naples, are thoroughly trained, and are easily controlled by means, not

of a bit in the mouth, for bits are little used, but of a lever which presses on the nose of the horse ; and some of these instruments in Naples are cruelly sharp and severer than any curb bit. They have naturally attracted the attention of the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals which, if not very enterprising, is certainly doing a good work in Italy, and will do yet more. One horror, justly inveighed against, is almost unknown in Italy—the check-rein, which is rarely seen on work horses, or those attached to public cabs, and is conspicuously absent from the finest carriage horses. Perhaps pride more than mercy will abolish the check-rein, for a horse well made, generous, and properly cared for, in a word, a steed to be proud of and take pleasure in, does not need to have his head strapped up for him but will naturally hold it up. Still, "Black Beauty," translated into Italian and widely disseminated, will prove an eloquent pleader for the horse sometimes in Italy over-driven and otherwise maltreated, though the smooth, finely graded roads are all in his favor ; and the weight of two-wheeled vehicles is so nicely balanced that he can gallop freely with a spring-cart crowded with people. After all, Neapolitan cruelty has been overrated, and that which does or seems to exist is chiefly the result of mere thoughtlessness, the common people being childlike for evil as well as for good. The Neapolitan horses are generally small but active, full of spirit and ambition, and apparently proud of their gayly ornamented harness. Often two carriages race for long distances to get or keep ahead, and the horses seem as anxious as the drivers to win. Seated in front of the Gambrinus restaurant, in the piazza where several great arteries converge, and watching the crowds on foot, mounted, or driving, and hurrying merrily in every direction, I recalled Dr. Johnson's remark as to the full tide of human existence in

Fleet street and applied it to the scene before me. New York or London may show greater masses of humanity and inspire more moral reflections, but nowhere else do the swarming gay multitudes so stir the blood as in Naples, and the roads for miles around with their thickly placed villages and towns are almost as much alive as the streets of the city; and a sight it is when carts liter-

ally covered over with people, a fat priest, and men, women, and children in bright attire, laughing and talking, and maybe singing, come bowling along.

Where even grown folks are children, what must the gamins be? One scene occurs to me. I was showing Naples to an intending missionary, and we were at Santa Lucia, then the gayest part of Naples, when a party of urchins addressed us, proposing to eat macaroni for our benefit and at our expense. It is somewhat of a sight

to see Neapolitans of the lower class consume this their favorite as well as their customary food, holding high above the head as many of the strings, at least a foot long, as can be attached to a fork, and gradually gathering them down into the mouth. Begging, however, was the least of the thoughts of these boys, who were overflowing with fun, and simply having a gay time. Seeing that their grinning demands, their grimaces and antics, really annoyed my friend, they became little imps of mischief, and keeping just in front of us, played such tricks and executed such feats, now turning somersaults, now rolling over like wheels, all the time with gay chaff and laughter, as might have done credit to a circus. What made it more interesting was that these little fellows were handsome, wearing their rags gracefully, such types as Murillo chose for his famous pictures now in Munich, The Little Beggars, The Gamesters, etc.

But it is by no means all play for these boys, some of them learning early the lessons of industry as well as of patience, but ever in the bottom of their hearts remaining vivacious and gay. The story of "The Little Merchants," by Miss Edgeworth, is not a bad picture at all of boy life in Naples, while it is also true to nature in presenting honest and dishonest characters, both in youth and in adult age. Altogether, Naples does not deserve the bad reputation given to it by travelers who derive their impression chiefly from experiences near the station in arriving or departing. I, who have mingled a good deal among the people, have found them in general alike trustworthy and courteous. How unfair it would be to judge the city of New York either by the porters who smash your baggage, or the Irish hackmen with their rough manners and exorbitant charges.

Although Naples is the seat of a great university attended by ten thousand students from all Southern Italy,

and of the chief biological institute in the world, yet it is, of all the cities in Italy, the one most steeped in ignorance and superstition. Even the poorest make their contributions for the construction of small neighborhood altars, and for picturesque local illuminations on feast days. For every occasion of life, every scene of joy, sorrow, ambition, disappointment, there is a given religious action to perform. Not in any pagan land is the ignorance much denser, the superstition grosser, or the devotion to images more intense than in this city. There is a saint for every purpose, for every conceivable need or emergency—a saint to help marriageable girls to get husbands, a saint for the barren woman, a saint for child-bearing, a saint for the headache, another for the sore throat, ever so many saints, besides the patron saint of the city, St. Januarius, who, and his miracle, are none the less believed in since Garibaldi compelled the unwilling priests to work the miracle of the liquefaction of the saint's blood. Hundreds of bits of bone, pieces of clothing, fragments of wood, are preserved as relics. Every Neapolitan wears on his person, or keeps under his pillow, a little sack of relics and printed prayers, and such a sack is attached to an infant as soon as born. The Virgin Mary is the chief and universal friend, to whom all needs and desires are presented. Nor does one Madonna satisfy popular feeling. The Madonna in Naples is known under hundreds of appellatives, and her pictures and images are innumerable, while certain ones are more celebrated. In sickness or peril of herself or hers, a Neapolitan woman makes a vow to this or that Madonna, and when the vow is to be redeemed she puts on a new dress (or apron, if she cannot afford a dress), which having been blessed in church she must wear until it is worn out. The color of the dress or apron depends upon the Madonna to which the vow is made, as each of them

represents a particular color or combination of colors. Witches and ghosts are generally believed in, and the simplest happenings are deemed signs and portents. A fine house in the center of the city has long remained empty because believed to be haunted.

I was once conversing with a friend at a point on the Corso Victor Emmanuel, which winds on the slopes of the hills, revealing new beauties at every turn, when it was observed with surprise that no one passed without lifting his hat, a salute punctiliously returned. Polite as are Italians, this seemed too much courtesy, and great was the puzzle till we understood that we were standing beneath the shrine of one of the most famous local Madonnas, to which no Neapolitan passing ever fails to make obeisance.

Unfortunately, superstition is entirely compatible with impiety and wickedness, nay even with crime. Homage to the Madonna often goes along with swearing, theft, and obscenity. One of the most noted of Italians used to rise from illicit embraces to salute from the window a passing religious procession; and the very brigands use all means to keep on good terms with the saints. But where superstition is allied with simple-hearted desire and effort to do right, then it is not wholly bad, being nothing but the perversion of the religious instinct. The contrast is certainly notable between the behavior and spirit of Romans and of Neapolitans casually entering an evangelical service. The former are coolly indifferent, the latter serious and impressible.

Neapolitans are devoted to music, of the humbler sort indeed, but the passion is universal, and the *soldo* which the poorest willingly disburse for a street concert means quite as much as the largest price ever paid by the rich to hear some *prima donna* or tenor of worldwide fame. At every *café* there are two or three musicians, who after

a tune or two pass around the hat, and then repeat the process elsewhere. In outcoming and incoming trains the third-class cars are always invaded by a violinist and an accordion player, one of them frequently blind and led by the other. Pity, pride, the power of custom unite with pleasure at the music, and when the collection is taken up not a man of the two or three score in the car but puts in his copper coin. It will be observed that in some parts of Italy the cars, especially of the third-class, are constructed on the American plan. The wit of the reply made by some one who was asked rather sneeringly why he traveled third-class, "because there are no fourth-class," would not have point in the Neapolitan provinces, where fourth-class compartments are often packed with people standing up like so many cattle. But even to these strolling musicians do not appeal in vain. With this love of music, and almost as great a passion for the drama, it is not to be wondered at that Naples, with its population of six hundred thousand, has besides St. Carlo, probably the largest theatre in Europe, many minor theatres, with prices and entertainments to suit all pockets as well as all varieties of taste.

Steam tramways, called by the Italians economical railroads, are very popular in Italy, and around every important city many of them are found penetrating into the country and to neighboring villages. Naples is no exception to this rule. Indeed if Italians are not great as inventors, they are quick to take up and use the inventions and discoveries and productions of other lands. American sewing machines and petroleum from the United States, and the latter also from Russia, are found in the most out-of-the-way hamlets.

The lottery, an evil anywhere, is more than to others a curse to the people of Naples. Many of them deny themselves necessaries all the week to buy a ticket be-

fore the Saturday drawing, and live in blissful hope till a blank plunges them into desperation, only to hope and despair again, thus spending their days in this dreary alternation. The lottery in other ways does much to demoralize the Neapolitan poor, driving them into the clutches of a petty, illegal usureress, who grows rich at their expense; and statistics show that most of the petty thefts of the city occur in the last three days of the week, evidently to buy a ticket before the drawing on Saturday afternoon. Those who can raise but two *sous* go to one of the small clandestine lotteries in the hands of a woman who ranks with the usureress, and like her, fattens on the savings of the poor.

Visitors to the city, and even most Neapolitans, see only the fine part of Naples, and exalt its sky and bay; but there are, or were till lately, streets and neighborhoods too foul for beasts, yet packed with human beings, not loving filth, nay suffering from its presence, but who from their wretched poverty are crowded into dens and lairs not worthy to be called houses. Many of them are persons of sentiment and fine feeling, not without much of the poetic and artistic. One poor woman was once overheard to say in the cemetery, "O Jesus, that I might die so as to be in this beautiful place." They are industrious too, and toil twelve or fourteen hours in the twenty-four, earning but twenty, fifteen, or even ten cents *per diem*, and so cannot pay more than five or ten *lire* a month for rent, most of them not over one dollar. Labor is paid at a less rate in Naples than in other Italian cities, yet nowhere else are shoes, gloves, furniture, clothing, better made.

For large numbers of the women there is no place in the arts, and they go as servants, at five or ten lire a month, without dinner; or one acts as charwoman for two or three families, climbing interminable stairs,

drawing scores of buckets of water, besides a thousand little services all day, with her heart aching with anxiety for the infant left to an older sister, herself not much more than a baby. What wonder if the poor creature, with her toils and sufferings, is old and ugly long ere youth is really gone ?

The cholera in Naples in 1884 was a blessing in disguise. It was the means of calling attention to the needs of the city and the occasion of heroic measures for its thorough resanitation. No doubt too, a little book by the popular authoress, Matilda Serano, addressed to Depretis, the Italian prime minister, in behalf of the wretchedly housed Neapolitan poor, had great effect. The work to be done might have daunted a Hercules, and the cleansing of the Augean stable could have been nothing compared with the renovation of Naples, for it was to be thorough; but both the local community and the nation itself were aroused, and Parliament voted twenty million dollars toward the enterprise. The entire transformation will cost at least five times that sum. Pure water in abundance has been brought from the Serena, a mountain stream fifty or sixty miles distant. A thorough system of sewerage has been undertaken. Broad boulevards, with well-built houses, have replaced some of the worst streets, and to some extent hygienic dwellings for the poor at rents not prohibitive have been provided. One of the finest of these new thoroughfares, the "Corso of the King of Italy," runs straight from the station to the center of the city. New tramcar lines also have been established. The great appreciation in value of the ground by these improvements will go far toward meeting their cost. There has also been an enlargement of the city's area, the region north of the station formerly in cultivation having been solidly built up for a popular quarter.

Some touching scenes were witnessed when the old buildings were cleared of their tenants previous to demolition. Many of these poor creatures clung to the dens where they had loved and suffered, where the mysteries of birth and death had come to them, the places which had in short been at least the only homes they had ever known, wretched indeed, but sacred to them from their very sorrows. Like children too, they dreaded the unknown and trembled before it. How pleasant to think that many at least of them are now in dwellings, humble, yes, but wholesome, and palaces compared with their former lodgings; to know that the death rate of the city is being largely reduced, and that the cholera which has again and again scourged that population is not likely to return!

The poor folk of Naples are most kind to each other. A mother will be found suckling the babe of another woman who has no nourishment, and comes to love the little creature as her own. A woman whose labor can be done at home takes care of the infant of another woman who works in some kind of factory or is in domestic service, rocking it, with her foot, in the same cradle with her own babe. A cook long suspected of gluttony was found at last to be denying herself and giving more than half of the food she received to the children of the portress. When a day servant is allowed to carry away in the evening a plate of viands left from dinner, she always carries a part to some poorer friend or relation, perhaps herself going hungry. No one of these poor women ever consumes the whole of what is received, but shares it with others. What sacrifice do these people make to carry to their dear ones in the hospital or in prison some little delicacy, and a woman will work all night to wash and iron a shirt for one of hers—husband, brother, or lover—in prison. If a woman on

the street eating something sees a child look wistfully at it, she is sure to give him a part of it. A woman who is about to become a mother awakens sympathy, and if she stops on the street is sure to have food offered and pressed upon her. A young seamstress, who had been treated in the public hospital for lung trouble, and continued after leaving to receive cod-liver oil every day, when it was stopped showed the greatest regret, and at last confessed that she had not taken it herself but given it to a poor woman who ate it with her bread. These facts and incidents are condensed from a booklet of Matilda Serano, who writes with a poet's pen and the heart of a woman. I am not aware of its having been translated. It is out of print in Italian and I had great difficulty in getting it from the Victor Emmanuel Library in Rome, the librarian classing it with novels, which are not allowed to be given out. I found in it truth stranger than fiction, and a tear-compelling pathos beyond the power of romance.

The aquarium connected with the zoological station already referred to is peculiarly rich, owing to the abounding life in the Mediterranean. One seems to be at the bottom of the sea, as in great glass tanks of water with rocks and seaweed, fish of almost every size, shape, and color swim before him. When some huge creature with big eyes and all manner of tentacles seems almost upon him, one starts back in spite of himself; but most of these denizens of the deep are exquisitely beautiful in form, graceful in movement, and brilliant in green, blue, pink, and yellow. There are several varieties of cuttle fish, and one may see the large octopus feed, and touch one of the electric rays, receiving a shock as from a magnetic battery. There are "different kinds of living coral, beautiful medusæ and crested blubbers, extraordinary looking crabs and crayfish, pipe-fish, etc."

Pompeii was at first rather disappointing to me, having the appearance of a town destroyed by fire, with only the walls of the houses left standing; but carefully examined, especially in connection with its remains gathered in the Naples Museum, it is found most interesting. An Oscan town of great antiquity, imbued with Greek civilization, but latterly Romanized, Pompeii was de-

stroyed in large part in 63 A. D. by an earthquake, which marked the re-awakened activity of Vesuvius, but with marvelous rapidity was rebuilt, only to meet the more complete and terrible destruction of August 24th, in the year 79. "The first premonitory symptom was a dense shower of ashes, a stratum of which covered the town to a depth of about three feet, allowing the inhabitants time to escape. Many of them, however, returned, some doubtless to rescue their valuables, others paralyzed

with fear and uncertain what course to pursue. The whole number of those who perished is estimated at two thousand. The ashes were followed by a shower of red-hot *rapilli*, or fragments of pumice stone, of all sizes, which covered the town to a depth of seven or eight feet, and was succeeded by fresh showers of ashes, and again by *rapilli*. The present superincumbent mass is about twenty feet in thickness." It was excavated in ancient times for the sake of the valuables it contained, but for fifteen centuries remained buried and unknown. Only since 1860 has the buried town been systematically uncovered, though but partially, and it will take fifty years and a million dollars to complete it. Already enough has been brought to the light to give a picture of ancient life of that period.

Just as in Baltimore, high stepping-stones are placed at some of the street corners or principal crossings. The deep ruts suggest the use of heavy wagons or carts. Fountains are seen on the corners with some kind of decoration in stone. In the stores are marble tables and large jars for wine and oil; and these shops are cut off from the rest of the house, all very much as in Italian cities to-day. The general absence of glass forms one of the chief differences between an ancient and a modern dwelling, and only a blank wall with few openings was presented to the street, the family life being chiefly in the interior. Of course, in Italy, and even more in the East, there is something of this, the larger houses being built around a court, and if there is a garden or a fountain it is within, and not in the front or rear as with us. One of the most striking features of Pompeii is the brilliant frescoing of the interior, sometimes with scenes of love and war, generally from the Greek mythology, while the floors are often covered with mosaic work.

There were several large *thermæ*, with every facility

for every sort of bath, in hot, tepid, or cold water. By the temple of Apollo, the Forum, the temple of Jupiter, the Great Theatre open to the sky, a smaller theatre, the temple of Isis, with its altar of tufa rock, along the street of the Schools, by the houses of the wealthy and those of the poor, and by all manner of shops and stores and offices whose uses are gathered from objects or inscriptions found within, we come to the street of the tombs, it being a Roman custom to bury the dead by the side of the highway, as is seen on the great Appian road. The Pompeiian sentinel who died at his post, commemorated by Bulwer, and giving point to many an oratorical curl, is now known to be mythical; but fidelity to duty despite danger and death can find many other illustrations, and, without any adornment of rhetoric, must ever fill the soul with a sense of the sublime and beautiful. Pompeii had its bad houses only too clearly indicated in painting and sculpture. Rather detached from the town is the amphitheatre, the first and second stories of which are cut out of the hillside. It contained seats for twenty thousand spectators. It was not in use at the time of the eruption, though Bulwer's anachronism is most pardonable. To conceive the life of Pompeii and the scene of its destruction, help may be had from his romance, the description of the eruption by the younger Pliny, and a study of the Pompeiian objects preserved in Naples. One feature of the great catastrophe is more eloquent than labored description. In the cellar of one of the houses (arbitrarily called Villa of Diomede, from a neighboring tomb) were found eighteen bodies of women and children, who had provided themselves with food. But impalpable ashes penetrated and too late they sought to escape. They were found with their heads wrapped up, half buried by the ashes. The probable proprietor of the house was found near the garden door, with the key

in his hand; beside him was a slave with money and valuables.[1]

The Museum of Naples is one of the finest in the world, possessing several of the masterpieces of sculpture and statuary, such as the famous group of the Farnese Bull, the Farnese Juno, the Farnese Hercules, a bust of Homer, "the finest of all the ideal representations of the poet"; but after all, the specialty of the museum is the collection of objects from Pompeii and Herculaneum.

Innumerable tripods, candelabra, lamps, braziers, jars, jugs, caskets, bracelets, needles, weapons of warriors and gladiators, the numerous figures in bronze, above all a stately array of some hundreds of wall paintings, unique in the world, indicate with sufficient clearness that here are collected the results of excavations which present, as in a mirror, a complete and charming picture of ancient life.[2]

One of the mosaics represents a chained dog with the legend, *Cave canem*, Beware of the dog, from the threshold of the House of the Tragic Poet in Pompeii. There is a gallery of several thousand inscriptions in Oscan, Latin, and other tongues, most of them being epitaphs, of course laudatory, as now. The bronze tables of Heraclea (Herculaneum) bear on one side "regulations as to temple law, in the Greek language; and the other (inscribed at a later date) the Italian municipal laws promulgated by Cæsar in 46 B. C." Two marble tables contain oval hollows as the municipal standard of measurement for grain, with Latin inscriptions. There are also leaden pipes from aqueducts; a beautiful marble vase from Formia, long used as a post to fasten boats to and bearing the marks of the ropes; figures of small animals, birds, hands, etc., used as votive offerings, such as are still seen in Roman Catholic churches; and the figure of an infant in swaddling clothes. Among the small bronzes are tools of all kinds and musical and surgical instruments. There are

[1] Bædeker. [2] Prof. Kekulé, in Bædeker's "S. Italy."

money-chests, a sun-dial, a dish-warmer, and a cooking-stove, as well as buckles, spoons, silver plate, and a large gold lamp, besides the celebrated "Tazza Farnese, or vessel of onyx with beautiful reliefs, the largest of its kind."

There is a tripod for sacrifices near to iron stocks from the barracks of Pompeii, as well as a brazier from the *thermæ*. One also sees water taps, scrapers of the gymnasts, door-plates, locks and keys, bells, and all sorts of kitchen utensils, such as sieves, ladles, funnels, cooking apparatus, scales and weights, harness, fishing tackle, compasses, and a triclinium composed of three sofas for the dinner table. But what perhaps brings us still nearer to those Pompeiians of eighteen hundred years ago is the collection of carbonized eatables, such as olives, figs, grain, and loaves of bread bearing the baker's name, loaves which in a few hours more would have been eaten, so sudden was the destruction of the city.

Very interesting is the library of the papyruses. The rolls, covered with carbonaceous matter, were found in a villa near Herculaneum, but their value, as well as the means of disengaging the thin layers of the bark, was long unknown; but at length a very ingenious machine was invented, some six hundred of these books have been unrolled, and one may now see several of these machines at work. The owner of the library was an Epicurean, and the collection contains several treatises in Greek by the Epicurean Philodemus. There are also fragments by Epicurus himself, including a letter to a young girl. There is also a collection of triptychs (or folding tablets of three leaves), found in a box at Pompeii, containing receipts for money loaned by L. Cæcilius Jucundus, a Pompeiian banker.

There is a reserved cabinet which only men may enter and which to almost every man must be a startling reve-

lation of obscene practices, bringing a blush of shame on the face of modesty. There is a jesting Neapolitan proverb that Naples sins and Torre pays, as Torre Annunziata and Torre del Greco have more than once suffered from Vesuvius. It is not for man to judge, but certainly the terrible destruction of Pompeii has no need to be explained by the sins of other places. In that cabinet a reader of the Bible is apt to think of certain descriptions in the first chapter of Romans.

Next to Naples, Bari is the largest city in Southern Italy. Classical scholars recall it as one of the halting places of Horace in his journey to Brundisium, the modern Brindisi, and it is as famous for fish now as in his day. The old town is perhaps little changed since then, but a modern city has grown up by its side. In my first visit there in 1874 I was thrilled by the arrival in her own ship of the Princess of Montenegro to make an offering at the shrine of St. Nicolo for the preservation of her husband in war. I seemed transported into the Middle Ages. This saint's day is one of the greatest *festas* of Southern Italy, the railroads giving reduced rates, and great multitudes from the regions around flocking into the city. The image, attended by crowds, is put upon a boat and carried to a point on the concentric shore two or three miles away, and later brought back in the same way. All sorts of amusements are provided for visitors. The city has not enjoyed the best name for morality, and the *mala vita* (bad life) of Bari at one time became proverbial ; but a great trial, in which numbers were convicted of crime, brought about a more healthful state of society.

The associations known as Camorra in Naples and Mafia in Sicily seem to have originated for mutual protection against injustice in the days of tyrannical government, but afterward degenerated into serious abuses, though even then they were not without relieving vir-

tues. They have now almost, if not entirely, ceased to exist.

As a security to individuals and to the government, there has been formed in every commune and province an association of *Viri Probi* (honorable men) which promises to be a blessing to Italy. Better than ironclads and repeating rifles are conscientious, law-abiding citizens.

A few words should be said about Magna Grecia (Great Greece), the name given to Southern Italy and Sicily. The first important Greek remains are at Pæstum, about forty-five miles south of Naples. The town, of which save the famous temples, there are but few traces, was founded by the Greeks about six centuries B. C. The Doric temple of Neptune, of imposing size and beautiful in proportion and color, stands in an utterly lonely and desolate region near the sea. At the time of my visit in 1884, there was great danger from banditti, and a couple of caribineers issued from the railroad station when we did and kept us in sight till our return. This temple, and two others of less importance, "are overgrown with a luxuriant crop of ferns and acanthus, enlivened by crickets, lizards, and a few snakes."

Greek colonies and Greek cities were founded in Sicily more than seven hundred years before Christ; Greek civilization spread over the island; Greek temples superior, at least in size, to the Parthenon at Athens were built, and many of the greatest Greek names, such as Æschylus, Pindar, Sappho, Theocritus, Pythagoras, Plato, Empedocles, Diodorus, and Archimedes, by residence or birth in the island reflected upon it some rays of their glory.

Some thirty miles from Palermo stood the Greek town of Himera, where one of the greatest battles of the Greeks was fought, delivering it from the siege of Hamilcar, the Carthaginian, and annihilating his army; but

seventy years later his grandson utterly destroyed the town. Better known and more important were the battles of the Athenians before Syracuse, the last one proving to them utterly disastrous and described by Thucydides as the most important event which befel the Greeks during this (the Peloponnesian) war, or indeed any other in Greek history. It was on this occasion that the Syracusans, cruel enough to the other prisoners, moved only by their love for art, promptly liberated those who knew how to recite well the verses of Euripides.

At Girgenti one recalls Phalaris, a usurping and cruel ruler, who is said to have sacrificed human victims in a bowl of metal heated red hot. He is better known at least to classical scholars through a collection of letters attributed to him and bearing his name, concerning the genuineness of which fierce disputes raged, but which were at last proved by Bentley, in a minute, masterly criticism, to be spurious. This city too, after a long war, fell before the Carthaginians.

Taormina, a lofty old Greek town, now otherwise unimportant, enjoys a singularly beautiful situation and, especially from the Greek theatre hewn in the rock, an enchanting prospect is commanded, embracing snowclad Etna and the sea as well as the Calabrian shore, all bathed at early morning in golden and roseate hues. The acoustic properties of the theatre are remarkable.

Etna, being nearly eleven thousand feet high and thus much more than double the altitude of Vesuvius, under favorable conditions can be seen a hundred miles away. A railroad around its extensive base is sixty-seven miles in length, and reaches at one point a height of nearly four thousand feet. As high as one thousand six hundred feet are extensive orange and lemon groves, while above are vines, and then forests of oak, beech, and pine, the haunt of wolves and wild boars. Many of the oak

trees are clad with ivy. The summit is seldom free from snow, large quantities of which are used in the neighboring cities and also sent away. An observatory stands near the summit. The ascent requires two days, and cannot well be made except in summer or early in autumn. Empedocles is said to have thrown himself into the crater. There have been nineteen eruptions in this century; the last, in 1891, was important, but the streams following a former lava track, was less destructive to cultivation; two villages, however, were seriously threatened. In Sicily there are several mud volcanoes, and while lava, when pulverized, is extremely fertilizing, the mud thrown up from these seems even poisonous to vegetation.

Modern Syracuse, confined to its rock island, though closely connected with the mainland, possesses little of interest. The ancient city had half a million inhabitants, and one may ride for hours over its extensive Greek ruins. The semicircular theatre is one of the largest of its kind, being one hundred and sixty-five yards in diameter and having some sixty tiers of seats cut in the rocky hillside. The view from these seats, especially in the evening, commanding the island city, harbor, and Ionian Sea, is so fine that one can imagine what it must have been in the days of the city's greatness; and it must be remembered that these theatres had no roof but the sky. Just above the theatre is a street of tombs, as in Pompeii. The vast quarries, out of which was taken the stone necessary for the structures of the city, including its walls, are very interesting. They were afterward used as burial places and as prisons where many Athenians languished. The echo afforded is really startling, even the shaking of a piece of paper sufficing to awaken it, and there is an S-shaped opening, at which every sound within is distinctly heard, and which has received the

name of "Ear of Dionysius," as that ruler is said to have built prisons with such acoustic properties that he could hear every word spoken inside of them.

Within the modern city is a spring of several yards in diameter surrounded with tall papyrus plants. Its chief interest is due to its name, Fountain of Arethusa, and the classic myth suggesting that name, that the nymph

of Arethusa pursued hither by a river god was metamorphosed by Diana into a fountain. The reader will recall Shelley's beautiful poem, "Arethusa."

Here too are visible, at least to the mind's eye, the footsteps of the great apostle bound for Rome. Luke says, "*And touching at Syracuse we tarried there three days.*"

Selinus was a Greek city on the southwestern coast of Sicily. The excavations which are still in course have

already yielded valuable objects of sculpture now in the museums of Naples and Palermo; but its chief ruins are six temples of various size, the largest of which is three hundred and seventy-one feet in length and one hundred and seventy-seven feet wide (in both cases including the steps), whose columns with their capitals are fifty-three feet high and with a diameter of eleven feet, that is to say, it is one of the very largest temples of the world, lacking but little to equal in size the temple of Diana at Ephesus, no longer existing. Interesting as it would be to see them, it is useless to speak here of the smaller but not less beautiful temples of Girgenti and of the destroyed Gegesta—the temple of the latter, like that of Pæstum, gaining in impressiveness from the surrounding desolation.

Let us turn from these grand, ancient ruins to Palermo, a very old, yet also a bright modern city, with broad streets and Parisian stores placed in a horseshoe of hills and mountains whose ends come to the sea, well meriting, from the luxuriant orange and lemon groves, the name of Conca d' oro, or Crock of gold. Its most precious gem is the Arabic-Norman palace-chapel built in the twelfth century, whose mosaics, chiefly of Old Testament scenes on a golden ground, are "radiant with Oriental splendor"; from the observatory in the tower was discovered Ceres, the first of the asteroids. In the cathedral, the kings of the twelfth century rest in porphyry sarcophaguses. Palermo is the cradle of the Sicilian Vespers,[1] that being the name given to the popular revolution which expelled the house of Anjou, immediately after which the Sicilian Parliament met in one of the churches. Palermo is rich in gardens and pleasure grounds adorned with trees and flowers, and the nearer and more distant environs possess many attractions from art and nature.

[1] The signal for the movement was the vesper bell—hence the name.

The university is attended by about eleven hundred students. The harbor is usually full of vessels, both Italian and foreign, and sumach and sulphur, oranges and lemons are exported, though there seems to be latterly a diminished foreign demand for these productions.

Marsala is best known by the excellent desert wine of that name and as the landing place of Garibaldi. Catania's chief interest is the proximity of Etna, it being the point from which ascents are made. It is also the birthplace of Bellini, the composer of "Norma," "La Sonnambula," "I Puritani," and other well-known operas. He is commemorated by a monument and by a public garden bearing his name, which is in itself singularly beautiful, and offers on its heights a fine point of view for Etna. There is also a Greek-Roman theatre, but chiefly under ground. Catania as well as Palermo has a street named after the late President Lincoln.

Messina, with a population of eighty thousand, despite its checkered history for much more than two millenniums, offers few objects of interest. It is finely situated, and its sickle-shaped harbor is the scene of a commerce next to that of Palermo. I have always found it a singularly pleasant city to visit, as it presents a cheerful, modern appearance. The earthquake of 1894 was very alarming, but did not inflict any material damage. The strait of Messina here is not over five or six miles wide, but the steamer route to Reggio, the southernmost point of the Continental railway, is about double that distance. The rock of Scylla[1] is in Calabria, and Charybdis is the current sweeping around the sickle of Messina, so that the two are nearly eight miles apart; but the currents are quite strong and rapid enough to justify the ancient and familiar proverb, avoiding Scylla you fall into Cha-

[1] The modern town of Scilla has eight thousand inhabitants and produces excellent silk and wine.

rybdis. The readers will recall Schiller's ballad,[1] "The Diver," founded on the fact that in the reign of Frederick II., of Sicily, a diver of Catania precipitated himself into the whirlpool of Charybdis. According to the ballad, the king, surrounded by his court, offers his golden goblet, which he casts into the sea, to the one who would bring it back. A youth does so, encountering dreadful perils from the maelstrom and from the monsters of the deep, all of which he impressively describes. Then the king offers the precious ring he wore if the youth would repeat the experiment, and when his daughter protests, offers her as the prize. With love and hope and joy the young man makes again the terrible plunge:

> They hear the loud surges sweep back in their swell,
> Their coming the thunder-sound heralds along!
> Fond eyes yet are tracking the spot where he fell:
> They come, the wild waters, in tumult and throng,
> Roaring up to the cliff—roaring back, as before,
> But no wave ever brings the lost youth to the shore.

A few hours away from Messina are the Lipari Islands, of volcanic formation, settled by the Greeks. The largest, giving name to the group, produces currants grown on trellises, sulphur, pumice stone, whose quarries are visible from the Messina Palermo Railway, and Malmsey wine. One of the islands is a volcano and called by that name. Stromboli has another volcano with the distinction of being always active, but its showers of stones nearly all fall back into the crater.

How many are the classic suggestions in this rapid flight through Magna Grecia! Stromboli was deemed the seat of Eolus, the god of the winds. On the north coast of Sicily, near Messina, is Cape Tindaro, a grotto believed to be haunted by a fairy identical with the Fata (or Fairy) Morgana. The great rocks in the sea near

[1] Translated by Lord Lytton.

Catania are those which the blinded Polypnemus hurled after Ulysses. Near by was a city celebrated for its temple guarded by a thousand dogs. The site is shown of the fountain of Diana, whose water refused to mingle with wine when drawn by impure women. There still exists near Syracuse the papyrus-bordered fountain of Cyane, "into which the nymph of that name was metamorphosed for opposing Pluto when he was carrying Proserpine to the infernal regions." A festival in honor of Proserpine was long celebrated here by the Syracusans. Just to the north of Syracuse are the hills where was produced the Hyblæan honey praised by the poets.

Sicily has many rock tombs and grottoes of two or three stories which served as burial places. There are Christian tombs as early as the fourth century. The burying ground of the Greeks was called necropolis, or city of the dead; cemetery, which means sleeping-place, or God's Acre, are the more cheerful names inspired by the teaching and finished work of our Saviour.

Sicily was probably once connected with the rest of Italy. The Apennine range continues through the island, and the straits which separate Sicily from the mainland are extremely shallow compared with the sea on the north and east of the island.

Sicily is extremely fertile and nearly all in cultivation. Even high up on the hills hunting dogs would often lose scent of the game, so abundant and fragrant were the flowers. One of the natural curiosities as well as sources of production is the "manna mountain," and in all that neighborhood quantities of manna are gathered from the exudations of the manna tree. People go out early in the morning, as did the children of Israel, to gather it; but this manna is not food but physic, and natural, not miraculous. A little farther on the same

route is a beautiful grove of oleanders. How brilliant must be the sight when they are in flower! but not more so than is presented by the hedge-rows of geraniums, tall and luxuriant, which line the railroad between Messina and Taormina, and are seen, though less abundant, also elsewhere, their scarlet flowers forming a fine contrast with the groves of golden fruit (apples of the Hesperides) and the blue waters of the sea. I can never forget the morning when, after a night of exhausting travel, my soul thrilled with pleasure at the sight of so much and such varied loveliness.

With the variety and abundance of delicious fruits in Sicily, it is not strange that many of them are preserved, and candied fruits are a specialty of the island and are sent to various parts of Europe. A box of candied lemons, oranges, citrons, mandarins,[1] figs, peaches, green almonds, the interstices filled with orange flowers and violets, all fresh and retaining in midwinter their natural fragrance and flavors, appeals to taste in both senses of that word. Sicilians are not peculiar in their love of sweets, but I have never tasted elsewhere confections so delicious, and confectioneries bear the suggestive name of *dolcerie*, or sweeteries. It is a curious fact that confection and confectionery, which in English refer to sweets, have in Italian a popular use, wider and more in accordance with their philological signification of *putting together*. Thus a dressmaker would speak of *confezionare* a gown. Laboratory is another word which in Italian (*laboratorio*) has a wider use than with us, who confine it to the place where a chemist[2] *labors* or investigates with his chemicals. This is a digression, but it is easy to return to the

[1] Very small, exquisitely scented oranges.

[2] In America a chemist means a professor of chemistry; but in England, an apothecary is called a chemist. The word pharmacist, used in Italy (and pharmacy in England) is more precise and etymologically more correct than either apothecary or chemist, meaning, literally, one who prepares medicines.

main line and say that the Sicilians like bright pictures as much as they do candies and tarts, which is evidenced by the painted carts one sees everywhere, but particularly, at least in my observation, in the southern part of the island. These carts, driven in town and country for the humblest purpose, bear on their sides brilliantly painted scenes of love or war, imaginative or historical. One scene, I remember, was the discovery of America. Those painted carts are a characteristic Sicilian feature.

The productions of Sicily, most of which are also exports, are wheat of a fine quality, barley, and beans, sumach, linseed, the whole citron family and their essential oils, almonds, olive oil, wine, nuts, capers, pistachios, manna, liquorice, lentils, and raisins, besides silk, hides, wool, anchovies, tunny fish, and cantharides, sulphur, salt, and marble. This is certainly a fine showing, and yet the population is not chiefly rural, though increasingly so, and of the one hundred and thirty Italian towns containing a population of over ten thousand, more than a fourth of them are in Sicily, which has a total of three million three hundred and sixty-five thousand inhabitants.

The Sicilians are, to say the least, equal to the Italians of other parts of the kingdom. The last prime minister and the present are both natives of Sicily, as are several of the most popular Italian writers of the present age. Those Sicilians whom I have casually met in my repeated visits to the island have impressed me as singularly courteous.

Sardinia is far less known than Sicily, and if less interesting otherwise has at least the interest of novelty. Many tourists go to Sicily ; not one, I venture, to Sardinia, and few Italians, save for needful business, which transacted, they hasten away.

Sardinia, like its larger and richer sister, is a palimp-

sest written over by Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Romans, the Vandals, Saracens, Arabs, Spaniards, and Austrians, as well as by prehistoric peoples whose remains are of the most enduring character. The people are Spanish, rather than Italian, in race and character, and their language much resembles that of Spain. Their manners are serious and dignified and even rather sad. They have the virtues and vices of a primitive people, being home-loving, hospitable, chaste, and faithful in keeping a promise; but on the other hand, revengeful of injuries received. Indeed the *vendetta*, as it is called, was formerly carried on between whole families and handed down from father to son as a religious duty. The honor of woman is jealously guarded, and its violation or the failure of a man to fulfill an engagement of marriage is sure to be punished with the shedding of blood. General La Marmora, the great benefactor of the island, warned a young man who accompanied him there, "Do not speak to a woman unless you mean to marry her." It is needless to say that love in Sardinia is serious, and flirtation on the part of either sex is unknown.

A large part of the island is mountainous, and as rocky and bleak as Scotland, or at least seems so to the passing traveler, while the plains near Cagliari have something African in aspect and productions, with cactus hedges as tall as a man and houses built of sun-dried brick. The soil is fertile, and the island was once a granary of Rome; but the fever has diminished the population, and consequently the amount of tilled land, so that much of the island is devoted to pasturage. Fleeces are much worn, especially by shepherds, and are considered the best protection against the fever. Excellent wines are produced and gaining in favor. Sardinia must be a paradise to geologists, so rich is it in minerals. There are extensive and productive mines of

lead, zinc, cadmia, antimony, and silver. Many men, especially from Tuscany, work in these mines in the autumn and winter, but return home and remain during the sickly season, from July to October. Large quantities of salt are made from the sea, and pyramids as white as alabaster are seen on the little island of St. Peter, just off the Sardinian coast, which is also the scene of extensive tunny fisheries in May. I was surprised on my visit to Carloforte to see the large number of vessels at anchor. The appetizing sardines of the Mediterranean, though not peculiar to the Sardinian coasts, are found here and owe their name to the island.

Sardinia, almost without Greek remains, is rich in prehistoric objects. Chief among these are the *nuraghi*, truncated cones thirty to sixty feet high with base diameters of thirty-five to one hundred feet, solidly built of stone, with a spiral stair in the thick wall leading to two or three stories. Long supposed to be tombs, they are now believed to be places of defense. Oblong piles of stones three to six feet wide and from twelve to thirty-five feet long are really tombs of the same period. But a small number of dolmens, or tables of stones common to the Druidical remains, are found in Sardinia. Near the center of the island are six cones of stone five feet high, three of them with women's breasts.

The customs of the Sards are primitive and the costumes specially of the women are various, but in general extremely graceful and becoming. But both their costumes and their distinctive customs must be looked for not in Sassari and Cagliari, but in the small towns and villages, and the smaller and more out of the way these are the more characteristically Sard will be both of these. The male attire, however, differing according to locality, has yet a common type. On the head is worn a black Phrygian cap so long that the upper part

of it hangs down like a pouch or sack. It is considered a part of the clothing, and so not taken off even in the house. They have no fear of baldness from this constant covering of the head, for the splendid suits of long, thick black hair that I have seen among the village Sards it would be difficult to match elsewhere. The neck, on the other hand, is left free, a cravat, which would hide the two gold buttons holding the shirt together, not being worn. A close waistcoat, white or of some dark color, is surmounted by a jacket, generally of a black woolen stuff woven by the women. This, confined by a girdle or waistband, sticks out in a short skirt resembling nothing else so well as the skirt of a ballet dancer. There is a great deal of variety in the costume of the women, but most of them wear parted stays laced over a white bodice low at the neck to display their famous necklaces. The shibboleth of Sardinian modesty seems to be to keep the head covered with a black shawl even when the bosom is often freely displayed. A pretty feature of one Sardinian costume is a bright little scarlet jacket, and on a feast day the jewelry worn in earrings, sleeve-buttons, and necklace by one woman could not be valued at less than several hundred dollars.

The marriage customs of the Sards have some peculiar features. A young man wishing to marry a certain girl sends a friend to her parents to see how the ground lies. The friend is called *paralimpu*, corresponding to the *paranymph* of the Greeks. He is very careful to make no offer of marriage till sure of its acceptance, as a refusal is considered an unpardonable family affront. If

his mission is successful the young man's family makes a formal demand to the father and mother of the girl and sends her gifts. It must be said, that from the beginning she is consulted and is free to decline an offer, though she would, perhaps, not be so free to marry against the will of her parents. The above formalities accomplished, the aspirant visits her, bearing presents. A day is then fixed for the *entrance*, as it is called, when the friend[1] of the expected bridegroom introduces the youth, who receives from the girl's parents permission to visit her freely; this day is the occasion of feasting, especially on sweets, liquors, and coffee. There is, however, yet another ceremony before the marriage, namely, of the espousal, when every question concerning the marriage portion is solemnly settled, and this is cele-

[1] See John 3 : 29.

brated with a repast, accompanied by music, song, and dancing. The first Sunday or feast day after this the youth, otherwise unaccompanied, goes on horseback, with the bride sitting behind him, to mass. Not even in our Southland are there better horsemen and horsewomen than the Sards, and a man and woman with a couple of babies all on one steed is a sight at least as common in Sardinia as in the mountains of West Virginia. The nuptial banquet is of the Homeric order. The event is also solemnized with abundant alms to the poor, who consume mountains of macaroni. Neighbors, friends, and kinsfolk bring to the young couple hens, turkeys, sheep, goats, swine, grain, and wine, as well as objects of gold and silver, accompanying the gifts with kisses. Before going to church the youth kneels in his home and begs of his parents forgiveness for every fault, and the bride does the same in her home to her father and mother. It is a solemn moment, every one is in tears, and the father, placing his hand on her head, prónounces a blessing on her. Save in certain localities, there is nothing distinctive in the church marriage service. Issuing from church the procession is pelted with grain and white wool, and finally the priests themselves, and every one who has been in the church, must make the young couple a money present of gold, silver, or even copper, the giver having a right to kiss the bride. The feast proceeds with many practical jokes, such as offering covered dishes containing things not eatable. When all is done there is a general kissing, and the young men guard the doors that no girl may escape without paying the forfeit. When all is over the bridegroom thanks all present and wishes such happiness as his for all the youth and maidens. Yet another ceremony accompanies the carrying of the furnishing, which it is the duty of the bride to provide, on a cart drawn by white oxen, to the bride-

groom's house. The men in Sardinia keep their youthful strength to very old age, and it is not uncommon for an old man to marry quite a young girl and rear a large family.

There is in Sardinia a great devotion to the hearthstone, and this though the life is carried on in a single room, which is also the kitchen, where the scenes of birth, sickness, and death are enacted. In that same room too, generally a large one, a blinded donkey walks around all day grinding the household grain. In a town, not one of the smaller towns, I noted in every house a mill and the patient creature ever at his task. One of the chief duties of the wife is to make the bread, from cleaning the grain to superintending the baking in the large oven attached to every house.[1]

Cagliari, rising in steep terraces from the sea, is an attractive city of fifty thousand inhabitants. It has large market halls where fish, flesh, and fowl, as well as butter, cheese, and eggs, and the fruits of the season are offered in abundance. Grapes so large, in such big clusters, and so delicious, I have not seen elsewhere. As it is not fashionable to carry home one's marketing and not always convenient, scores of small boys dance attendance with flat baskets ready for a cent or two to carry one's purchases home. The streets, though steep, are animated, and the deep stores are of the American rather than the Italian type, and in many of these are displayed the rich gold ornaments worn by the people and peculiar to the island. In connection with the university is a museum rich in Sardinian antiquities. The city itself contains a number of Roman remains. St. Ephirius is the saint of Cagliari, at whose festival the body is carried in solemn procession to the ruins of a neighboring village, in which many put up for two or

[1] "*Usi Nuziali nel Centro della Sardegna.*" Francesco Foggi.

three days. The image is dressed and undressed as if a human being, or rather a child's doll.

Oristano is a city of seventy-one thousand inhabitants, with a cathedral and an archbishop. The following, in the form of a leaflet, explains itself. On one side is a picture which is venerated in its sanctuary near the city of Oristano.

On the other side is the following in Italian :

PRAYER.

Most holy Virgin, to you who are the Mother of the Lord, the queen of the world, the hope, the advocate, the refuge of sinners, we approach with confidence. You who can heal all our plagues, spiritual and corporeal, be a succor to our weakness, a comfort to our miserable life, our secure peace, Remedy to all our evils. We love you, most amiable lady, and we will bring it about that you shall be served and loved by others also. In the meantime, O clement, O pious, O sweet Virgin Mary, turn a propitious look upon this city which puts itself at your feet, and upon this people which calls upon you with such confidence and salutes you Mother of the Remedy. Do you protect us, do you defend us in dangers and in necessities, and with those other graces which are pleasing to you and the divine Jesus, obtain for us, we conjure you, the pardon of our sins, perseverance, and Paradise, where we can love you and enjoy you for all eternity. So may it be.

ORISTANO, 2 August, 1891.

See, we concede eighty days of indulgence every time this prayer is devoutly recited.

† PAOLO MARIA, Archbishop.

In 1720 Austria ceded Sardinia to Victor Amadeus II., Duke of Savoy, in exchange for Sicily, and by the treaty of Paris in the same year he became king of Sardinia. The attack of Napoleon Bonaparte on the island, some seventy years later, proved a failure. The fidelity of the population to the Savoyan dynasty when its fortunes were at their lowest ebb was most characteristic and honorable. The island suffers from brigandage and pov-

erty, both of which the government is seeking to remedy. Worse than either, it was found that persons of position had secretly gone forth on marauding expeditions, robbing and slaying for the sake of gain; but they met the reward of their crimes.

There are not less than a hundred cities in Italy, every one of which is adorned with treasures of art, and is rich in natural beauty and historical association. Indeed, so rich is this land in these respects that it never has been exhausted by the most enterprising traveler, for it is practically inexhaustible. One is often surprised to find a very remarkable object in a place otherwise so obscure that he would never think of calling it a city, save indeed, perhaps, in the etymological sense, as the seat of a cathedral. Some of the secondary cities of Italy are among the most interesting, such as Siena, Orvieto, Assisi, Viterbo, Ravenna, Monreale, Barletta, with their splendid architecture, and the remains and memories of a past civilization. Monza is the custodian of the famous iron crown, which after serving for a long Lombard line, was last used in the coronation of Charles V., the first Napoleon, and Ferdinand I. Tusculum, only a picturesque ruin, recalls the disputations of Cicero, while Mantua, Arqua, Ferrara, Brescia, Verona, Rimini, and Finestrella remind us of Virgil, Petrarch, and Laura, Tasso and the house of Este, Ariosto, and Arnaldo, as well as of Romeo and Juliet, Francesca, and the hero of Picciola, made real to us by the poets. Aosta owes its name to the Emperor Augustus, its founder, and Bassano, Pordenone, Perugia, Correggio, Verona, Vinci, and Urbino, and Palestrina gave their names to great painters and a great composer of sacred music, who reflect imperishable honor upon the places of their birth. Well says the psalmist, "Of Zion it shall be said this and that man was born in her." Canossa calls up Henry

IV., Hildebrande, and that wonderful Countess Matilda with her neighboring fortress, and plunges us into the strife of the Guelphs and Ghibellines. Cutigliano, a village in the Apennines, is called after Catiline, who fled thither. At Bari we are on the track of Horace on his journey to Brundisium, while Syracuse and Posilipo (Puteoli) tell of the footsteps of the Apostle Paul as he went to Rome. Southern Italy and Sicily are full of the remains of Greek civilization. What a tale does Sybaris tell, besides adding a word to our language. The lofty town of Segni tells in stone of prehistoric times. Bosco Reale, on the Vesuvian slope, has just of late yielded from her excavated soil antiquities of vast value. In one word, to know even the secondary towns and cities of Italy were to be acquainted with the larger part of the world's history for more than two millenniums.

To speak of humbler things, the names of Italian cities suggest Carrara marble, the home of the violin (Cremona), the birthplace of pistols (Pistoja), the origin of mantua-making and millinery, Leghorn hats, Parmesan and Gargonzola cheese, Faience majolica, Chianti wine, introduced into England by Baron Ricasoli, dictator of Tuscany, and Murano glass and lace.

ROME

A footfall there
Suffices to upturn to the warm air
Half germinating spices, mere decay
Produces richer life.

—*Robert Browning*

VII

ROME is about ten degrees east longitude from Greenwich or London and the same longitude as Leipsic. People often ask as to its latitude as compared with cities in America, vaguely placing it in their minds in the same latitude with Richmond, Charleston, or even some more southern city. What is their surprise to learn that it corresponds very nearly with that of Boston. After I had lectured on Rome at the University of Virginia, the learned professor of natural science said to me: "I thought I knew geography, and I never was more surprised in my life than when you connected Rome with Boston."

Rome is an island—an island in the vast sealike *campagna* or prairie, which surrounds it on every side. Nor is it girded with populous suburbs as are most other cities. When you issue from the gates and the houses built around them, you are at once in the country, though to your disappointment, you are still hedged in between high walls—the walls of villas and vineyards. Rome has no neighbor and dwells alone, like the lion. She sits upon her seven hills in the wilderness.

The Roman Campagna is a triangle, whose longest side, of ninety kilometers,[1] is on the Mediterranean, while the other two run up to the Sabine Hills and the Alban Mountains. It contains more than eight hundred square miles and half a million acres. By far the largest portion has not felt the plow for centuries, but is grazed by countless[2]

[1] A kilometer is about five-eighths of a mile.

[2] I say "countless," for it is most difficult to get the numbers, which vary with different writers, but it is safe to place the flocks at six hundred and twenty thousand

cattle, sheep, goats, and horses. As to human beings, it is almost uninhabited, save for the few shepherds and drovers necessary, and the laborers who come from the Abruzzi for the few days of seedtime and harvest. In the spring the shepherds flee with their flocks to the mountains and return only as winter approaches. In Italy, as in the East, a shepherd goes before his sheep, and they follow him (John 10 : 4). At night they are gathered into a fold of light network, which can be put up and taken down in a few moments and easily carried from place to place. In it they huddle together as close as herring packed in a barrel. The large, white shepherd dogs are the best possible guard from all enemies, as well as effective in collecting the scattered flock.

The cattle are large, of gray or bluish-white color, with long, branching horns, much valued as ornaments. Their large, liquid eyes are very beautiful and have been admired by the poets from Homer's days. At certain seasons it is dangerous for a stranger to approach them. The buffaloes are ugly, fierce, and of great strength, but exceedingly intelligent and capable of being trained to labor. When a great block of marble is to be drawn up hill, they are in request, and the man in charge walks backward in front of the foremost pair directing, controlling, and encouraging them with his eye. "Their eye is strangely melancholy and pathetic, and has the look of a creature which mourns over its unhappy lot and sorrows at its own ugliness." Every buffalo has his name, generally a long, high-sounding one of several syllables, and he knows it. The cheese made from buffalo milk is esteemed a great delicacy. The milking has to be done with great precaution, the cow being driven into a pen, and her calf must be by her side or she is

of which about one-third are goats and the rest sheep, and one hundred thousand head of cattle, including buffaloes, and fifty thousand horses.

unmanageable and will not yield her milk. The buffaloes are used at certain seasons to clean out obstructed canals, into which they are driven and tear their way through, with at times only the head visible, and snorting like hippopotamuses.

The guardians of the cattle are called *butteri*, and they and the shepherds wear sheepskin or goatskin coats and leggings, the wool outside presenting a queer but picturesque appearance. The *butteri*, with their horses, look like centaurs, so well do they ride. The steward, or *fattore*, as he is called, may sometimes be seen riding along a street of Rome wearing a peaked hat, a large cloth cloak lined with green baize, his legs encased in leather, heavily roweled spurs on his boots, across the pommel of the saddle a long staff with an iron point. The horse is of medium size, tough, under perfect control, shaggy, with unshorn fetlocks, and moves in a sort of dog trot as if made of steel springs, and shod with India rubber. When "Buffalo Bill" gave his exhibitions in Rome, some of these *butteri*, with their steeds, entered the lists, and by his own confession equaled his cowboys in their own feats.

Milk, butter, and cheese in abundance are brought to Rome from the Roman campagna, as also beef, choice mutton, and great numbers of lambs and kids, the flesh of the latter being a cheap and much appreciated meat. More than a million pounds of wool are produced on the Campagna, but a small part of which is manufactured in the Roman province. The sheep are of fine breed and produce an excellent long wool, and from the milk of the ewes a delicious cheese is made. Not many asses or mules are raised on the Campagna, but the number is increasing, while swine abound on the hills.

This vast, now level, now undulating prairie, with swamps, long grass, a few forests, and dense under-

growth, is the paradise of hunters, with many of whom hunting and the chase constitute a business rather than a recreation. They hunt to live, and sell their game in the Roman markets.[1] A very small part of this country is posted, and unwritten law permits the huntsman and his dogs to roam freely even over the cultivated land.

The entire Campagna belongs to a small number of proprietors or corporations, the church and various conventual orders being among the largest proprietors, and these rent out the land to shrewd business men, known as *Mercanti di Campagna*, who make a large per cent. on their capital and grow rich. Even in the portion of ground which is cultivated the crops are chiefly such as require labor solely at seedtime and harvest, while only just around Rome is the cultivation of the intensive kind, needing many laborers all the year round.

The chief reason why so vast a body of fertile land near a populous city remains in pasture is its unhealthfulness because of malaria.[2] Many are the opinions concerning the cause of this malaria. I believe, and the view has ample support, that it is due to the lack of drainage. A map of the Campagna is full of blue veins, representing the innumerable springs and streams which, owing to a hard substratum, remain on or near the surface of the soil and find no proper outlet, although the lowest of the ground is above the sea level. The proprietors have no reason of interest to drain and cultivate the lands, as the first cost would be immense, and on the present system they get a very fair rent and have

[1] Wild boars, deer, rabbits, pheasants, partridges, and other game hang from the doorposts of many provision stores; but they are not so cheap as in other days. Indeed, here, as in Florence, it is no longer possible, as N. P. Willis describes it, to pay like a peasant and fare like a prince.

[2] In two-thirds of the communes of Italy there is malaria, more or less. A grove of eucalyptus trees, supposed to be anti-malarial, is planted at almost every railroad station.

no trouble or responsibility whatever. But the Roman public and the nation at large have great interest in what is known as the *bonification* of the Roman Campagna. It is not seemly in this age of the world that the Eternal City dwell longer in a wilderness, however picturesque, when that wilderness may be made to rejoice and blossom as the rose and the little hills to clap their hands; when thousands of Italian peasants who now go all over the world in search of work may find so near remunerative labor while adding to the wealth of the community. This was one of the great projects of Garibaldi, the other two being the enclosing of the Tiber so as to prevent inundations in the city and the building up of a popular quarter with houses for the poor. Parliament took up the matter in 1878 and voted means for the desiccation by hydraulic machinery of the swamps near Ostia and Maccarese, and imposed on eighty-nine syndicates of proprietors the cutting of canals and ditches. By the law of 1883 proprietors of lands within a radius of ten kilometers from the Roman Forum were required to inform a commission of the betterments they would have to make, the amount of land they would bring under cultivation, the trees and vineyards they would plant, the roads and ditches they would construct, together with the plans of buildings proposed. On the failure of any to report or to carry out the agreement, the land would be taken by the government, divided into small tracts and sold at auction. Unfortunately these good laws have not been fully carried into effect; still much has been done and model farms are to be found in the Roman Campagna. That all which was planned has not been done may be in part explained by the immense first cost of the work. Even the erection of wholesome buildings for the shepherds, herdsmen, and other laborers will be very useful, as most of them hitherto have lived in huts built

of reeds with a hole in the roof for the smoke or in ancient ruins or tombs, and they have lodged one over another in berths as in a steamship. So much for the practical view of the Roman Campagna.

Of its poetry, there wants a poet or at least a prose poet to speak of the vast ruins and extensive tombs suggesting a large and rich population in other days, at least for the good season; of the ancient, ivy-garlanded aqueducts[1] stalking majestically, like giants, across the plain; of the flowers of every form and hue, for the most part blushing unseen by human eye; of the lovely framework made by the Alban Hills and Sabine Mountains, and by the long sea line of molten silver too bright for the eye; of that changeful, many-colored sky overarching all, and the magic light which glorifies the meanest things.

Yea, from the very soil of silent Rome
  You shall grow wise; and walking, live again
The lives of buried peoples, and become
  A child by right of that eternal home,
Cradle and grave of empires on whose walls
The sun himself subdued to reverence falls.

About your feet the myrtles will be set
  Gray rosemary, and thyme, and tender blue
Of love-vale labyrinthine violet;
  Flame-born anemones will glitter through
  Dark aisles of roofing pine trees; and for you
The golden jonquil and starred asphodel
And hyacinth their speechless tales will tell.

The nightingales for you their tremulous song
  Shall pour amid the snowy-scented bloom
Of wild acacia bowers, and all night long
  Through starlight-flooded spheres of purple bloom
  Still lemon-boughs shall spread their faint perfume,
Soothing your sense with odors sweet as sleep,
While wind-stirred cypresses low music keep.

[1] Some of which still supply Rome with pure water.

While it has long been true that all roads lead to Rome, nevertheless till within a few years nearly all travelers reached the city by diligence on the old Flaminian Way. Miles away on some hilltop the *vetturino* would halt, and pointing forward, cry, "*Ecco Roma*" (behold Rome). What a moment of enthusiasm it was for the traveler.

When I visited Rome in 1870, on descending from the train I found myself in an abject ruin, part of the extensive remains of the baths of Diocletian. Three years later I alighted with my family in a magnificent building provided with every convenience of modern civilization, the large waiting-rooms frescoed with the coats of arms of various Italian cities, but as it was cholera year and an utterly insane dread of infection prevailed, we were shut up with the other passengers in a close room and fumigated almost to suffocation. Since then Italy has learned better.

Dr. Arnold speaks of the solemnity even to oppressiveness felt by him in nearing Rome, "the city of the soul" and the scene of so great events in the ages past. That has been my own experience as often as I have returned to Rome. At the same time one often witnesses in arriving what is more calculated to excite amusement. The Romans are a sociable, affectionate people, and on the arrival and departure of trains gather at the station to welcome the coming and bid God-speed to the departing friend. See, there is a young cavalry officer boasting a heavy mustache, with long sword getting between his legs and clanking against the ground in time with the jingling of his spurs as he strides forward to greet a brother officer similarly accoutred. A hearty handshake is not sufficient to express their feelings, and each with effusion kisses the other on both cheeks. Such osculant salutations are not confined to the railroad station and

the army, for even in the Senate chamber, when a venerable patrician has finished a great speech, he is surrounded by his friends, who express their congratulations with kisses. Most Anglo-Saxons would rather fail than submit to the infliction. I, however, was once subjected to one even more severe—not in Rome, though, but in the provinces. I visited a congregation of simple-hearted, affectionate Christians who, at the close of service, embraced and kissed me, and the company was composed largely of women; but they were all elderly, so that there was nothing to prevent its being "a holy kiss," though rather foreign to my Western ideas.

The situation of Rome naturally suggests climate and the health of the city. For nine months of the year Rome is a safe and pleasant residence even for foreigners, while the natives who know their own city find it so the entire year. Even in the summer it is not so much unhealthful for the foreigner as debilitating and somewhat unfitting him for the strain of the rest of the year. Rome is not, as many suppose, an unhealthful city. It must have been so in other days when every church was a cemetery, drainage almost unknown, and little attention paid to cleanliness. To Napoleon I., at the beginning of this century, is due the establishment of a cemetery outside of the walls which gradually led to the abolition of intramural interment. Since 1870 enormous subterranean galleries or culverts have been constructed and many of the ancient *cloache* (sewers) opened and put to use, till now Rome is a splendidly drained city, as it is one of the cleanest in the world. "The Lancet," recognized as of the highest authority, has stated that there is as little to produce typhoid fever in Rome as in any other capital of Europe. The plumbing of the Roman hotels and many of the newest buildings is according to the most modern requirements, while the arrangements

of the older residences, though humble, are entirely safe.

As for the malaria, just as that is a foe to life, so life tends to destroy malaria. Where there is abundance of movement, the malaria, which is only a kind of *mal-aria*, or bad air, is dissipated and destroyed. Thus in Rome every carriage, and there are thousands, every playing fountain, and they are everywhere, every fire, the rapid flow of the Tiber—in short all the movement in a large active city like Rome combines with the drainage and the paving to disperse and reduce the malaria.

Still the climate of Rome is like a high-spirited horse, not necessarily dangerous, yet not to be fooled with. The chief danger is of plunging while in a glow from a sun-beat piazza or open square into a church or picture gallery, the latter of which especially never sees the sun and has the chill of the sepulchre. There are certain galleries in Rome which I have never been able to enter except in the warm season. The sunset is also a critical moment on account of the sudden fall of temperature. At the same time no hour can be called unhealthful, and the people crowd the streets by day and night.

Roman fever is greatly feared by foreigners, but in its ordinary form it is nothing but our chills and fever, not taken if one is ordinarily prudent and yielding readily to quinine. The bad form known as *la perniciosa* (the pernicious fever) is indeed very dangerous, but it is also very rare.

The Roman winter is quite mild, snow, ice, and frost being almost unknown. On those exceptional occasions when the country around is clad in ermine the people climb to high points to see the strange, lovely sight, and the fountains gleaming with myriad jewels are greatly admired. The climate seems to have changed, for in ancient times the Tiber was often so hard frozen that

loaded wagons crossed on it. Snow brought from the mountains serves for the delicious *gelati*, or ices, of which the Romans make so much use. Ice is brought from the north and also manufactured. Rome enjoys both a sea breeze and a mountain breeze, and the nights are fairly comfortable, except in the height of summer. Bright and sunny as is the Roman sky, it is capable of pouring down rain by bucketsful according to a well-known proverb, and this is very useful in washing the streets which slope toward the river, and in flushing the drains. It is not well to come to Rome before the fall rains.

The Tramontano wind, which comes laden with the air of the Alps, is refreshing and bracing for those who are strong enough to bear it and are well protected, but to delicate persons, especially if they are not warmly dressed, it is painful and even dangerous. Another wind which is more frequent, and the plague of Rome, as of all Central and Southern Italy, is the sirocco, from over the African Desert, which destroys energy, gives headache, and causes the nerves to prick and tingle. If a Roman wishes to be very satirical and severe on any literary work, he says it was done while the sirocco was blowing.[1]

The climate of Rome, according to Dr. Taussig, a German physician who studied it for thirty years and wrote a book on the subject, is conserving rather than restoring. A well man whom it suits may live in Rome to a good old age, as many Romans and foreigners do, one reason being that the climate is not stimulating, so that they take it easy and live slowly. If, however, one is run down and needs not merely rest but bracing and building up, he will not find them in Rome. The Romans say one should never get tired, a rule, however, which few of them can observe.

[1] Under the old law in Rome, the sirocco was held an attending circumstance in the case of crimes of blood.

The Eternal City certainly possesses to perfection one of the conditions of health, having a supply of pure water unsurpassed, if equaled, the world over. I can never forget my surprise and delight when in August, 1870, driving from the station to my hotel, I suddenly came upon the Fountain of the Trevi (Three Ways). The water was pouring over the rocks like a river in the mountains, and the sight of it and the sound of its plashing cooled and refreshed body and spirit. Besides many large public fountains issuing from artistic marble, there is one to nearly every house, and the water is not shut off by a stopcock, but, like Tennyson's Brook, runs on forever at its own sweet will. As Mr. Story says somewhere in his charming "*Roba di Roma*," a stranger wakes in the morning and thinks it is raining when it is only the play of the fountain in the court. In many cities north and south of Rome travelers find an excuse for wine drinking in the bad water, but on getting to Rome they have to give up wine or get another excuse. That excuse still holds in Florence, but the Italian cities, one after another, are following Rome's lead and bringing pure water direct from the everlasting hills.[1]

Notwithstanding the facts I have mentioned, some tourists have a strange dread of Rome, a feeling fostered, for their interest, by hotel keepers and the like in other Italian cities. On various occasions I have received letters from Americans with timid inquiries as to the safety of visiting Rome. One party of ladies from Virginia longed to come, if only for a night and day, provided it

[1] The death rate in Rome has been reduced from thirty per one thousand in 1876, to nineteen in 1894. This compares well with that of the world's other capitals, and is destined to a yet further reduction.

Besides the improvement in cleanliness, drainage, ventilation, many are the precautions suggested by modern science which are now taken in Rome, as for example the substitution for slaughter houses within the city of an *abattoir*, where also all meat is officially inspected and stamped if approved. Fruits and vegetables too are carefully examined and only that which is sound and wholesome may be sold.

could be in safety. Encouraged by my reply they came, gradually lost their fears, became enamored of Rome, and the youngest of the trio became enamored of a Roman gentleman, married him, settled in Rome, and is to-day a happy wife and the mother of a family of young Romans. Another party of Americans amused us much. We were taking them to the big "Kalathump," characterizing one of Rome's great festivals held at and near the Piazza Navonna, on Twelfth Night, and observing that they spoke little and with difficulty, we found that each one, besides little bags of camphor in bosom and pocket, had a big piece in his mouth as a preventive against the Roman fever! All Rome splitting its throat with noise seemed a vain object-lesson to my fellow-countrymen.

Old Father Tiber, with rapid and dangerous current, full of treacherous whirlpools, rushes through Rome, for about three miles, in the shape of the letter S. It is the same tawny, yellow Tiber as in the days of Horace. Within the last decade the river has been solidly walled in so as to prevent inundation, as late floods have proved, and the wall is faced with marble. One day we shall have a *Lungo Tevere* surpassing the *Lung' Arno*, *i. e.*, a handsome, built-up river front in Rome as in Florence.

By far the larger part of the city is on the left bank. In the smaller part is St. Peter's with the Vatican, and also a quarter known as the "Trastevere," which merely means over the Tiber, the inhabitants of which claim to be the directest descendants of the ancient Romans. Ten bridges connect the two parts, without counting Ponte Mollo, two miles away, which marks the site of the battle in which Constantine is said to have seen in the sky a cross with the legend, "*In hoc signo vinces.*" Several of these bridges are very ancient, while others have been lately built for the sake of a rapidly growing quarter near St. Peter's and the Castle St. Angelo.

Rome has a circumference of thirteen miles, and just as many gates in actual use, besides others which are closed. The vacant space within the walls has been largely built up in the last few years, and the city has even overflowed the walls at several of the gates. The present walls are about fifty feet high on the outside and five or six broad. Within the city they are only about

thirty feet high or even less, the difference being due to the gradually raised level of the city—in some parts more than others. This interesting change is true also of other cities, notably of London; and when we think of Rome destroyed and the *débris* leveled and built upon, this, without other causes which might be mentioned, would account for the phenomenon. As a matter of fact the Roman Forum, which has been excavated during my residence in Rome, is far below the streets to and around

it. That column in the Forum described by Byron as having a buried base is now entirely revealed.

The gates of Rome, though majestic and venerable, are now put to a use hardly worthy of their past, for, besides the duty on articles entering the kingdom, every town and city has its *dazio consumo*, or municipal duty, on certain articles. At every gate of Rome, then, officers wait who examine every basket, box, and vehicle which enters the city. Each officer has an iron rod, about the size of a dandy's cane, with which he probes[1] the most innocent looking load of hay or garden truck, lest there be concealed therein a keg of wine or a crate of eggs. The quaint old-fashioned diligences from the mountain towns, generally loaded heavily with every kind of object, have to be carefully inspected. The inspectors are never in a hurry and take their time, carefully making out receipts for the sums to be paid. Sometimes amusing scenes occur. Not long ago some English ladies had afternoon tea out in the country, and as they re-entered the city the guard said they must pay duty on the remains of the cake. In vain it was urged that it had been bought in Rome and carried out a few hours before. In vain one of the ladies indignantly declared she would never pay the tax. The officer was polite, oh, yes, thoroughly courteous, but firm as a rock that without payment they could not pass; he and his companion, he declared, were only executing orders.

The observing traveler on issuing from the Roman station would see soldiers turning aside for inspection all bags, boxes, and bundles which suggest anything more or other than wearing apparel. In like manner objects coming as freight have to pass the collector, and the process is tedious and full of annoyance even when the expense is not great. Sometimes, however, the tax is

[1] It has been suggested to use the X-rays for this.

high, as when it cost me two dollars as well as a morning to get out a desk which had come from Florence. Then, as often besides, I thought how can a country be truly united when every city discriminates against every other? Once Genoa, Florence, Pisa, Lucca, Bologna, and the rest fought each other with musket and sword; now they are all engaged in an odious tariff war. How proud and pleased was I on returning to my country that I and my belongings could go anywhere in its length and breadth without interruption or question.

The population of Rome has had many ups and downs, going as low as sixty thousand, some say thirteen thousand, and rising at least to two millions, many believe far higher. Since the removal of the capital to Rome in 1871, there has been a large accession to the population, which is now four hundred and sixty-five thousand, and is rapidly growing. The city has indeed a strange vitality, and one recalls the old saying: "While the Colosseum stands Rome shall stand; while Rome, the world." The government buildings erected since 1871 are of the most extensive and permanent character, echoing in brick and stone the famous words of Victor Emmanuel, "*Ci siamo e ci restiamo*" (Here we are and here we stay).

The Romans do not consider other Italians to be quite their equals, and go so far as to call them foreigners. "Are you a Roman?" I once asked an omnibus driver. "Yes, sir," he replied; "I am not one of your foreigners (*i. e.*, from another part of Italy). I am a Roman of the Romans for seven generations." Poor he might be and ignorant, but with a certain dignity he would wrap his cloak around him and say, as of old, "*Civis Romanus sum.*" Roman merchants of a certain class have three prices for every article; one, the lowest, of course, for Romans; another, higher, for Italians from other parts of Italy; and a third, higher still, for people of other countries.

There are, however, shops in every department, in fact, all the best, which have but one price and rigidly stick to it. Such shops are not favored by the masses who enjoy bargaining, and who always think they have paid too much unless they have gotten a reduction on the price first asked. They do not seem to think that the sum taken off was added originally for that purpose.

The old Roman streets have curious names, as the street of Paradise, Humility, the Cat, the Monkey, the Baboon, the Sow, the Two Slaughter Houses, but these sound far better in Italian, and the tourist has no idea of their meaning. Many of the new streets and some old ones are named after the royal family, the patriots of the struggle for independence, Italian literary men, the names of battlefields in Italy, sister cities, and the like. Really every town has its Via Victor Emmanuel and Via

Garibaldi. The streets, especially in medieval Rome, are narrow, without sidewalks, and intricate. How often in my early days did I get lost and, after wandering awhile, return to the starting-point. Wait till the hot season and you will bless the narrow streets for their friendly shade. The irregularity of the streets and the variety in the height, architecture, color, and form of the houses add greatly to the picturesqueness of the city, and save in certain new quarters, there is an entire absence of the uniform, boxlike structures which mar many otherwise handsome towns. Yet, on the other hand, the irregularity and variety of Roman streets are always within due limits. The sight from a point on the Capitoline hill of the tile-roofs of the city, tinted with gray, green, and yellow lichens, is very interesting, as is also the picturesque variety of turrets, towers, projections, dovecotes, little roof-gardens, machicolated battlements, domes, and it is a revelation of the life of the people who dwell in the garrets and upper stories.

Even the Corso, despite its widening, is still narrow and has in some parts very rudimental sidewalks, and half the pedestrians are generally in the middle of the street. Yet it has never been superseded in popular favor by the broad Via Nazionale, which boasts stores just as handsome. I incline to accept the explanation suggested by Zola in his novel, "Rome," that the very narrowness of the Corso is its attraction, allowing all acquaintances, on foot or driving, to meet, inspect, and salute each other, as well as giving a splendid panorama to the majority, who not knowing the great ones are therefore themselves unknown—for a cat may look at a king, and the Corso not only brings the two near together but necessitates a pace favorable to a leisurely view. I often note the bored and weary expression of the occupants of gilded coaches, and recall the remark of

Mr. Moody concerning the miserable rich, who as well as the miserable poor, need the solace and cheer of the gospel of Christ.

As the streets are paved with roughly cut, hard volcanic stones, it is easy to understand that tender-footed people do not enjoy walking. Happily carriage hire is cheap and one is never out of sight of a light, covered four-wheeler which will carry two persons to any part of the city for sixteen cents; or by the hour three persons for forty cents. These carriages drawn by tough little horses generally go very rapidly unless the drive is by the hour when the gait is much slower. Coachee cracks his whip loudly and drives on regardless of people in the way, only shouting, sometimes angrily, to clear the track, the middle-age idea still prevailing that he who walks must yield the street to him who rides. Whoever cannot attain to the imperturbable nonchalance with which one "to the manner born" allows a carriage to graze him as he flattens himself against the wall or just escapes danger by stepping into a friendly doorway, had better take his turn inside the cab, and see other folks perform these gymnastic feats.

Of course, with rapid driving over smooth and often steep streets, horses not seldom fall, especially when not roughshod. Often in such emergencies a driver will keep his seat, shout to the nag, and maybe apply the whip till a shaft breaks, when he thinks it time to descend, loosen the harness, help the animal up and repair the damage. Meantime a crowd has collected, some from curiosity, but others to help, for Italians are nothing if not friendly and helpful in time of need.

On the public carriage horses the breast collar is mostly used, and the checkrein never. This last is also true of horses for heavy draught. As for the horses of private carriages it may be stated in general that the finest of

them never wear a checkrein. It is all very well to appeal to the sentiment of kindness, but perhaps a more universal and stronger, though lower, motive would be addressed, if it were urged that a properly formed, generous, well-fed horse naturally holds himself up, and that to strap up your steed's head with a checkrein is to confess you have an inferior animal. Every vehicle in Italy is provided with an easily applied and powerful brake.

Great improvements are going on in Rome. Since my arrival there in 1873, a fine boulevard has been opened connecting the railroad station and Castle St. Angelo. Some fine buildings have been sacrificed, but others have been saved by turns which rather add to its grace, and yet others have been brought into bolder relief. Rome is indeed becoming a modern city so far as the comforts and conveniences of life are concerned, and the sunlight, which is equal to a physician, has come into many dark courts and narrow streets. Some deplore these changes, and the artists especially sigh for the darkness and dirt and cobwebs and dingy byways of papal days, which were so very picturesque. But there are others, of whom I confess myself one, who think human life and health more important than picturesque dirt with misery, especially as the authorities carefully conserve the monuments of the past, and there still remains more that is artistic and ancient than the most energetic tourist can really command. Nay, the very little that is sacrificed in necessary improvements is not to be compared to the revelations which the government is constantly making with the spade and the mattock, as they uncover portions of ancient Rome and bring to light statues and temples interred for ages. After writing thus, what a pleasure to find that this is precisely the view of the archæologist Sanciani, and if this view is accepted by one whose pro-

fessional bent would be rather for the old as against the new, how safely may the rest of us receive and hold it.

One of the most striking changes produced by the demolitions in Rome is the entire sweeping away of the Ghetto. Happily, the wall confining that quarter and separating it from the rest of the city was long ago removed, and since 1870 Jews have freely lived and pursued their callings in any part of the capital, a fair proportion of them taking their places in the councils of the city and of the nation.

Before a house is built in Rome, the plan, especially of the *façade*, must be submitted for approval to the municipal officers. The houses are built of brick and of stone, the brick being much thinner than our own, and the outer walls being stuccoed or faced with marble. Within, frescoing is the usual style of finish. It is no easy thing to get a good foundation, as it is necessary to go deep down through the made soil, and sometimes the remains of medieval or ancient edifices are encountered. Always the first and often the second story is built on arches, constituting a vault. The cement or mortar is made of *pozzolano*, a chocolate-colored earth of volcanic formation and abundant in the country around Rome. When this cement dries it is harder and more tenacious than stone. The houses, as in other Italian cities, are tall, but may not be more than one and a half times as high as the width of the street.

As the walls are of brick, the stairways of stone, the roof of tiles, the floors of brick or tiles resting upon iron sills or solid vaults, and as the doors and windows are set right into the wall without wooden moldings or facings, Italian houses are practically fireproof. Sometimes a fire destroys furniture, but a conflagration in the American sense is practically unknown, and insurance premiums are almost nominal.

A most pleasing custom prevails in Rome and some other Italian cities of placing on the outer wall of a house a marble tablet commemorating any illustrious man or woman who has lived in it. One sees such memorial tablets with inscriptions to Keats, Shelley, Sir Walter Scott, Goethe, and Morse of telegraphic fame. In Florence the Casa Guidi is thus marked in memory of Mrs. Browning, whose stirring, sympathetic poems concerning Italy's struggle for independence, as is well known, were published with the general title of "Casa Guidi Windows." This custom recalls the beautiful words of the psalm, "Of Zion it shall be said, This or that man was born there." How much better to make one's home famous by personal nobility than to be honored by its size and splendor.

From the house for the living it is natural to turn to the house for the dead. The position of the International, or Protestant Cemetery, is romantic in the extreme, on a gentle slope which runs right up to the city wall, by the gate of St. Paul, flanked on one side by the huge, mysterious, cross-surmounted Monte Testaccio, and on the other by the lofty pyramid and tomb of Caius Cestius, while in the sacred ground itself, covered with periwinkles, daisies, roses, and violets, rise dark, tall cypresses toward the blue heavens. Shelley in the preface to his elegy on Keats says: "It might make one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place." The heart of Shelley, whose drowned body was burned on the shore of the Bay of Spezia, lies beneath a simple stone immediately against the city wall. Besides the name and date are the words, "*Cor Cordium*" (Heart of Hearts), and the lines from the "Tempest":

> Nothing of him that doth fade,
> But doth suffer a sea-change
> Into something rich and strange.

By the young poet's grave rest the remains of his faithful friend Trelawney, who followed him nearly sixty years later to a Roman tomb bearing this inscription:

> These are two friends whose lives were undivided:
> So let their memory be, now they have glided
> Under the grave; let not their dust be parted,
> For their two hearts in life were single-hearted.

All which has special significance from the fact that Trelawney died in England, and apparently insurmountable difficulties had to be overcome before his dying wish could be fulfilled, and his remains repose by the heart of Shelley. Over the grave of Keats and by his request are the touching but not true words:

> Here lies one whose
> Name was writ in water.

Hard by is a stone with these lines:

> Keats! if thy cherished name be "writ in water,"
> Each drop has fallen from some mourner's cheek,
> A sacred tribute such as heroes seek,
> Though oft in vain, for dazzling slaughter;
> Sleep on! not honored less for epitaph so meek.

Not only was he tenderly mourned, but his fame has increased and promises still to rise.

Among the tombs are those of Augustus William Hare, brought so lovingly near to us in "Memorials of a Quiet Life"; the British sculptors, McDonald, Gibson, and Wyatt; George P. Marsh, the author of scholarly works on linguistics and physical geography, and for many years America's Minister to Italy; Richard H. Dana, made famous by his "Two Years Before the Mast"; the eminent surgeon John Bell, John Addington Symonds, Constance Fennimore Woolson, and several missionaries.

The buried are of many nationalities, and many are the inscriptions in foreign tongues. Some whose dust lies here might well have cited the homely Scotch lines:

Oh, little did my mother think
The day she cradled me,
The lands that I would travel in
The death that I should dee.

It is touching to see on the walls of the little chapel[1] in every modern language, including the Russian and the Greek, the words of our Lord and Saviour, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

I cannot leave this subject without citing some lines from "Adonais," the elegy already alluded to, which in the first stanza given describes Rome as it then was and not as it now is. The description of the cemetery is as true as it is sublime and beautiful:

Go thou to Rome—at once the paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,
And flowering weeds and fragrant copses dress
The bones of desolation's nakedness,
Pass till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread.

And gray walls moulder round, on which dull Time
Feeds like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath
A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitched in heaven's smile their camp of death,
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.

[1] Soon to be replaced by one larger and in every way more suitable.

Here pause: these graves are all too young as yet
To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned
Its charge to each; and if the seal is set
Here on one fountain of a mourning mind,
Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light forever shines, earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until death tramples it to fragments. Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek,
Follow where all is fled! Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

A word must now be said of the Catacombs and Columbaria. These last take their name "from the ranges of small semicircular niches, resembling dovecotes, in which the *ollæ*, or vases containing the ashes of the dead, were placed. . . Over each niche is a marble tablet bearing the names, ages, and sometimes the occupation, of the persons whose ashes rest within them." A network of Catacombs extends around the city and for miles away. They are composed of two or three and even four or five galleries or stories. Though largely stripped of their mouldering bones and the marble encasing them, carried off by relic hunters and gathered into museums, these subterranean recesses in consequence of new explorations are well worth a visit. So let us go out on the Appian Way and visit those of St. Calixtus. We cannot fail to admire this queen of long roads, whose pavement and some of whose milestones yet remain. Yonder, sharply defined against the horizon, is the massive tomb of Cecilia Metella, dating from 86 before the Christian

era. It is wonderfully preserved, having served as a stronghold by which in the fourteenth century the Gaetani dominated the Appian Way. Should we go farther we would see lining the road on either side for miles remains of tombs and monuments to illustrious men, one being the tomb of Seneca, the whole presenting a unique and impressive scene. Here one thinks of Paul, and we

know that whatever may be the changes in Rome, the road, the rolling Campagna, the semicircle of azure hills and the sky above, are as then.

Now let us turn off into the fields on the right and approach a hut around which roses are blooming in profusion which we may pluck at will. No one is visible, but when we ring a bell a man appears who seems to rise out of the ground, and when he has received the fee of one pence for each person, this Catacomb being under

the care of the government, he gives each of us a lighted taper, unlocks a door, and down we go by steps as into a very deep and utterly dark mine. On we proceed up and down, Indian file, in those interminable labyrinths. Without a light and a competent guide the situation would be far from pleasant and not free from danger. We see the layers of shelves cut in the soft rock, and in the Catacomb of St. Agnes, or in that of the Jews, through the crevices the remains of the dead would be visible as when they began their last sleep. Here is a crypt in which a number of the early bishops of Rome were buried, and here is the chamber where the remains of St. Cecilia reposed till removed to the church in the Trastevere bearing her name. We see some interesting mural paintings—a Roman lady richly attired supposed to be St. Cecilia; a large head of our Saviour with nimbus; and figures of Urban and others. There are several chapels with paintings. But how pleasant to get to the open air and beautiful light again.

The contrast between these sandpits where the early Christians met for worship and the churches of Rome, over three hundred and sixty-five in number, could hardly be greater. We cross the classic stream (the Tiber) on the Ponte St. Angelo. Right before us is Hadrian's tomb, once richly magnificent, but now denuded and disfigured, yet still massive and imposing. It was long used as a prison and fortress, but at present is a barrack. Since the year 530, from a supposed miraculous occurrence, it has borne the name, Castle St. Angelo. In the Middle Ages it served as a refuge, into which, through that two-storied, covered way which we see, the popes fled in time of danger. Here Benvenuto Cellini was imprisoned, and latterly, for a short time, Napoleon III. We are now in the Leonine city, as this quarter is called. It is surrounded by a wall, and was once the

possession of the popes, who are at present limited to the Vatican. We pass the hospital of Santo Spirito, in other days amply provided for receiving foundlings. Farther on is the Inquisition building, no longer used for its terrible purposes, and near by is the house in which Raphael died. Everywhere are stores for the sale of religious objects, such as rosaries, crosses, crucifixes, books of devotion, pictures of the saints, relics, and the like, and a good business they do. We now enter the square (though it is not a square) of St. Peter's and the Vatican. In the center is an obelisk which once stood in the circus of Nero, and witnessed his reputed enormities against those Roman Christians who were clad in skins of wild beasts and hunted with dogs, or in shirts tarred and set on fire. It was raised to its present position by Pope Sixtus V., and the story runs of his ordering silence under the penalty of death, of the slackening of the ropes at a critical moment, and the cry of a sailor in the crowd, "water on the ropes," and their coming taut, and the happy completion of the work. We have all heard the story from our professors of natural philosophy, but perhaps the sequel is not so generally known—how his holiness bade the disobedient but useful tar, name the reward he desired, and his request that his village on the Riviera have the exclusive right to furnish St. Peter's with palms on Palm Sunday; which modest enough request was granted, and the monopoly lasted till a short time ago. On either hand of the obelisk, play those fountains referred to by Robert Browning:

> And thus I have read of it in books,
> Often in England, leagues away,
> And wondered how these fountains play,
> Growing up eternally,
> Each to a musical water-tree,
> Whose blossoms drop, a glittering boon,
> To the granite lavers underneath.

To St. Peter's, and especially to its majestic dome, no praise can be too great. (The only exception to the praise is the *façade*.) But the building at its side and rear, though the home of beauty, is not beautiful; and though huge, is not sublime.[1]

Every Latin scholar at all accustomed to think of the etymology of the English words which glide so easily from his tongue, at once surmises that Vatican is derived from *vates*, a seer. In or near was the site of Etruscan divination. "Worcester's Dictionary," following ancient authorities, derives the word from Jupiter Vaticanus, an ancient oracular deity of the Latins, who was worshiped there.

So much for the origin of the name. The residence of the popes at this spot began in 498 A. D., and in the thirteenth century it was rebuilt, but only used for State occasions till after the return of the popes from Avignon. Nicholas V. wished to make it "the most magnificent palace in the world," and "for Christendom that which the golden milestone in the Forum was to the Roman empire, the center whence all the messengers of the spiritual empire should go forth, bearing words of life,

[1] St. Peter's was one hundred and seventy-eight years in building and nearly twice as many more in reaching perfection; it cost fifty million dollars and covers nearly eight acres. Its erection had a good share in precipitating the Protestant Reformation, for money being needed indulgences were conceded by the pope to contributors, and Tetzel proclaiming these in Germany hurt the consciences of many and aroused Luther's indignant protest.

The dome is the plan of Michael Angelo, who said that he would raise the Pantheon in air, which he did, though the Pantheon, and so the dome of St. Peter's, is one hundred and ninety feet in diameter. Owing to a change in his design of the *façade*, the effect of the sublime dome is almost destroyed for a near view. But from every other point in the city, from the Campagna and from the surrounding mountains, it is the one towering, dominating figure, yet graceful and beautiful as grand, and, as some traveler says, wherever one goes, there is that vast harebell hanging in the sky.

Ordinary buildings need frequent repair, and a cathedral, it is said, is never finished, so the reader will hardly be surprised to learn that scores of artisans with their families literally *live* upon the roof of St. Peter's and seldom lack for employment.

truth, and peace." The great palace was added to by successive popes till it became the group of buildings which we have to-day. Interesting notices of these labors, as also of the architectural work of the popes in adorning Rome, may be found in a chapter or two in Ranke's "History of the Popes."

Interesting as are the Vatican's objects of art, to a few of the most important of which I shall presently refer, it is to the pope that the average mind turns, when his palace is mentioned. To the question, "Did you go to see the pope?" Dr. Jeter replied, "No, he did not call on me." But this was no good answer, inasmuch as over here etiquette requires the stranger to call on the resident; and it is a good rule, for how would the pope or any of us know of the arrival and whereabouts of a stranger? Nothing is easier than for any respectable foreigner to be presented to the pope. One applies for audience, and at the time named, dons the regulation attire and keeps his tryst. For men, full dress, and for women, black and a black veil in lieu of bonnet, are required. Instruction is given to kneel when the pope approaches. Some people try to save their consciences by being rude and not kneeling. To one lovely girl who did not kneel, Pius IX. offered his ring to be kissed. Sometimes his holiness blandly and meekly says to a Protestant, "Surely the blessings of an old man can do you no harm." No, nor good either, certainly no more good than that of any other old man, but harm rather. But the plea of the pope is of a piece with Rome's Jesuitical policy to do evil that good may come, and to be all things to all men in a sense the apostle never dreamed of. Romanism is, in reality, *semper eadem*, but it is protean in its forms, and the Janus of the ages. Heretics seem always to have had special privileges in the Vatican. This is hinted at in the following pasquinade:

"Where are you going, brother, with your black dress and sword?"

"To the Sistine Chapel, to hear the *Miserere*."

"The Swiss Guard will turn you out!"

"There is no danger, brother; I turned heretic yesterday."

I have never sought an audience with the pope, not only on account of my position and because I would never bow the knee to a man, but also and specially because such homage is claimed and accepted, not as a mere court form, but as due to him as the vicar of Jesus Christ, and the infallible head of his church on earth.

Nevertheless, I have seen both of the men who have worn the tiara during my residence in Rome. Last winter it was given out that Leo XIII. would appear in St. Peter's, celebrate mass and bless the people, and entrance would be by tickets of different colors, which determined the more or less advantageous positions to be occupied; the garb required for an audience with the pope being necessary for those who were to have the best places, *i. e.*, those nearest the pope. By a rare and happy chance, through the kindness of a friend, two of the precious pink tickets came to our house at the last moment. My lady companion, with the skill and resources of her sex, quickly improvised for herself the required costume, but I could do nothing but trust to her influence, my good luck, my overcoat, and my blonde, and therefore foreign, type. I was challenged, but thanks chiefly to the tact and attractiveness of my companion, we were allowed to pass, and found ourselves excellently placed among the *clericalissima* aristocracy of Rome, who were most gracious, and used every courtesy—offering us their lorgnettes, and giving us our turn in the very front rank. While waiting for the ceremony to begin, we saw with our eyes what the poet saw only in a vision:

As the swarming hollow of a hive,[1]
The whole Basilica alive!
Men in the chancel, body, and nave,
Men on the pillars' architrave,
Men on the statues, men on the tombs,
With popes and kings in their porphyry wombs,
All famishing in expectation
Of the main altar's consummation.

My fair friend noted with keener eye, and recalls how "the Tribuna was full of stately old ladies in sweeping trains, tall young beauties with the graceful head covering, while swallow tails flew back and forth as if attached to their feathered owners. The many wax candles on the high altar threw a soft light on the scene which was made brilliant by the rich and varied costumes of the chamberlains, Swiss Guards, cavaliers, and cardinals without number. The Knights of Malta were dressed very much as I suppose the courtiers of Queen Elizabeth must have been—in charming knee breeches, a doublet slashed with white in the sleeves, a short cape falling in rich folds over the shoulders, a characteristic ruff of that time, and as a last touch to complete the perfect whole, a dainty little cap with a feather curling around the brim." The Swiss Guards too, in their picturesque costume of red, black, and yellow, devised by Michael Angelo, were strikingly handsome and unique, from the tip of halberd or helmet to their pumps, which were adorned with big silver buckles.

Suddenly there is a hush; the aged pope is coming, borne aloft between the famous ostrich feather fans by young men of the Guardia Nobile. His emaciation and pallor contrast strangely with his rich garments of red, white, and gold, and the jewel-studded triple crown, as with the burly rotundity of many of the cardinals. A

[1] St. Peter's is the largest church in the world, having room for at least sixty thousand persons. Vast crowds gather there, but it has never been anywhere near full.

faint echo of the shout from the plebeian crowd reaches our aristocratic ears. When the host is elevated, our positions become embarrassing, for all our neighbors are kneeling. "What doest thou here, Elijah?" seems to sound in my ears. At any rate, we have shown our colors. Presently the pope is carried all around the church, and comes very near to us, pronouncing his blessing upon us all. Perhaps some would like to know the words of the papal benediction. Here they are:

"May the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, in whose power and dominion we trust, pray for us to the Lord! Amen.

"Through the prayers and merits of the blessed Mary, ever Virgin, of the blessed archangel Michael, the blessed John the Baptist, the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, and all saints—may the Almighty God have mercy upon you, may your sins be forgiven you, and may Jesus Christ lead you to eternal life. Amen.

"Indulgence, absolution, and forgiveness of all sins—time for true repentance, a continual penitent heart, and amendment of life—may the Almighty and Merciful God grant you these! Amen.

"And may the blessings of Almighty God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, descend upon and remain with you forever. Amen."

The photographs of Leo XIII., taken before and just after his election to the pontifical chair, expressed what is said to be his character, extreme cunning. Gavazzi, who knew him well, declared him a wily old fox; but now as he nears fourscore, his appearance is *spirituelle* and benignant.

It is currently reported that he wished to end the comedy of the pope's being a prisoner, but was overruled by the Jesuits, "the power behind the throne, greater than the throne." As it is, he is understood to

break bounds now and then, as for instance when, under cover of the night, he lately went to the deathbed of his cardinal brother.

Pius IX. I saw when he lay in state in one of the chapels of St. Peter's, that the faithful might kiss his slipper. His was a presence noble and beautiful even in death, and his face was but the reflection of a gentle soul. That he broke his promise to the Roman State in 1849, and disappointed their fond and ardent hopes of a constitution, was due probably not so much to his own wishes as to the necessities of his position as pope.

In his palace of eleven thousand rooms, occupied by over three thousand persons, his holiness leads a life of almost monastic simplicity, taking his frugal meals entirely alone. His *major domo* used to come daily to the provision stores in our neighborhood, using a carriage and a pair of longtailed black horses for gathering his supplies of fish, flesh, and fowl, but a small proportion of which fell to the share of the solitary old man. In the winter he warms his hands by holding a silver ball filled with hot water. It must be a comfort to him that "while he can hold a pen he can want no pence." One luxury he has, extensive and beautiful grounds, through which he may daily ride on his white mule. "It is a most delightful retreat for the hot days of May and June, and before that time, its woods are carpeted with wild violets and anemones. No one who has not visited them can form any idea of the beauty of these ancient groves, interspersed with fountains and statues, but otherwise left to nature, and forming a fragment of sylvan scenery quite unassociated with the English idea of a garden. . . Leo X. made these gardens the scene of his banquets and concerts; and in a circle to which ladies were admitted as in a secular court, listened to the recitations of poets," and, I may add, of historians and savants.

Let us now ascend the "Royal Stair," designed by Bernini, according to the principles of perspective, so as to overcome the difficulty arising from want of space, and make it seem larger than it really is. Let us enter, with uncovered head and "unshodden feet," the halls filled with the masterpieces of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Domenichino, Perugino, Murillo, and other great painters, and with many of the best statues that have come down to us from the palmy days of Greece and Rome. Even a catalogue of these would fill a book, while upon single pictures or statues, long articles might be, and have been, written. It is obvious, therefore, that I can do nothing more than name a few of those most celebrated, quoting here and there a sentence which may help to fix in the memory their names and traits.

First of all, we find ourselves in the Sistine Chapel, built in 1473 for Sixtus IV., and known to all the world for Michael Angelo's frescoes covering the ceiling, and especially for The Last Judgment, containing some two hundred figures, and which he began at the age of sixty and finished in seven years. It has been pronounced to be "more valuable as a school of design than as a fine painting, and not beautiful, but sublime in conception and astonishing in execution, and it is faded and defaced." From its position it is painful to look at it for any length of time. The pope "wished that the picture should be painted in oil, but Michael Angelo said that oil painting was work for women and lazy people, and refused to employ anything but fresco," in which, as the word indicates, the pigments are laid upon a freshly stuccoed wall. When the master of ceremonies tried to persuade the pope not to permit the naked figures of the picture, the painter took his revenge by introducing him in hell as Midas, with an ass' ears, and when the victim appealed to the pope, the latter replied, "I might have

released you from purgatory, but over hell I have no power!" The incident recalls Leonardo's punishing the impertinence of one who annoyed him on account of the delay in finishing The Last Supper (in Milan), by making him Judas. It is curious, by the way, that this great picture is in oils, and being painted on plaster in a damp place, is now almost ruined, though, happily, it exists in many copies and lithographs scattered everywhere.

The Stanze (rooms) of Raphael are not inferior to the Sistine Chapel in interest, and superior to it as regards beauty. In one of these rooms especially might a philosopher, theologian, or a man of letters long linger. On the ceiling are four pictures, representing Theology, Philosophy, Poetry, and Jurisprudence, the allegorical figure for Theology being draped in the very colors in which Dante has represented Beatrice. On one wall is The Disputa, declared by Hare "the most beautiful representation of the Christian world in existence." It is supposed to represent a dispute upon the Sacrament. Among the figures represented are Christ, the Virgin, John the Baptist, several of the apostles, Abraham, Moses, and various Latin Fathers, as Gregory, Ambrose, Augustine, also Thomas Aquinas, Cardinal Bonaventura, Dante, and Savonarola. It is a beautiful picture, yet a plain man wonders why there should have been a dispute on such a subject, since one would think that Christ or his apostles, being present, could have settled it with a word.

What the Disputa is as a religious picture, Parnassus and The School of Athens are for all secular arts and sciences. In the former of these two, which is the smaller, are Apollo surrounded by the Muses, and the great poets of ancient and medieval times. In The School of Athens are fifty-two figures, representing the

most celebrated philosophers and scientists and painters of the world, among the last being a portrait of Raphael himself. A very fine copy of this great picture was in the public hall of the University of Virginia, but perished in the fire which destroyed the rotunda.

In the Picture Gallery is the Transfiguration, "the grandest picture in the world"—how unnecessary to add that it is by Raphael. It was hardly done when he died, and was hung over his deathbed and carried in his funeral procession. The Last Communion of Jerome, by Domenichino, is "the masterpiece of the master—perhaps second only to the Transfiguration." The Marriage of S. Catherine, by Murillo, well deserves the star which the guidebooks give it.

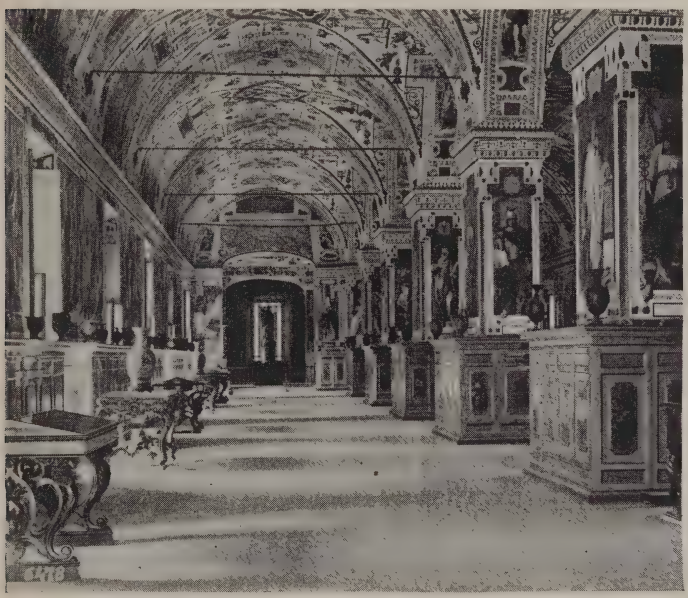
One should also go to the Papal Manufactory of Mosaics. Ghirlandajo, impressed with the sight of ancient mosaics, declared that "mosaic was the true painting for eternity." As a rule, it is more interesting than beautiful. Nor should the Gallery of Tapestries from New Testament History, many of which are from Raphael's cartoons, be omitted. Goethe saw in them "the happiest example of art and handicraft, each in its highest perfection, meeting for mutual completion."

In the Galleries of Sculpture, we find ourselves in a vast forest of statues, truly bewildering. Let us fix our eyes on only a few of the recognized masterpieces. Here is the sitting statue of Nerva, of which the historian Merivale says: "It draws all eyes, . . . embodying the highest ideal of the Roman magnate, the finished warrior, statesman, and gentleman of an age of varied training and wide experience."

Now

> Go see
> Laocoön's torture, dignifying pain—
> A father's love and mortal agony
> With an immortal's patience blending.

"The whole group—the father, the boys, and the awful folds of the serpents—were formed out of a single block." Shelley thought that though the subject is disagreeable, nothing in antiquity can surpass it. Near by is the Apollo Belvedere, which, though but a copy (of course very ancient), is so beautiful that Mrs. Siddons said: "What a great idea it gives one of God to think that he



has created a human being capable of fashioning so divine a form." Next notice the Torso Belvedere, of which Hare tells us that "to this statue Michael Angelo declared he owed his power of representing the human form, and in his blind old age he used to be led up to it, that he might pass his hands over it, and still enjoy, through touch, the grandeur of its muscles." The Antinous, now called Mercury, is described by the same writer "as perhaps the most beautiful statue in the world."

The Vatican Library is, to speak moderately, one of the most important in the world. It is especially rich in precious manuscripts, including, above all, the "*Codex Vaticanus*"[1] of the New Testament. To a man of literary and antiquarian tastes, even a glance at such treasures would be a great treat.

The Roman Forum had been completely filled up for ages and was a common pasture for cows, being indeed known as *Campo Vaccino*, or cow pasture. Most of the work of excavation has been done by the Italian government within the last quarter of a century.

Time would fail to tell of St. John Lateran, Santa Maria Maggiore, the Basilica, St. Paul's Without the Walls, and scores of other churches of splendid architecture, vast spaces, priceless marbles and interesting

[1] "'The *Codex Vaticanus*,'" says Dr. Schaff, in Introduction to American edition of Westcott & Hort's "Greek New Testament," "of the middle of the fourth century, is on very fine, thin vellum, in small, but clear and neat, uncial letters, in three columns (of forty-two lines each) to a quarto page. . . It was entered in the earliest catalogue of the library, made in 1475. It contains the whole Bible as far as and including Heb. 9 : 14, and breaks off in the middle of the verse and of the word *katha | riei*." "It is," says Dr. Scrivener, "probably the oldest vellum manuscript in existence, and is the glory of the Vatican Library." It has been published twice entire, and the New Testament, four times; the last edition of the whole MS., Rome, 1868-81, being "complete and critical, though by no means infallible, and *quasi facsimile*. The type used was cast from the same molds as that employed for Tischendorf's edition of the '*Codex Sinaiticus*.'" At the present moment I have before me a perfect *facsimile* and phototype edition of this manuscript New Testament. One hundred copies were produced, the price of each being two hundred francs or about forty dollars. One copy was at my suggestion procured for the library of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. Nothing is visible as one passes along—there is no sign of a library, and it is very seldom that even a brief examination of this or that precious object is allowed. If these twenty or thirty thousand Greek, Latin, and Oriental manuscripts are ever opened to scholars, no doubt light will be thrown on many a dark subject. A distinguished theological professor has just sought in vain the privilege of examining the precious "*Codex Vaticanus*," and was fain to content himself with viewing it, or rather two pages of it, in a glass case. On applying to the President of the American College (of the Propaganda), who does many favors for his fellow-countrymen, he was told that the manuscript had been injured while in the hands of visitors, so that it had become necessary to be more particular. The ecclesiastic added that permission to visit the Crypt of St. Peter's was now withheld, as a party of tourists had lately made that spot the scene of revelry. My friend, the theological professor, himself an American, thinks it was persons from the United States who were guilty of these misdemeanors.

associations; of the lofty *Ara Cœli* on the Capitoline Hill, where Gibbon "sat musing amid the ruins of the Capitol while barefooted friars were singing vespers," and first conceived the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city. Here too is an ugly wooden figure of the infant Jesus, attributed to the evangelist Luke, richly clad and ornamented, which is claimed to have healing power and is carried in great pomp to the chambers of the sick, who speedily recover—unless indeed they linger or die. At this writing the clericals are attempting a great popular revival of interest in the Santo Bambino or Holy Babe, as the image is called, posting placards on the church doors and elsewhere calling upon Romans to return to their ancient devotion. The clerical addresses constantly put forth by placards constitute really one of the curiosities of religious literature.

The church of St. Clement is interesting to the student of antiquities and brings apostolic times very near. The church of the Capuchins contains a fine picture by Guido Reni of St. Michael triumphing over Satan, while a grotesque attraction is found in a chamber beneath containing the bones of many reverend monks piled and festooned in the most fantastic shapes around the wall, as well as complete skeletons clothed in frock and cowl, who from their niches peer down with a ghastly grin. There are the bones of six thousand monks, each one of whom was buried beneath in earth brought from Jerusalem, and as there was room for only twelve, each latest dead took the grave of the one who had been longest in occupancy. Now, of course, the Capuchins have to bury in the municipal cemetery like other people, but they possess a large vault there into which some of the sacred Jerusalem earth may have been removed.

The buildings on the Capitoline Hill are not ancient but rest, at least in part, on ancient substructures deep

and strong; nor is either of the three edifices used as the modern capitol, which is situated elsewhere—one of them being the meeting place of the city council, and the other two the seats of museums.[1] It is in the Museum of Sculpture that the faun is found which gave the name to Hawthorne's Roman romances, and in the same hall is the statue known as the Dying Gladiator, which Byron made immortal, though it is now understood to represent a dying Gaul, not a gladiator. A small cabinet contains the celebrated and beautiful Venus of the Capitol. A mosaic representing doves on the edge of a vase is worthy of admiration. It is an extensive and valuable collection to which additions have recently been made.

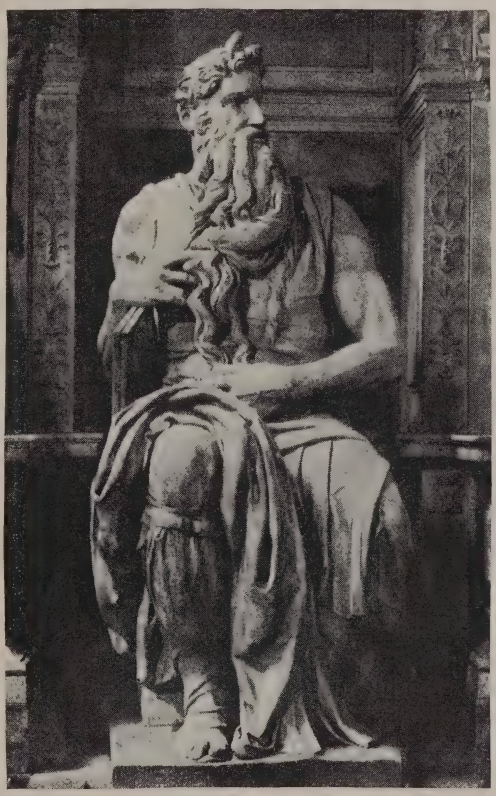
On the square of the Capitol, besides statues of Castor and Pollux, and the first milestone of the Appian Way, there stands in the center the magnificent bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, to which Michael Angelo always felt like saying, "Forward!" so full of spirit is the poise of both steed and rider. Baron Bunsen, who lived near by, used to tell his little son, "Marcus Aurelius seems to be saying, 'Rome is mine.'"

A sculptor who had made an equestrian statue for St. Petersburg, where it actually stands, was delivering, on the Capitoline, a lecture upon it, comparing it with the Marcus Aurelius statue, which he criticised rather sharply, but at last some change came over his spirit, he paused, took a pinch of snuff and then said with an air of conviction, "And yet, gentlemen, this ugly beast here is alive, and mine is dead!"

This suggests another story of statues and sculptors, but before leaving the Capitol a glance should be given to the wolves which recall the legend of Romulus and

[1] One of these museums is quite modern, containing objects of art and antiquity brought to light by the excavations in Rome since 1870. A similar collection is found in the new museum in the ruins of the Thermæ of Diocletian.

Remus, and the founding of Rome. The creatures are well fed and seem to feel the need of exercise, for back and forth all day they are taking their constitutional as well as their narrow limits allow. The pair of them are quite old residents, but this summer the she-wolf brought forth a numerous litter which interested all Rome. Only one cub was allowed to remain, which was already nearly full grown when the old he-wolf, jealous, killed his cub. From a window in my chamber the wolves are visible and we hear their howl when a storm is impending. A few steps from the wolves is a house for the eagle, which looks sadly out of place in confinement and does not live long, so that his perch is generally unoccupied. Just below is a quaint bronze statue of Cola Rienzi, near the spot where he fell.



In one of the old churches of Rome, called St. Peter in

Chains, is Michael Angelo's Moses, a statue of heroic size, and truly noble. Another sculptor having to produce a figure for one of the great fountains, boasted that he would outdo Michael Angelo, and produced a colossal figure of Moses striking the rock. But when the veil was drawn aside and the gathered crowd saw the dumpy figure without interest or grandeur, they burst into shouts of ridicule, and the boasting sculptor died of mortification. It suggests the wise words of Scripture: "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."

A word should be said of the private palaces in Rome. Their equal for size and splendor cannot be found elsewhere in all the world, several of them covering a large city block each. Their lofty portals, broad marble stairways, and spacious halls, strike the stranger with wonder. Many of them contain galleries full of precious pictures and statues. Gibbon describes the palaces of the Roman princes as "the most costly monuments of elegance and servitude, the perfect arts of architecture, painting, and sculpture having been prostituted in their service, and their galleries and gardens decorated with the most precious works of antiquity which taste and vanity have prompted them to collect." The "silver wedding" of the king and queen of Italy was celebrated with a ball at the Doria Palace near the foot of the Corso, at which twenty crowned heads and reigning princes were present, including the emperor and empress of Germany. The emperor said to Prince Doria, "When you come to see me in Berlin I can show you nothing like this." At a ball at the Palace Altieri, Mrs. Elliott tells how one princess after another entered "clothed with diamonds as if they had just stepped out of the mines of Golconda." The same lady recounts that on another occasion Queen Margherita wore thirteen rows of very large pearls falling

from the throat to the waist, her head and the front of her dress sheeted with diamonds and emeralds, the very seams in the bodice and sleeves marked out with *rivières*. Humbert's present to his queen on her birthday is a string of pearls. Really these palaces are far better suited for splendid entertainments than for the comforts of home life. In the vast suite of State apartments in the Dorian Palace there is only one fireplace, and that so deep that a fire in it would make small impression on the temperature.

Many of these noble families are very ancient. When Napoleon said to Prince Massini:

"I hear that your family descends from the Roman Fabius Maximus, is it true?" the latter replied with a shrug:

"Who can say, sire? but there has been a tradition to that effect in our house for two thousand years."

A good part of Rome's princely wealth is due to the nepotism of popes who provided lavishly for their favorite kin. It is chiefly for their villas that the general public is indebted to the Roman princes. What city can boast of parks superior to the Villa Borghese and the Doria Pamfili? Unfortunately the Villa Ludovisi, with its pines and ilexes and roses, has given way to the growth of the city and been solidly built up. Several of the Roman princes have been ruined by land and building speculation, and to-day the Palace Borghese, one of the finest, is divided into apartments and rented.[1] The Colonna *cella* came under the hammer. Prince Sciarra sought relief from his financial embarrassment by selling to foreigners the very valuable picture by Raphael, The Violin Player, and so got into trouble with the authorities, as it is contrary to Italian law to alienate from Italy any antiquity or work of art. Roman nobles, like humbler folks,

[1] July 9, 1897. The palace has been redeemed by its old owners.

are subject to life's ups and downs, to the influx and recession of the tide of prosperity. The Odescalchi are an instance of this, for the prince was obliged to sell to the rich Torlonia, the ancient castle of Bracciano, situated on a lake of the same name, an hour by rail from Rome, but with the right to repurchase it within fifty years; and just ere the half-century expired a wealthy marriage brought back the castle to its original owners. This was not a marriage with an Anglo-Saxon bride, but English and American women are greatly esteemed in Roman society, and not a few daughters of Great Britain and of the United States have married into the Roman nobility or into the not less worthy rank of professional men. American women are especially popular in Rome for their greater tact and power of adaptation.

Prince Torlonia is what the Latins call *novus homo*, a new man. The family has come into note during the present century. Its head, Giovanni, from something lower, became a banker and amassed considerable wealth. Macaulay, under date of Rome, December 29, 1838, writes thus in his diary: "I went to Torlonia's to get money for my journey. What a curious effect it has to see a bank in a palace, among orange trees, colonnades, marble statues, and all the signs of the most refined luxury! It carries me back to the days of the merchant princes of Florence, when philosophers, poets, and painters crowded to the house of Cosimo de Medici." Thackeray in his "Vanity Fair" introduces us not to the bank but into the saloon of the Torlonia palace, the scene of a splendid ball.

M. Bazin, a French writer of our time, in his sympathetic book on Italy and her people, "*Les Italiens d'aujourd'hui*," expresses himself as much impressed with the ease of manner with which Romans receive strangers from all countries, due, as he says, to their travels in

various lands, and still more to the fact that representatives of all nations flock to Rome. Moreover, an old community with noble traditions, like an old family, feels sure of itself and is therefore unembarrassed even in new circumstances. When some one spoke to a member of the Roman aristocracy of his young nation, the answer came promptly, "Yes, the nation is young, but it surely has plenty of centuries on its shoulders." In all Italy, but especially in Rome, the continuity of life from ancient times seems present in a very remarkable degree, and even schoolboys speak of Tito Livio, Orazio, Virgilio, and other Latin classic authors somewhat as we do of Shakespeare and Milton.

Half the Roman population comes from other parts of Italy, but their assimilation is not difficult. If people of other nationalities of Europe, and even those from far-off America, find it easy to feel at home here, much more must it be so with Italians from the north and south of the country itself. I cannot in the least define it, but there is a subtle something which makes Rome the most homelike of all cities, and though foreigners are but as the gulf stream in the Atlantic, and Protestants are conscious of being but a handful in a large, pronounced, and even hostile, Roman Catholic population, yet, all the same, the Bostonian or Virginian sets up his *penates* in a third or fourth floor and, though everything is as unlike as possible to all to which he has been accustomed, he soon feels as if he had lived there always, and this too even when, for whatever reason, he mingles little in the society of his fellow-countrymen.

Rome naturally attracts artists and lovers of art, so that there is here a considerable Bohemian element frequenting certain *cafés* and restaurants and living chiefly in one quarter. The story is told of a painter who at the dinner of a great house was observed by the hostess to

apply the napkin vigorously to his plate. When she expressed her surprise with a shade of offense, the embarrassed diner apologized, saying: "I forgot for the moment that I was not at Café Greco, where we always give a rub to the plates." When Thackeray was in Rome, wishing to help a struggling young artist, he delicately secured his acceptance of ten dollars, which the latter invested in refreshments and invited Thackeray to meet his brother artists. Kegs of wine, hams, and loaves of bread were on side tables where every one went and helped himself. It was described as a jovial occasion by one of the number, the late Mr. Freeman, an American painter, almost the first friend I made in Rome and the most genial of men. Another friend made in those early days was Franklin Simmons, of Maine, whose statues in Portland, Providence, and in our national capital, have given him worthy fame. A little later I met, but to my loss only much later came to know, the great-hearted Ezekiel, a fellow-townsman of mine, whom to know is to love, and whose genius is equaled only by his generous kindness. One of my greatest pleasures for the last ten years has been to make one at a supper or a *musicale* in his studio, a vast vaulted chamber in the ruins of the Thermæ of Diocletian, where surrounded by ancient and modern works of art, one feels all the poetry of Rome and a heart-glow which only mutual affection can kindle. He is the inventor of a remarkable portrait intaglio. I have also been made at home in the studio of Signor De Sanctis, a Roman and the court painter, two of whose portraits are in the Richmond College Library. After all, to none of the names mentioned can the term Bohemian be applied. One day in the year the entire artist world gives itself up to frolic, going out into the country in picturesque array and spending the hours in such quips and pranks as appeal to the artistic temperament.

Some of Rome's academies are elsewhere mentioned. The Lincei, dating from the sixteenth century, devoted to science, greatly interested Queen Christina of Sweden, who was the means of elevating its character and aims. Its seat is the Corsini Palace,[1] purchased by the government in 1884, but its members are scattered all over the world. St. Luke's is an academy of painting of the sixteenth century, which offers valuable premiums to be competed for by young artists. Its collection of paintings is unimportant compared with those around it in Rome, but contains one work by Raphael. The Villa Medici, adjoining the Pincian Garden, has since 1801 been the seat of the French Academy of Art founded by Louis XIV. The Spanish Academy is on the Janiculum slope, while the German Archæological Institute, with the hospital, chapel, parsonage, and ambassador's palace of that nation, is on the Capitoline. No wonder that those in our country who have for fourteen years supported the American School of Classical Studies in Athens, have seen the propriety of establishing one or more schools of similar character in Rome, which in almost every respect offers greater facilities and advantages than Athens.

And now America has two schools in Rome, which, let us hope, will be both permanent and useful. The younger of these is to have the same name as her sister in Athens, though the field of work will be larger than indicated by the name—post-classical of the early Christian, medieval, and early Renaissance periods being included. The Roman school owes its origin to and is organically affiliated with the Archæological Institute of America, whose officers are *ex officio* members of the school's managing committee. The sinews of war for this new enterprise are to come from the gifts of private individuals. So far, the fund in hand provides for three years only, but the liberality in various cities, especially Chicago and Baltimore, encourages the expectation that a permanent endowment will be

[1] Prince Tomaso sold the palace for about two and a quarter million *lire*, only one-third of its value—an instance of public spirit and munificence.

secured. The object of the school, as set forth in its regulations, is "to promote the study of such subjects as (1) Latin literature, as bearing upon customs and institutions; (2) inscriptions in Latin and the dialects; (3) Latin palæography; (4) the topography and antiquities of Rome itself; and (5) the archæology of ancient Italy (Italic, Etruscan, Roman) and of the early Christian, medieval, and Renaissance periods." Original research and exploration will also be encouraged. The school year is ten months. From October 15th to June 1st the students must reside in Rome, while for the rest of the session they study and travel in Italy or Greece. Bachelors of Arts of American colleges in good standing, who are prepared to pursue the advanced courses, may become students in the school. At present, there are three scholarships in the award of the school—two of six hundred dollars and one of five hundred dollars. During the first year, Prof. W. G. Hale, of the Chicago University, was director, and this session (the second) Prof. Minton Warren, of Johns Hopkins, is here filling the same position, to be followed by Professors Smith, of Harvard, and Peck, of Yale. A goodly number of students are enrolled and are quite busy with lectures in the forenoon, and in the afternoon with visits to the monuments of ancient and medieval Rome. The future of the school seems very bright.

The other school—the American Academy in Rome—is for the higher education in the fine arts. Already the branches of architecture and sculpture are established, and that of music will probably be added ere long. Scarcely less attractive than the Villa Medici is the home of our young academy, the Casino dell Aurora, a part of the old Ludovisi Villa. The Pincian Hill has suffered many questionable improvements, in the tearing down and building up which has been going on in Rome for twenty years. The only bit of a most picturesque villa, rich in old ilex trees, fountains, and flowers, which has survived is the spot secured for our academy. The villa stands like an island, thirty feet higher than the surrounding houses and streets, supported by great retaining walls. The Casino has two famous frescoes by Guercino—one the Aurora and the other Fame. The ill wind has this time blown us good. Four different cities—Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia, and Boston—have thus far five scholarships, with students on the ground, in the academy. From these students works of art, drawings, statues, etc., will go back to America to find places in various galleries or museums. In other ways—less direct, perhaps, but not less potent—the influence of these schools will be felt at home.—*Letter G. Braxton Taylor, D. D., in "Religious Herald," March, 1897.*

As this chapter began with some account of the Roman Campagna, it may well close with a brief reference to the hill country around Rome. What other city offers so many interesting and easily accessible excursions? To the west is Mount Soracte, visible from every high point in Rome, snow clad in winter, as described by Horace.[1] Its neighborhood is reached by train, and hospitality is offered at the monastery crowning the rocky summit. Bracciano, either by diligence or train, may be leisurely visited in a day. My own trip was made in the first named, and the discomfort of a departure at dawn was more than compensated by the early morning light which glorified the entire scene. The immense medieval castle overlooking the lake is very picturesque. Another day would suffice to see Frascati, with its fine villas all open to the public, besides Cicero's Villa and the ruins of Tusculum Monte Cavo, and Albano, and Nemi with their beautiful lakes, though a day to each would not exhaust the interest of these *castelli Romani*.

Hadrian's Villa, the sulphur lakes, in repute as baths since old Roman days, Tivoli, the ancient Tibur, on the Sabine Hills, with the Villa d' Este, and the famous Cascades, which give the electric light to Rome—all offer a most attractive excursion for a single day. But it were wiser, if possible, to make them, as I did, the starting point of a longer trip, visiting Horace's Sabine farm, twelve miles beyond Tivoli, the Bandusian Fountain, celebrated in one of his most beautiful odes,[2] and still

[1] "*Vides, ut alba stet nive candidum Soracte.*"—Horace, Od. I., 89.

[2] Here are a few of its lines, as translated by Theo. Martin:

Bandusia's fount in clearness crystalline,
Oh, worthy of the wine, the flowers we vow!
. . . . . .
Thee the fierce Sirian star, to madness fired,
Forbears to touch; sweet cool thy waters yield
To ox with plowing tired
And flocks that range afield.

known by the same name. Thence I proceeded by diligence over an excellent macadamized road, along the fertile valley of the Anio, parallel with one of the famous Roman aqueducts, to Subiaco, where the quaint, comfortable inn of the Partridge received me. Here on a rugged, almost inaccessible height, in an ilex grove, is the romantically placed monastery, on the site of the cave of St. Benedict. It is well called "the patriarchal cradle of the monks of the West of the Order of St. Benedict." The view commanded is charming. At the other monastery, St. Scolastica, I saw a copy of Sactantius, which was printed there by two Germans, in 1465, and which was the first book printed in Italy. Even more interesting was a beatifully illuminated Bible of the tenth century.

Resuming my journey I traveled by a good road through a rough, desolate mountain region to Olevano, and put up at Casa Balbi, a rude but much patronized inn, a great resort of painters, who have left on the walls, and in several albums, many sketches, not elaborate, and for that reason all the more striking. The unimpeded gales swept around the house as if they would push it to the vale below. It reminded me of the Tip-Top House on the summit of Mount Washington, chained to the rock. On the Rome-bound diligence was an aged woman of the humblest class, dressed in the brilliant gala costume of a Roman peasant. She talked with perfect simplicity of herself and hers, telling us she was going to visit her daughter, the wife of an English artist in Rome. This daughter had been chambermaid at the Casa Balbi, the artist had spent the summer there, and the marriage was the result. Hours were spent delightfully and profitably at Palestrina, the ancient Præneste, extolled by Horace,

Thou too one day shall win proud eminence,
Mid honored founts, while I the ilex sing
Crowning the cavern whence
Thy babbling wavelets spring.

and recently yielding many precious works of art to the spade of the excavator. So we came homeward, having been away from the tourist-beaten track, and having made at least a quarter of a circle around Rome.

In another equally interesting but very different excursion, Cori, with the remains of a Doric and of a Corinthian temple, was first visited; then on horseback and with the help of a guide I reached the ruins of the lofty fortress of Norba, destroyed in the time of Sylla, whose huge stones, many of them ten feet in length, are witnesses of what it was. High as this is, far above towers Norma, clinging to the precipitous rock. Beneath us was Ninfa, deserted on account of the malaria, called by Gregorovius, "the Pompeii of the Middle Ages," and he describes it as the "fairy-like ruin of a town, with its walls, towers, churches, convents, and dwellings half sunk in the marsh, and buried under thickest ivy. Over all waves a balmy sea of flowers." The beauty of this fairy town is enhanced by the pool, white with lilies, which surrounds it and reflects church and mill and castle tower.

The town of Segni does not seem far from its namesake on the railroad, but a steady winding ascent of seven miles was required to reach it. "The Pelasgic walls give the place its chief interest."

The townspeople walk about on the cyclopean walls of the highest plateau, among the gray blocks of stone overgrown with moss and wild flowers. One can imagine nothing more original than this promenade in the cloud region, amid this grand rock scenery. The mountain falls sheer away in a precipice, and Latium lies extended below. The eye reaches over a widespread picture of provinces with their innumerable mountains and cities, each of which is full of its own historical or mythical memories. The arrangement of the unhewn stones of the cyclopean wall is as perfectly preserved as if the builder had been at work but yesterday. The great gate in use at the present day is built of massive almost square blocks, in such a

manner that the two side walls lean toward each other till the angle is cut off by the stone which forms the lintel.

The scenes and objects of this eloquent description,[1] abridged somewhat from the German Gregorovius, are those which met my eye and kindled my own admiration. It was a day to be marked with a white stone. I recall also seeing in that lofty town two women grinding grain in a mill, both of them turning the upper stone sunk into the nether one as into a round socket. This is only one of many of the manners and customs referred to in the Scriptures, and generally supposed to be peculiar to the East, but which find their illustration in Italy.[2]

This excursion required two days, and imposed no other hardship than a hard, though clean, bed, and an egg diet, fresh meat being unattainable. The expense was small. Anzio, the ancient Antium, Corneto, Veii, Viterbo, Orvieto, and not a few other places, are easily visited in a day, every one rich in interest. Said I not truly that no other city offers so many instructive and delightful excursions as the city which is itself the most interesting in the world? Even without leaving Rome, a charming view is enjoyed of the blue mountains in which it is

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[1] From Hare's "Days Near Rome."

[2] It is, for instance, impossible for a thoughtful Bible reader to see in the Piazza Montanara the crowd of mountaineers with their implements of agricultural labor, waiting to be hired and sent out into the fields, and not think of our Lord's parable of the laborers, in the twentieth chapter of Matthew.

Again, often when in the Campagna one sees a plow with only one handle, which the plowman holds with one hand, it is natural to think of the solemn words of the Saviour: "No man having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God" (Luke 9 : 62).

From the descriptions of Dr. Thomson in "The Land and the Book," I have been much struck with the resemblance between the scenery of Italy with that of Palestine. The umbrella pine is a striking feature in the landscape in each country. Anywhere in Italy one may observe "a fig tree planted in a vineyard."

One sees, also, especially in southern Italy, the white, flat-roofed houses which abound in the Orient. The plan of building around a court is common to Italy and the East, as is the use of tiles for roofing, which are easily removed. The whole scene described in Luke 22 : 54-62, and in parallel passages, as well as that in Mark 2 : 4, is easily intelligible to an Italian.

framed. The eye sweeps from Soracte to Tivoli, and then to the right of the plain, once a lake, the scene of the battle of Regillusto Frascati and Rocca di Papa, which at nightfall gleam like jewels on the brow of the Alban hills, and to the long line sloping to the sea, at whose summit was Alba Longa, the mother city of Rome. Nor is a great height necessary, for almost anywhere near the railroad station, in front of St. John Lateran, and in many other places, a satisfactory view-point may be found. But from the Pincio or the Janiculum the eye can sweep over more than a semicircle of mountains and plain, covering a scene with few equals, and unsurpassed for historical association and natural beauty.

It is not claimed that all of Rome is beautiful, and indeed, some of the most frequented thoroughfares, if not bordering on the commonplace, yet have little to distinguish them from streets in Paris or New York. Yet, on the other hand, there are not wanting points of view from which, especially in favorable moments, charming pictures may be enjoyed, and he who will keep his eyes open will find, when he least expects them, scenes picturesque and unique, revealing the life of the people. If the old-fashioned omnibus, on which I loved to share the driver's lofty perch, has given way to more modern vehicles, including the electric tram, the lumbering diligence, a perfect Noah's ark, still holds its own, and it is a sight to see the loading or emptying of its human and other varied freight. Here is one of the carts which bring wine into Rome from the mountain villages around. A rough structure somewhat resembling an old barouche top, protects the driver from sun or shower. On the topmost keg is a small Pomeranian dog which never tires of barking, and a more efficient guard could hardly be imagined, nor would one less so answer the need, for the driver, from fatigue or potations, is often somnolent.

A few steps from the Capitol, untroubled by vehicles, is a square in which sit, at three or four little tables under large umbrellas, as many men, who make their living by writing letters for those who cannot write. Sometimes it is a *supplica*, or begging epistle, in which a tribute is sure to be paid to the well-known generous heart of the person appealed to, with anticipated thanks for the favor craved; at others one knows by the cheeks of the damsel, and by her whole manner, that it is a love letter she is dictating. In any case the letter is well done in style and chirography. These writers have been abolished in Naples, and the organs and bagpipes no longer sound in the Roman streets; indeed, "Rome Disappeared," is the title of a show, so many are the changes, so fast are the scenes once characteristic of Rome disappearing.

On the Corso, just before noon, a crowd collects to watch eagerly the descent of the big ball of the Roman College, which is the signal for the firing of the twelve-o'clock cannon of Castle St. Angelo, and with its fall every timepiece is surveyed complacently or corrected, as it may or not conform to the sign from the observatory.

There are many Romans and foreigners who repair regularly every Wednesday morning to the fair at Cam-

po dei Fiori, where second-hand books, engravings, clothing, ware of iron, and brass coins, and all sorts of *bric-à-brac*, besides fruit and the flowers which give the square its name, are on sale. Young priests haunt the place. The time is past for acquiring some precious object for a song; still, now and then one goes away rejoicing over a happy find.

The royal family and their court returning from the races, outside and on top of four-horse English coaches, present a brilliant scene, nor can there be a pleasanter short excursion than to ride or drive out to one of the frequent "meets" for a fox hunt, when the pink coats of the huntsmen, the busy hounds, the various equipages with their gayly dressed inmates, stand out in sharp contrast with the landscape; and if a scent is gained, the yelling of the dogs in pursuit makes exhilarating music.

Every tourist is struck with the picturesque figures which sun themselves on the Spanish steps, when not serving as models to the artists. Handsome they nearly all are, boys and girls, men and women, easily recognized in many a painting. They come regularly, every season, from their mountain homes, as no doubt their fathers and mothers did before them, and for the same purpose.

A funeral offers a striking sight, as the members of the society known as the Misericordia (Mercy) moves along the street every member chanting a requiem, clothed in a robe which conceals the face, with two holes for the eyes, and bearing tall lighted wax candles, the drippings of which are collected by little boys running alongside. Certainly, on any feast day many men and women may be seen climbing upon their knees up the so-called Holy Stairs, claimed to be identical with the stairway to Pilate's hall, trod by the Saviour. But oh, what a sight it must have been when Martin Luther, performing that

penance, suddenly had flashed into his mind, "The just shall live by faith," and rose from his knees and went away with the germs of the Reformation implanted in his soul!

The population of Rome at the end of 1894 was four hundred and sixty-three thousand seven hundred and ninety, and is constantly and rapidly increasing, having overflowed the city walls and formed new quarters outside of several of the gates. There is little doubt that, with prosperity, a few decades will bring the population up to a million. The municipal authorities are arranging for the inevitable increase, and a plan for the opening of new, and the modification of existing, streets, has been adopted. It has been seen how improved is the city's sanitary condition. Much also has been done for its beautifying, and large projects in this direction require only time for their execution. One of these is the opening of a park, to be known as La Passeggiata Archeologica, embracing the most important ancient buildings or their remains, included within the city limits. As Dr. Shaw has well said in his valuable book on "Continental Cities," not only would this reserved area make a noble park, but it would also, when cleared according to the proposed plans, render the archæological remains by far more intelligible in their relative positions than they have been hitherto. A vaster project is the creation of a large park north of Rome. This is the more important, as several of the villas formerly open to the public and serving as lungs to the city, have been cut up into lots and built upon. Though time may be required for the execution of these projects, it is well that they have been conceived, and that they will one day be realized is well-nigh certain, as they have been agreed on both by the municipal and the national authorities.

I cannot better close this chapter on the Eternal City

than with the words of Charles Gounod, the great musician, who in 1839 won the *Prix de Rome:*

> Rome stands in itself alone for so many things, and those things are all enveloped in such profound calm and in such tranquil and serene majesty, that it is impossible at first approach to inspect its prodigious *ensemble* or its inexhaustible riches. Its past as well as its present, its present as well as its destiny, makes it the capital not merely of a country, but of humanity.

TRAITS AND CUSTOMS

It is difficult to weigh the moral value of a man

—Prof. Villari

VIII

IN writing a few words about Italians, I wish to bear in mind the wise saying of a modern writer cited by Professor Villari, that it is very difficult to weigh the moral value of a man. After a long experience indeed we have often to recognize that we have been deceived ourselves. To weigh the moral value of a people is a problem so varied and multiform as to overpass the confines of the human intelligence. It is better then to leave in peace the peoples, not to disturb or offend them with our uncertain, insecure judgments, but to content ourselves with studying them and describing them faithfully.

To do this is what I have sought and what I now seek to do.

Italians of the different parts of Italy differ from each other at least as much as New Englanders, Southerners, and people from the West in our country. In fact, almost every town, city, or district shows traits and customs peculiar to itself to an extent scarcely found elsewhere. Nor does this seem strange when we remember how Italy was long divided into separate and, at times, even hostile States. The most sharply marked differences are between the Piedmontese and the Neapolitans, while Rome and each of the two chief islands present distinct characteristics. The men of the North seem to illustrate the saying, "Cold in clime, cold in blood," but the coldness is mostly on the surface. Piedmontese, Lombards, and Venetians are like Mount Etna, whose summit is covered with snow, while the heart is on fire. Neapolitans are gay, impressionable, superstitious, and their rapid utterance is supplemented, when not supplanted, by gestures. A cab driver in Naples, without slackening

rapid utterance is supplemented, when not supplanted, by gestures. A cab driver in Naples, without slackening his horse's pace, will converse with another driving as fast, by means of his fingers and the muscles of his face. A lady who had been to hear a great preacher gave this report: "He spoke to us with his hands, and we heard him with our eyes."

Romans are usually proud and stately, partly because

they call to remembrance the glories of ancient Rome, and partly because they are, or at least many of them are, of the same blood with those who made glorious the Eternal City and the Roman Empire. Nor is this confined to the people of high rank. A day laborer will boast of his Roman birth and long descent. The *Trasteverini*, or inhabitants of the quarter over the Tiber, from the main city, claim direct descent from the

Romans of old, and are immensely proud of it, though their quarter is one of the least aristocratic. Princes of the blood could not sit with more ease in a carriage than does a washerwoman with her pile of clothes, or assume greater dignity than that with which a peasant of the Roman Campagna gathers around him the folds of his ample cloak. In appearance and in mien, at least, the Roman matron of to-day, in florid health, with ample brow, raven locks, straight nose, large, dark, brilliant eyes, is no whit inferior to her ancestress in the city's palmiest age, and especially when she is walking on the Corso with a son or daughter, the image of herself, and another in miniature in the gay *balia's* arms, the vision is most pleasing. Despite differences, there are traits and customs common to all parts of Italy, unless Sardinian peculiarities, of which I speak elsewhere, form an exception.

Alfieri has somewhere said that the plant, man, is more vigorous in Italy than elsewhere. Though beaten down for centuries that plant in Italy is thriving to-day as a free nation, and sending its shoots all over Europe and the three Americas.

Italians are also a brainy people. Nor are they so only in a luxuriantly imaginative way, or only when moved by the passions. A passionate manner in Italians does not necessarily mean hot blood, but often only strong conviction. There are indeed occasions when they are, as individuals and as masses, capable of being carried away by passion, but as a rule they are reflective, see by that "dry light" which Lord Bacon loved, and are guided by intellect. It is a marked fact not only that Italian speakers in Parliament, on the hustings, and in the pulpit, confine themselves to pure thought and reasoning with the smallest amount of the concrete, but that just this style of speech interests the people.

Laveley, the Belgian political economist, who knew Italy well, has borne witness to the solidity of Italian genius and character. M. Bazin recognizes that they are more capable of abstraction than the French, and observes the frequency of "the philosophic note," and he speaks of "their temperament all of logic and of measure which finds in the amplitude of developments the means of presenting the idea with ornaments, objections, and needed reserves." No matter how "living" the theme, whether it be the commemoration of a comrade fallen in Greece or the Dark Continent, or the prosecution for an attempt on the life of the sovereign, the speaker rises to deal with principles and to present ideals. All this may be contrary to popular impression, but it is true, nevertheless. Many who are competent to judge, unite in saying that of all European peoples, Italians have the brightest, keenest minds, though they are less practical than the English, less plodding than the Germans, and less enterprising than the French. These limitations may in part explain why Italy is not more prosperous and has not produced more literary and scientific men. Besides, as to material wealth, not only had other countries the start of her, but she lacks certain natural advantages enjoyed by other lands. As to literature and art and science, she has held a high place in the past, as the names of Dante and Tasso, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Leonardo, Galileo, Volta, and Galvani sufficiently attest, and the list might be trebled; while to-day her position in music, the drama, painting, literature, yes, and science, is more than respectable. Palmieri and Padre Secchi are names known to the scientist;[1] Verdi still lives to enjoy and add to his fame as

[1] And now, July 5, 1897, the youthful Marconi is interesting Europe with his telegraph without wires, while Brazil and the Argentine Republic, as well as other South American States are enthusiastic over the discovery of the yellow fever germ by the Venetian Sanarelli.

a composer, while it is not so long since Rossini and Costa ceased to delight the musical world. What of Adelina Patti, Rossi, Ristori, Salvini, and now Eleonora Duse? Michetti's great painting was awarded the first prize in the late International Art Exposition in Venice. Manzoni, according to Ruskin, wrote the greatest of all novels. What of Verga, some of whose stories have been translated into English, and of De Amicis, well known in various lands for descriptive books of travel and works on other subjects? As for poets of to-day in Italy, they are numbered by the score. Take only two, Carducci and Gabriele d' Annunzio.

Unfortunately the initiative of Italy is not equal to her brain power. And many Italians know this and sometimes say half proudly, half sadly, "Ah, if we would only bestir ourselves as others do, and as we ought to do, what might we not accomplish?"[1] There are, indeed, as in the case of Rubattino and the first Torlonia, men who in various departments of enterprise have made their way through sheer force of will and indomitable pluck from poverty to wealth and honor and influence, and this despite the fact that in Italy far more than in our own happy country, the upward path is so blocked that it is next to impossible for a man to rise above the station in which he is born.

Some energy, some spirit of enterprise, must be conceded to the Italian emigrant, who in some rural district conceives the idea of a land which can never be so dear to his heart, but may afford him the bread which fatherland seems unable or unwilling to give; by toil and self-denial he secures at length the means for the long voyage, and then encounters all the difficulties of a

[1] A young painter, who has shown no lack of energy, and who is already winning golden opinions, said, "Ah, if we would work like the Germans, we would need another planet."

strange country and an unknown tongue. Yet how soon does he find a footing, how soon is he hard at work, to earn, to save, to better his state! Have a kind thought for the immigrant, reader, and if he or she looks shabby and dirty, be not too hard in your judgment, and if you speak a word of courtesy, be sure that it will meet courtesy, and gratitude too.

There are two directions in which the Italian is eminent, if not pre-eminent.

He is artistic, both actively and passively; and not only in the higher arts, but in those secondary, such as fine masonry, wood carving, fresco painting, landscape gardening, and the like, you will hardly find his equal, nowhere his superior. It is a significant fact that the workman in such crafts is called in Italy not artisan but artist, in recognition of the fineness of his work. He can also produce fine effects with simple means at smallest cost. Italians possess too, in a high degree, the gift of organization, and Rome is the mother of law, which is the perfection of reason.

But if Italians lack enterprise, it were a great mistake to think them lazy. On the contrary, they are an industrious, hard-working people. In the mines of Sicily and Sardinia, in the rice-fields of Lombardy, in seed time and harvest, as masons, sailors, fishermen, and in a hundred other crafts and scenes of toil, they labor from daylight to dark, often far into the night, and on the day of rest, and this usually for scanty returns and poor pay.[1] In traveling between Naples and Rome I have sometimes seen companies of men, women, and children issuing in the first gray dawn from the villages into the fields.

[1] The highest daily wages paid are for head workmen in a candle factory in Turin, one dollar, for tried workmen, sixty-five cents, for women, twenty cents. In a wool factory in Tuscany, the highest for men, seventy cents, the lowest, twenty-eight cents; for women, the highest, forty cents, the lowest, twelve cents. These figures may give an idea of the average wages in Italy in mills and factories.

Sometimes the farm is distant from the village and the men must bear to and from the fields the heavy agricultural implements, for much that we do with the plow is in Italy accomplished with the mattock. Several members of the Baptist church in Rome are tailors, and in the busy season they work day and night for weeks together. At the late International Art Exposition in Venice there were several paintings representing not the labor merely, but the bitter, exhausting toil of Italy's poorest poor. One of these was entitled "Sixty Centesimi," that (twelve cents) being the sum earned per day by the women represented as in the rice-fields, standing ankle deep in water and constantly bent double. It was not beautiful, but a painfully realistic and suggestive picture drawn from life. So hard and dangerous is the work in the sulphur mines that Parliament has been obliged to interfere, regulating, and to some extent forbidding, the labor of children. Daily for years have I watched with sympathetic admiration the men engaged in raising, a few paces from my home, the stupendous and beautiful pile destined to bear the equestrian statue of Victor Emmanuel, the Father of his Country. Ah no, whatever the defects and faults of Italian character, sloth and idleness are not among them. The cities of Italy may indeed have a share of the "gilded youth," as George Sand calls them, who haunt the *cafés*, and stand on the great thoroughfares, cane in mouth, ogling the women who pass, but these, as in our own land, are exceptions, the mere froth on the great waters. Naples, whose delicious clime might tempt to ease, is a hive of industry. After I had spoken in this way in an address delivered at one of the chief watering places of Virginia, a well-known gentleman came forward and thanked me for my testimony, adding that he had been connected with the public works of the State, and that in these the Italian laborers had surpassed all others,

both as to diligence and effectiveness. It may be added that it was almost exclusively Italians who built the roads in the Balkan peninsula.

Patience is perhaps the most distinctive Italian trait. They bear poverty and all the other ills of life with a sweetness of disposition and uncomplaining equanimity unequaled, at least in the West, managing to be contented on little, while they are also forbearing with each other in the various relations of life. This comes no doubt from their easy good nature and kindness of heart. Their word *simpatico*, which is untranslatable, is fairly descriptive of them as a people, so genial and human are they, so readily entering into the situation and feelings of others. It is perhaps in part due to this that they are devoted to the drama, as the spectators, even of the humblest class, identify themselves with the characters. When I was complimenting the race on being patient, "We have to be," was the reply of one; and no doubt the troubles which the nation has passed through, and which many are still experiencing, have proved in this respect a wholesome discipline. Intensely patriotic and devoted to freedom, they yet have learned to wait, and with lofty ambitions are more conservative than either the French or the Greeks. The desire to please may explain many of their "white lies," to use Mrs. Opie's phrase, especially what she calls "lies of politeness." It distresses them to displease, and they like above all things to make a good impression. But it might be going too far to attribute entirely to this cause that unreliability and general unpunctuality of tradespeople and workmen which, though by no means confined to Italians, is certainly found among them. Yet when one goes to complain of an unfulfilled promise, they are so courteous, so ready to admit the justice of the reproof, and give their excuses with so deprecatory an air, that one's displeasure

melts away, and he has no heart to continue his reproaches. In truth, sometime a promise which cannot be kept, of finishing work or delivering wares, is made to satisfy the insisting customer. In this case, the tempter and the tempted become sharers in the inevitable sin.

Happily this courtesy and kindness bear better fruit, for the Italian, high or low, is distinguished for his good manners. An American gentleman who spent many winters in Italy, used to say that when he returned home the tones and manners of his people jarred upon him. Indeed, it is impossible not to note the contrast between the manners of Italians with what are often met in England and America. Their gentle blandness and careful regard for those conventions which are the oil to the machinery of social and business life, are contrasted with a crisp curtness and carelessness of forms which, by no means universal, might be more conspicuously absent in our enterprising land. An Italian may go to an extreme in his repeated salutations and compliments (if he is of the better class he will not), but I remember feeling something like a shock when on one occasion, newly returned to America, I was in a buggy with a distinguished and excellent man who, after ordering a load of coal from a brother in his church, and exchanging two or three words, suddenly whipped up the horse and was off without a word of salutation. I felt, though really irresponsible, as if I had been guilty of a rudeness. In their language the Italians are polite. Instead of using always the second person plural, as we do, they have three forms of address, more or less complimentary and formal according to the station and relative position of the parties; but it is rarely a mistake to give the "*Ella*" and "*Lei*," which stand originally for something like "Your worship," even to the humblest persons. "*Voi*," corresponding to our "you," is for servants, and *tu*, thou, as in German, is

used between intimate friends and to children. It is remarkable that people of the humblest class never mistake in the use of these appellations. There are two forms of salutation at parting corresponding to the French *au revoir*. In one the wish expressed is, "May we meet again." In the other, which the Italian generally takes care to use, he simply expresses his own desire for another meeting. It is a fine distinction, full of compliment to the person addressed. An Anglo-Saxon says, "You do not understand me; you have not caught my meaning at all." The Italian says, "I expressed my idea badly," taking on himself the entire responsibility for the other's misunderstanding or noncomprehension. If you jostle, even sharply, an Italian on the street, he gives no sign, taking for granted it was accidental, and if you begin to apologize, he lifts his hat with a smile. If he jostles you ever so little, he raises his hat as a way of asking pardon. "Please," "thanks," "permit me," "excuse me," "pardon," are words used at every turn, and probably oftener than in any other country in the world, unless France be excepted. Every one who has been in a large crowd of Italians must have been struck with their gentle behavior.

All this is due to the stress which Italians lay on education, which includes suitable behavior in all the circumstances of life, in contradistinction to mere instruction which regards only the intellect, nor can they utter a much severer reproach than to say of any one, "*Egli è mal' educato*," or "He is badly brought up." Accordingly children are early taught all the forms of courtesy so that these become a second nature, and especially is respect to older persons inculcated as not in our country. Moreover, there is not that sharp separation between youth and age which obtains among us, and which involves a loss both to the old and to the young.

If it be said that Italian politeness is only a veneer of manner and forms, I must in conscience differ from that opinion. In part, it is, like all true politeness, born in the heart, and where it is chiefly external, even this is valuable not alone in making life more pleasant, but also in its reflex influence. It would seem difficult to be constantly careful from childhood of one's manner, especially when no personal interest is involved, without coming to feel a kindly regard for others.

Italians have a keen sense of the ridiculous, and greatly dislike to make what they call an ugly figure. No doubt they are often inwardly diverted at the ludicrous mistakes and frequent eccentricities of foreigners, perhaps too, enjoying hearty laughs among themselves, but in the stranger's presence not the twinkling of an eye or the moving of a facial muscle betrays their amusement.

In strange contrast with their characteristic courtesy and gentleness it is painful to recognize that many Italians, especially in certain parts of Italy, show a criminal unconsciousness of the sacredness of human life. Italian statistics give an average of four thousand homicides attempted or consummated every year, which is more than ten every day, and almost one for every two hours. These statistics find no parallel in England or France, or even in Spain. Baron Garofalo, treating the subject in a popular lecture, assigned the following cause for this prevalence of crimes of blood: the literary and artistic traditions which from of old present homicide as just, and in certain cases heroic; the want of the sentiment of solidarity; the non-cultivation, especially in the home, of proper sentiments. For my own part I find the proximate causes in wine and jealousy,[1] and the two united.

[1] Shakespeare, in "As You Like It," makes Rosalind say, "Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love." An Italian gentleman of good judgment and wide observation says that in Italy many, very many, die for love.

Even when there is no real quarrel, or a very slight one, the brain becoming heated with wine, there is a temporary madness, with the loss of self-control. If then only the arms of nature were used, the harm would be far less, but unfortunately it is a too common habit with the lower classes to carry a knife which, pointed and sharp as a razor, is a formidable weapon. There is also a method in the madness, as the stab is usually so aimed as to rip up the abdomen.

The same disregard of human life is seen also in the frequency of suicide. Alas, how often, for disappointment in love,[1] bodily pain, or business embarrassment, relief is sought by means of poison, a bullet through the brain, a plunge in the Tiber or from a fourth-story window, or the traditional pan of charcoal. A good many of the clumsy would-be poisoners, attacked with atrocious pains, cry out for help, and so are balked, at least for the moment, of their purpose to die. There seems to be in all these suicides a strange absence of fear, and they rush into death as if they knew it were an eternal sleep untroubled by those dreams from which Hamlet shrank. Well said the great French preacher, Saurin, that it is nothing to die without fear, but to understand all that is involved in death and not fear death is the highest achievement of humanity.

It is clear that the fundamental explanation of the number both of suicides and of homicides, many of these last murders, lies in the perversion, weakness, and unenlightened state of conscience. There is lacking with many that stern sense of duty which braces up a man under trouble and acts as a brake on criminal impulses.

He of course refers not only to those who die of suicides and are slain in quarrels, on account of love, real or imagined, love genuine and love spurious, but also to those chiefly of the gentler sex, who, disappointed in love, pine, sicken, and die. I incline to agree with my Italian friend. Does not even Shakespeare in "Twelfth Night" hint such an end?

Even where conscience is still operative its force is apt to be spent on things not right or wrong. Italians are not a Bible-taught people, and therefore lack that tonic and restraining virtue which is to be found only in God's word. Civilization may restrain the upper classes from crime, but for the masses religion is necessary.

It may be that the readiness to shed human blood is in part a legacy from the days of war and of cruelty on the part of rulers. Public instruction cannot do everything, and it is an element of weakness that so much of the religious instruction in the communal schools and elsewhere is in the hands of the priests; still it is to be hoped that the new generation will show an improvement. It is significant that the abolition of the death penalty, in 1890, diminished rather than increased crimes of blood, or at least was followed by early diminution.

As regards chastity and the relation of sexes, Italy can hardly be said to rank high among the nations, perhaps rather the reverse, nor have the teachers of religion set their parishioners a very good example in this virtue, if popular proverbs and popular opinion be correct. It is true that certain forms of vice do not thrust themselves into public notice as in London or New York, but in these cities the line is sharply drawn between the moral and the immoral, whereas in Italy immorality is more diffused among the people. Unchastity in a man is not considered or felt to be a matter of shame, and where a young man of the upper classes[1] is believed to have led a perfectly pure life up to marriage, it is spoken of as exceptional. The fact that a girl is never permitted to go on the streets unaccompanied, tells its own story, as does also the other fact that ladies, even married and no longer in their first youth, are when unattended liable to be accosted and followed. If it be said that such persons

[1] Among the peasantry chastity is general.

violate a custom of the country in going out alone, one can only reply so much the worse for the *morale* of a community which imposes the custom. Still, English and American girls, like Hilda, do go about, clad in their own white innocence; they are more and more understood, and things are changing for the better.

It is admitted that there is sometimes a false delicacy in our country in regard to the human body and its needs. Certainly the tendency with Italians is not in this direction, for they refer—or many of them do—with easy freedom to delicate matters, while actions private among us, too commonly take place in public. But there has been great reform as to this last.

I am sorry to have to add one more criticism and note yet another evil. There is with some a lack of that sturdy independence which is the just pride of any people. Not only beggars, but some people who would seem above it, have small scruple in receiving and even seeking pecuniary aid, especially from foreigners. Nor do they show shame in being under a money obligation, although they have too, very often, pride in plenty, but not the pride of independence. A man who was, to use the Italian's expressive phrase, "on the pavement," having been helped several times by me, declined my offer to find him work as a stonemason, because, he said, he might have to work alongside of men over whom he had once been foreman. I have known two families bearing titles of nobility, but in reduced circumstances, to beg when it was not, or need not have been necessary, and the giver has felt ashamed for them, and vicariously for himself.

This evil is due in part to deep poverty, the poverty of the individuals and the poverty of the country, which offers few opportunities to improve one's condition. It is hard for the very poor to be independent. Homely

but true is the proverb that an empty bag cannot stand up straight, and well did Agur ask to be delivered from poverty. But there is sometimes a poverty which comes from thriftlessness or idleness or pride, and it is precisely this which is the quickest to eschew self-help and embrace dependence. Besides, Roman Catholicism, at the same time that it imposed on the people, did much to pauperize them. I may add that begging in Italy is by no means confined to Italians.

If there may seem a contradiction between my encomium and my criticism, let the double reply be given, first, that as the French say, every one has the defects of his qualities; and second, that just as the existence of the dangerous classes (which, by the way, scarcely exist in Italy) does not detract from the honor of England, so the faults and vices noted among Italians must not be attributed to the whole people, which is as honorable and virtuous as any other. Indeed, he who has not met noble and beautiful characters in the higher and in the lower strata of Italian society, is utterly incompetent to form an opinion upon the people. Alas, the criminality, the evil-doing—these are proclaimed abroad; but virtue is a more modest flower, and does not flaunt itself.

The worst kinds of profanity are not common, but even the better kind of people, including some evangelicals, lack much of confining themselves to the yea and the nay inculcated by our Lord. I knew one minister and his wife who on every occasion would cry, "*Dio mio!*" "*O Dio!*"[1] (My God! O God!), and when I reproved him he averred that it was a sort of prayer. *Per Bacco!* (By Bacchus!) is common.

[1] Rev. Dr. H. H. Harris, when in Italy, expressed to me his belief that these two expressions are the origin of our "Dear me!" and "Oh, dear!" the resemblance in sound being very striking. In fact if an Italian hears an English-speaking person say "Dear me!" and "Oh, dear!" he thinks he is saying the words which mean "My God," and "O God."

I cannot claim punctuality as a virtue of Italians, though there is progress. A very intelligent and industrious lady of my acquaintance would hardly concede them patience, saying that what seemed patience was often the mere non-recognition of the value of time.

We all remember in Miss Edgeworth's story of "The Little Merchants," which delighted our childhood, how the dishonest and the reliable elements of society are put into sharp contrast with each other, and in confirmation of the correctness of the picture I may cite the testimony of a gentleman who knew Naples well, that there were two distinct classes of fishermen there, the one honest and virtuous, the other dishonest and addicted to vice. So it is all over the world, and so it is in Italy, and when Italian defects and faults are spoken of they must be understood as of a part and not of the whole of the population, which includes as large a proportion of the noble and the good as any other Continental country. Even vast numbers of the Italian peasantry, though ignorant and liable to be led astray, are simple-hearted, honest, unspoiled, independent.

However hard the people work, and just because of this, they prize the frequent *festas* which custom and the church calendar have established, and spend them in the best possible way, by out-of-door exercise. A stranger seeing the Roman streets so crowded would think there was a great procession, when it is simply the people in their best enjoying a sun and air bath, while at the same time meeting their acquaintances and friends. This capacity for enjoying cheap and natural pleasures is one of their fine traits. And then if there is to be some free sight, like a military review, or a floral procession, how the people do throng the streets, standing patiently for hours, making the most and the best of everything. I remember that the experience of a family thus taking its

pleasure for the livelong day, was once described by a daily paper. They were elbowed in the crowd, trodden on, saw little, and came home tired to death, but declaring with all sincerity, that they had had a charming time, and certainly refreshed by the perfect change to take up with new energy the duties of the morrow.

Italian men are very fond of athletic games, the favorite being *boccie*, which means simply "balls." It has the advantage of being played in the open air, and requires nothing but wooden balls of six to ten inches in diameter, and a bit of open ground, though alleys prepared for the purpose are also used. There are always two sides, consisting of two or more each. One begins by placing a small ball (called *boccino*) any desired distance, and then seeking to pitch his own so as to rest as near beside it as possible. The winning side is that which at the end of the game has the ball nearest to the *boccino*. It seems at first a game offering little excitement or variety, but exactly the contrary is true, for by means of striking an opponent's ball which is in a fine position so as to send it away, and leaving one's own in the place, or sending the *boccino* away from one's opponent's balls into the midst of those of one's own side, the advantage may pass

with every throw from one to the other side, and it often happens that the last ball of all, by a well-directed throw, plucks victory out of the jaws of defeat.

Sometimes the alleys are made slightly sloping from the sides; larger balls are used, which are sent in the opposite direction of the point which is sought to be reached on the rebound, somewhat on the principle of billiards.

In a field or in an alley the game is very fascinating either to play or to watch, and watched it generally is by a goodly number of spectators who follow, at times with tense interest, the fortunes of cleverly rolled or plumped balls.

Pallone is a far more athletic game, and requires a large arena. The players receive and strike the ball with an instrument which fits the hand. The play is generally in an enclosed amphitheatre, and crowds, as to baseball contests in America, pay an entrance fee to witness the combat of strength and skill.

A singular amusement, seen sometimes in the country or in the outskirts of villages, is the rolling of cheeses. A cheese, with great muscular effort, is sent rolling rapidly and far away; the distance made is measured, and another takes his turn. Or if there is room all the contestants send their cheeses off together in a race. In either case the man whose cheese makes the longest run or runs is winner. I have read of a ship's captain who, all the shot being exhausted, used the cheeses on board as cannon balls, which, however, could not have been harder than these used in rolling.

Mora, a very ancient game, for two players, requires only quick and sharp wits, not being at all athletic. Both simultaneously and rapidly open the right hand in part or entirely, guessing aloud the total number of fingers extended, he who guesses correctly being the winner. Each

knows how many he himself extends, and he will succeed only in so far as he can divine (for it is not mere guesswork) the other's play. In a little while one learns his opponent's favorite number of fingers and is able to make the calculation with sufficient quickness. If you see a group of Italians, two of whom are shouting out numbers explosively, while bringing the hand down suddenly, you may know it is *mora* that is playing. Unfortunately, it is a game in which it is easy for the parties to differ, and the difference often means a quarrel.

Italians are fine mountain climbers, exercising their skill and energy in the Apennines and in the Alps, some of whose grandest heights are on Italian soil. There is an Italian branch, numbering four thousand members, of the famous and widely diffused Alpine Club. Many are the excursions, ascents, explorations, followed by instructive monographs on the flora, the fauna, and the geological formation of the region traversed, as fruit additional to the physical and moral development secured by mountain climbing. The late Quintino Sella, of Piedmont, member of the Cabinet, and one of the best men Italy has produced, was, with his sons, an enthusiastic Alpinite, and he used to lay great stress on the moral qualities cultivated by Alpine ascents. Some of the great climbs have been made by Italians. In the army there is a division known as Alpinists, which remains exclusively in the Alps and other high mountains, learning every path and pass, acquiring perfect familiarity with those lofty solitudes, making forced marches and often suffering from fatigue, cold, and hunger, but gaining experience valuable in itself and most useful in case of war. In the defiles and steeps and precipices of Africa, many a soldier's mountaineering at home stood him in good stead, although neither this nor other qualities won for Italy the victory.

Sea bathing is much used by Italians, and on the extensive coast many are the bathing resorts, from country places where brush huts near the beach serve as dressing rooms, to large establishments at Civita Vecchia, Leghorn, and elsewhere, which have extensive platforms and rooms out of which one descends into water of the required depth. As there is no surf, these last are to be preferred, and though somewhat more expensive, are, after all, moderate, as a family can subscribe for a week or month at greatly reduced rates. On the platform, protected by an awning, the guests sit, reading or talking, the ladies doing fancy work or looking after their children who take swimming lessons, fish for crabs, and eat, for the sea makes them hungry enough for at least two extra meals. Other details might be added; it is enough to say that he who has not seen Italians at the seaside has missed an interesting phase of Italian life. On one point custom is exact and rigorous. The bathing begins the first day of July and closes the last day of August. These may be the best months, but why should the last days of June and the first days of September be excluded so absolutely? It is, however, a boon to the impecunious foreigner who summers in Italy, for a furnished apartment in Leghorn which had rented for one hundred dollars a month during July and August, was gladly let to me at twenty dollars for the month of September which my family physician said was just as good.

Not a few families, at least in Rome, remain in their thick-walled houses during the summer, and then in the autumn repair to their villas for the vintage, which is a great occasion. The universities and schools and Parliament itself linger in session till late in the summer so as to open correspondingly late in the fall, and enjoy that glad festal season. The visitor to the vineyard (in which, by the way, is often seen "a figtree planted," according

to our Lord's parable) may eat his fill of grapes. I remember, however, a preacher and his wife who were not welcome, for their little dog, which he used to tie to his leg while preaching, would consume more than both of them, selecting the finest and often spoiling whole clusters. When the day of gathering comes, young men and maidens, often the entire household, engage with knives or scissors in cutting off the bunches and filling hampers, which are emptied into the wagon drawn by oxen, and it is a time of joy and frolic as well as of work.

The grape cure consists simply in eating freely of a certain variety of the fruit right from the vine early in the morning while it is still covered with dew. Invalids sometimes bathe in wine.

The gathered clusters are poured into a great vat to be pressed. Lord Macaulay gives a poetic picture of this as done "by the white feet of the laughing girls whose sires have marched to Rome." When I have seen the operation in Piedmont, the sire himself, having taken care to be on hand, has simply doffed his shoes and socks and rolled up his trousers, climbed up into the vat and trampled the grapes till his legs were stained as with blood, reminding me forcibly of the passage in the sixty-third chapter of Isaiah, "Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth the wine fat? I have trodden the winepress alone . . . and their blood is sprinkled upon my garments."

I am sorry to add that the feet of the sire are not at all white, I am afraid sometimes not even clean, which he might think a needless precaution, inasmuch as all impurities rise to the surface and are skimmed off. Great indeed is the glee when the new wine begins to flow. They drink and dance in joy and jollity; everybody is free to partake, and if there is any one who has lacked for the juice of the grape during the year, now let him

imbibe it to his heart's content. A second quality of wine is made by pouring water on the must, which, when all is done, makes capital jet-black ink.

In Rome and south of Rome I have seen wine in skins, generally hog skins, presenting a certain curious likeness to the animal itself. Any one who has felt those oily, flexible, elastic skins, and contrasted them with old, dried skins, noting also the quality of new wine as compared with old, must feel the point of the Saviour's parable in Matt. 9 : 17.

There are as many varieties of wine in Italy as there are districts. Those produced near Rome and Naples and in parts of Sicily owe their excellence largely to the volcanic formation of the soil. The wine of Montefianone is celebrated for its strength and deliciousness, and also for the following incident: A certain bishop of Augsburg, named Johann Fugger, had such a liking for good wine that he traveled in search of it, and sent his servant ahead to taste and report to him the simple word *Est*, *i. e.*, it is. The valet liked the wine at Montefianone so well that he wrote the word thrice. The bishop arrived and drank so much of it that he died that night, leaving with his latest breath money to pay for the annual emptying of a barrel of it on his grave. Whether the story be true or not the Est wine, as it is called, is excellent, but to be drunk, if at all, in the strictest moderation.

Unlike this German bishop, Italians as a rule are abstemious. An Italian laborer is satisfied if he has for his chief meal a loaf of coarse bread and half a bottle of wine, while if he has a bunch of grapes or a head of lettuce, he will think it a feast. I have sometimes seen in the evening a family come into a humble restaurant, the man and wife, a child or two, and a servant woman. The father calls for a *litro* of wine, some bread, and a salad of the crisp lettuce grown near Rome. There they

sit for an hour over this simple meal, the servant getting her share, talk and are content. The Italian too is regular in his habits, and no dainties will tempt him if it is not his hour.

One does not see many drunkards in Italy, one reason being that wine is usually taken only with food, but excess in drinking is on the increase, and as already suggested, is the occasion of many homicides. I also more and more believe that many men who deem themselves, and are considered by others, models of temperance, do really often drink more wine than is good for them, especially as guests when the entertainer's hospitality presses it upon them. At the same time, I must observe that it is about equally difficult for the teetotaler in America and the temperate wine drinker in Italy to understand the situation in the other's country. Total abstinence in America seems in general a duty in America. To insist on it in Italy might easily do more harm than good. In any case, the general introduction of wine as a beverage into our country, as a remedy for drunkenness, would probably prove disappointing, and this for the character of the climate and of the people.

To get better wine and cheaper, Italians often resort to restaurants without the gates, where also the games described are played. Especially is this the case on holidays, for if our people do not know how to rest, and the English take their amusements sadly, Italians certainly understand holidaying, and practice it as a fine art, coming back with new vigor to work.

He who should not take account especially of the chief *festas* might often find himself seriously embarrassed, as the stores are all closed, and nothing can be bought. Well do I remember personal and family experiences of that kind in our early Roman days, as also some even later, from failing to remember a feast day.

The birthday of Rome is celebrated with pomp; then there is the commemoration of the granting of the Constitution, and anniversaries of the *plebiscito*. Most other *festas* are saints' days. It is curious that an Italian does not celebrate his own birthday, but that of the saint for whom he is named. Happily there are plenty of saints of both sexes, and no parent would be so cruel as not to name a child after one of them!

My own initials are always supposed to stand for Giovanni Battista, or John the Baptist, and one man undertook to prove to me that I was mistaken, and that my name was not George Boardman (after the noble missionary), but John the Baptist. I received from the Italian government, for a slight service, a bronze medal and an illuminated diploma made out to Giovanni Battista Taylor, which I have kept as a curiosity.

My saint's day is celebrated very little to my taste. About midnight, the eve of St. John's Day, Romans in crowds go to the square adjoining the church of St. John Lateran and frolic till morning, feasting on eggs and wine and snails, which are the specialty of the occasion and considered a great delicacy. I must say if that is my *festa*, whether I want it or not, I am not proud of it and respectfully but firmly decline the snails.

St. Joseph's day would be more to my mind, when it is in order to eat pancakes, the origin of the custom being, they say, as follows: St. Joseph was summoned by St. Peter to come up to heaven to do some work in his line. When it was done St. Peter was letting him down by a rope, but before reaching the ground St. Joseph missed his axe and cried out, "*L' ascia!*" *i.e.*, the axe. But the word means also let go, and Peter took it in this latter sense and, after demurring, said, "As you insist, I will let go," and did it, and St. Joseph fell and was flattened to the shape of a pancake.

Epiphany, called "Befana" (the Italian Kris Krinkle), is celebrated rather than Christmas. Every grocery shop is adorned fantastically, pyramids of eggs and festooned rows of hams, playing their part, while much is left to the effect of brilliant illumination, aided by well-disposed and concealed mirrors. Then, as in "holy week," it is alike fashionable and deemed meritorious to visit a large number of churches, the number and names of those visited by the queen being duly reported in the papers. On Good Friday, or the eve of Good Friday, the sepulchres are visited, there being representations of the holy sepulchre, covered with evergreens and flowers artistically arranged. The gay, bustling crowds, to judge from appearances, are little in sympathy with the Redeemer's passion and its great design. At the handsome church of St. Marcellus, on the Corso, the Seven Sorrows of Mary are celebrated. On the next day, at all the churches in Rome there is the ceremony of lighting the holy fire, and on the same evening occur the baptisms of Jews and converted heathen, if any there are.

The approach of Easter[1] is heralded in all the toy shops and confectioners with every sort of preparation of eggs and chickens in candy, to symbolize the resurrection.

This is a convenient place to speak of the fairs of Italy, held generally once a year in every town, a custom coming down from the remote past. Livestock constitute the chief objects of sale; but vendors of every sort of wares flock to the fair, and it is the occasion for replenishing the store of pots and pans, clothing, trinkets, and what not, as well as of buying and selling sheep, colts, and calves, cows, oxen, and horses. The farmers and graziers fill the town, and certain streets and squares and the entire outskirts are packed with grave, gentle cattle, whose tinkling bells and plaintive lowing blend with the

[1] Called in Italy, *Pasqua*, from the Jewish Paschal festival.

unceasing human chatter in bargaining. At noon and after, the restaurants are full of the yeomen in their best and always the cleanest of linen, the waiters rush about as if daft, but with method in their madness; and what mountains of macaroni and *risotto*, what ovenfuls of white bread, what stews and frys and roasts, what barrels of wine, disappear before these stalwart men, browned by the sun, with their fine appetites and perfect digestion. It is a great day, in which utility and pleasure are combined. To minister to the latter, there are shows, mountebanks, and jugglers, the very poorest and worst of the exhibitions generally bearing the title of American, supposed to be a trump card. Ere nightfall all is over; the farmers are jogging home leading and carrying their possessions, or hugging to their breasts the price of their sales, but in the town herculean labors of purification remain for the next day.

Many towns and villages have besides a weekly market day, usually Sunday or Monday. How often, sleeping at the Hotel of the Bear, at Torrepellice, have I been waked at an early hour by the hum of voices below, and looking through the blinds have seen the narrow street crowded with bustling peasants and their booths, offering vegetables, fruit, chickens, eggs, and butter, while merchants of the place or from Pinerolo were exposing coarse cutlery, drygoods, looking-glasses, cheap, gaudy pictures, and the like; but by noon, or sooner, all was over.

In the early summer, cocoons are brought to some of the cities on market day, and I have seen them at Cuneo, in Piedmont, spread in their green or fleecy or golden beauty upon sheets on the clean pavements of some public squares, offered for sale, and bringing a cash price, like wheat, from native or foreign buyers.

Since Italy was made, several national fairs or expo-

sitions of a high order have been held, one in Turin, two in Milan, and one in Palermo, besides the International Art Exposition of Venice, elsewhere alluded to. They are exceedingly educational, promote a wholesome emulation among producers, artists, and artisans of different regions, and tend to the increased welfare and elevation of the masses of the people. At Turin, for example, models of improved third-class railroad cars attracted much attention, and I believe that it was to the advantage of third-class travelers, as the new style is coming into use, of which the seats, though no softer, are yet more adapted to the shape of the human body, while there are blinds to the windows, and racks for hand baggage. Nor is this a matter of mere comfort, for when the masses travel in improved public vehicles, their self-respect is promoted and they are apt to add conveniences and comforts, and maybe neatness, to their own humble homes.

Another feature in the Turin Fair was the display of objects connected with the history of Italy, and especially of her new birth. There were old manuscripts of paper or parchment, State papers with big seals, autographs, portraits, large pictures of battles fought for independence, utensils, and all sorts of arms of other days; but nothing attracted more attention than the feeble old dog, the accoutrements, and the tent of Victor Emmanuel, the royal hunter, and the reproduction of the rude log hut which had sheltered him on the high Alps.

The Red Cross movement has had large development in Italy, and both at a great fair and at other times in even very small places, an exhibition is given of all the appliances for ministering to sick and wounded soldiers, and prizes are offered, notably a large sum by the king, for improvements in these or for analogous inventions.

In Milan great attention was given to the silk industry,

many models were exhibited for the treatment of cocoons, while from room to room one could pass from the cocoons feeding on mulberry leaves, through every process, in actual operation, to the complete silk dress worthy of an empress.

These great fairs, for which the railroads offer very cheap rates, are fine opportunities for bridal trips, and one sees the couples wandering about only half engrossed in the objects before them, or at the table of a *café* the young man is smoking with the air of a grand *seigneur*, while the bride, meekly content and proud of him, regales herself with an ice, for it is summer and warm, and the bystander is divided between tender sympathy and mild amusement.

Italians believe in marriage, and the women, especially of the South, marry young. Nothing seems so undesirable as to be an old maid, and in other days those who remained so found their natural home in convents. A mixture of mystification and contempt fills the Italian mind in seeing the great number of elderly maiden ladies, especially from England, who swarm in the chief Italian cities, nor is it understood at all how bright and noble and useful are the lives of some of these foreign *zitteloni*. Notwithstanding the prevalence of sentiment, as it does not always suffice, and as marriage is so important, matches are not infrequently made on business principles, and it must be confessed that if the ideal union, thought necessary and sometimes seen in England and America, be rarely attained in Italy, nevertheless there is so much conjugal friendship and tender regard, as well as domestic comfort, as to favor the well-known observation that matches would turn out most satisfactorily if made by the Lord Chancellor.

As much as ever among Hebrew women of old, are children desired by wives in Italy. Said a proud young

mother, concerning a wife of not much over a year, "What, no children yet?" "Surely there is plenty of time," was the reply. "Ah, but," protested the first, "when they do not come soon, it is likely they will never come, and that would be terrible." If this represents one extreme, is it not better than the tendency in some highly civilized (?) countries to consider children too much trouble, and to desire small and even childless households? Napoleon said she was the best woman who had the most children (perhaps he wanted them for his soldiers), and by that rule Italian mothers deserve praise. It is rather curious that in this old country life has kept in many respects more natural, less artificial than in some newer lands.

Italians like to travel, and do much of it. They have also a marked preference for city life, in contradistinction not to what we call country life, which hardly exists in Italy, but to life in the villages and small towns, making pecuniary sacrifices, and even risking starvation for the

advantages offered at a great center, and especially by the metropolis. Nor is it strange, for man does not live by bread alone, and the legitimate interests and excitements of a city like Rome are very attractive, while life in the Provinces must be dull to those who have no resources in their own minds.

The *café* in Italy, and for that matter on the Continent, almost deserves to be called an institution, so intimately is it bound up with the habits and customs of the country. Eating and drinking are often its secondary uses, coffee, ices, and other viands and beverages, serving as excuses for writing letters, reading the papers, meeting friends, conversing, playing draughts or chess, passing an idle hour. To many it serves the purpose of a club. There are *cafés* of every grade. My servant was in the habit of spending every free evening with her friends from the Abruzzi mountains in a *café* kept by another friend from the same region. Questions of politics, religion, ethics, and geography were nightly discussed there by the ignorant but shrewd rustics who met within its hospitable precincts, and their racy observations and piquant debates, which drifted to us through smiling, olive-faced Agnese, soon won for the little shop the sobriquet of the "Hotel de Rambouillet." The silk-clad *précieuses* who conversed in the famous Parisian *salon* with Molière and Bossuet may have been more elegantly dressed, and more celebrated, but I doubt if their intellectual curiosity and alertness and their code of courteous etiquette exceeded that of these bronzed peasants in the small, smoky Roman *café*.

THE HOME

A holy family in a home has no need of a Holy Family on the walls.

—*Old Play*

IX

THE Italian language has no word corresponding to our word home, and I have even heard Italians themselves say that this is because they have not the thing. This judgment is too severe, and my own observation convinces me that true home life does exist in Italy. Italians certainly make much of the family, in some respects perhaps more than we do, and I have been much impressed with the way in which the members not merely of a household, but of an entire connection of several generations, and those related only by marriage, stand by one another and help one another. This is so true that any important step in life, the purchase or sale of property, the fixing of a son's career or giving a daughter in marriage, is taken only after consideration by a great family council, ecumenical as far as the nature of the case admits. It is true that the fireplace is not so common in Italy as with us, but the recreations of Italians, either out of doors or at places of amusement, are usually enjoyed by a whole family together, and not infrequently in the smaller trades the whole household works together. Nowhere does one find more family affection than in Italy. It is proverbial that in Italy nephews are treated almost as sons, but I do not know whether the popes in enriching their nephews originated or simply followed the custom.

When an Italian invites you to his house, he is thinking of his family, and for him as for others home is not four walls, but the love and kindness and converse within them. Still, the four walls, the building, have their importance, so let us examine these a little before

considering the inmates. Strictly speaking, not one family in ten thousand has what we call a house, but only an apartment consisting of the whole or part of a floor. Each such apartment is complete in itself with all the conveniences, including a kitchen, found in an American house, and its door opening on the stairway, which is a sort of steep street, corresponds to the street door of an American house. The apartment itself might seem incompatible with a home, but this impression is not confirmed by experience. "But the stairs," some one objects, and to some extent I confess they are an evil; but once up, there is no more climbing, as chambers, study, dining room, and parlor, as also kitchen, are all on the same level. It is like a one-story house on a hill, and when one can be carried up by an elevator then there is no climbing at all, and the most delicate lady may live in the topmost story, where the air is purer and the view finer, for the housetops overlooked are themselves picturesque, while circling swallows and gorgeous sunsets rejoice the eye and heart. The topmost floor too, generally has the full use of the terrace, where flowers and vines are cultivated, and an arbor is constructed in which the household often dines on a summer day *al fresco*. In the more modern houses elevators are being introduced; but I live in an old-time house on the Capitoline Hill, in which an elevator, however convenient, would seem somewhat out of place, and I confess that arriving at the house tired from a walk, the sixty-nine steps are something of a bugbear; but turning my thoughts to some interesting and pleasant topic, I am at my own door before I know it, and have sometimes even passed it and gone to the story above.

We are just as private in an apartment or in a tenement house, with the same possibility of keeping to ourselves, or forming friendly relations with our fellow-

tenants, as we would be if in a brownstone front in Baltimore or Philadelphia,[1] while we are protected by two stout doors which may represent the drawbridge and portcullis of our airy castle, at the outer of which is a soldier on guard under the name of porter, to be presently spoken of. The floors are not numbered as with us. What we call the first is on the Continent called the ground floor, generally occupied by stores, over which is a low pitched story called by the French *entresol*, and in Italy *mezzanino*, or little half-floor, and this sometimes goes with a store or shop, and is entered from it. Above this is the first floor, called the noble floor, and with higher ceiling than the rest. The third floor, or, as Italians say, piano, which I occupy, is therefore in American style the fifth story, and there is yet another above us.

An important difference between American and many Italian houses is that the latter are built for warm weather, the former for cold. Entering an Italian house the Anglo-Saxon exclaims, "How desolate!" Going into an American house the Roman cries, "How stuffy!" If it is winter and there is a fire, be sure he will get as far from it as possible. The thick stone and brick walls, the tile floors, the painted linen ceilings, and frescoed or stenciled, rather than papered, walls of an Italian house give one a most delicious sense of cool repose during the spring, summer, and autumn days, but are indeed chilling and comfortless in the winter. Of course in northern Italy fireside joys are known and the mountain peasants cluster gladly about their big chimney places, but in Rome and Naples carpets and fires are considered rather effeminate luxuries. I, however, have found both, even in a sunny apartment, essential alike to comfort and

[1] Of course my comparison does not extend to a cottage or mansion with its porticos, and also with grass and trees and flowers all around. In Italy the grassplot and flowers are in the court around which the larger buildings are erected.

health in the sitting room or study, but by no means in a bedroom, and I presume most foreigners feel the same. The Baroness Bunsen, who spent so many happy years on this Capitoline Hill, expressed the opinion that for a delicate person "a house in Rome, however well arranged it may be, is a bad thing at last." It was on the occasion of the arrival of her sister-in-law, Christiana Bunsen, who was a confirmed invalid. A curious and painful episode in the life of the family in the Caffarelli palace, was her seven years sojourn there. The wife and mother admired her remarkable intellect and felt the keenest sympathy for her sufferings, but, all the same, found her presence with her eccentric and irritable disposition an intolerable burden. "Yet the parting with Christiana was affectionate on both sides, and many friendly meetings afterward took place." One is reminded of scenes in "Stepping Heavenward," and the fact is not less strange than the fiction. With few exceptions, Italian cities do not have certain portions dedicated to residences, and others devoted exclusively to business; on the contrary, almost every building serves the double use, as already described, and those isolated buildings in Rome's New Quarter, intended only for homes, are called villas.

The cellars are divided into locked compartments, one of which is assigned to each family. They are used chiefly for the keeping of wine. Each tenant has also his regular day to use the fountain for washing, and clothes are dried either in the kitchen[1] or on wires stretched across the court. Formerly in most houses the water for daily use was drawn up to each kitchen window in a bucket running on a wire, and well do I remem-

[1] The clothes are hung on a tall cage under which is a brazier of burning charcoal. You may see just such a one in the Pompeiian collection of the Museum of Naples.

ber the annoyance in my early Roman days when the machinery got out of order and water had to be brought from the nearest street fountain. Over the drawing up of the buckets there was much chatting and lovemaking and jesting from the windows of the various kitchens, but now water pipes have been introduced into nearly all of the houses, so that men and maids have to find other excuses for their window courtships.

An Italian house, as you see, is a little world differing in almost every respect from a house in America. It is generally stuccoed outside and painted with a colored wash, usually some shade of brown. Every now and then the owner is required by the municipality, for the decorum of the city, to clean and repaint the *façade*, but the appearance of the front and of the staircase is a matter of indifference to the indweller, whose domain of pride begins at the door of his own apartment. I remember the jeers and ridicule which fell to a young French bride who proposed that the tenants of the building she lived in should unite to carpet the public stair. All the others thought the proposal foolish. Even those who cared for style in the approach to their dwellings might well be satisfied with the fine marble stairs.

Italian houses are slowly and solidly built, time and money being sometimes spent in getting a foundation. The cellar is made with a system of stone arches upon which as a base the superstructure is reared, and stone is also used for the first few feet of the walls above ground.

The porter's lodge is often a damp, dark little cuddy with a glass door, in which he plies the trade of cobbler or flower vendor. He is usually a poorly paid, unhealthy looking person, but he has it in his power to affect your happiness if you are a tenant. He can keep the stairs so dirty that your Anglo-Saxon blood is all in a glow of

displeasure; he can dally over lighting the gas so that you run the risk of breaking your neck in the twilight shadows; he can let your mail lie for hours among the scraps of leather and awls of his cobbler's bench, and can even mislay a letter or two; he can turn off your visitors when you are waiting at home to see them, or send them toiling up three or four flights of stairs when you have just gone out; he can gossip about you to your own servants and everybody's else, and he can scowl at you every time you pass in and out of your dwelling; but these things, I must in justice add, he very rarely does. For a fee at Christmas, at Easter, and on other occasions, he gives you luminous smiles, deference due a prince, and very ready service, though of course you, if the lady of the house, and he never quite agree as to how often the stairs should be washed. He puts out the gas and closes the street door at eleven at night, and reopens it early in the morning. He is always ready to go on an errand or carry up baggage, naturally for a consideration, and if you are thrown out of a servant, the portress is willing to act as charwoman. If you come home after the big door is shut for the night and have forgotten your key, he will open the door for you, getting out of bed for the purpose; but it is some strain on good will, and happy are you, arriving in such a case, if the man inside is your cordial friend. I have always made my porter my friend, not only in the way indicated, but by little acts of kindness and a courtesy equal to his own. When you leave home for the summer or return in the autumn, it is most pleasant to have him and his family helping you off or welcoming you back, even if the effusiveness has in part a pecuniary source either of memory or of hope. Should the cabman be inclined to take unfair advantage, he is brought to a more proper state of mind seeing that you are not alone, but sup-

ported by a number of loyal retainers. My porter's wife is a native of Marino, that homœopathic republic, *imperium in imperio*, in the heart of Italy. She recognizes the fact that we both come from republics, and perhaps thinks hers as big and as great as mine. She and her sister are dressmakers, and their sewing machine is seldom still. Small as is their living room they seem as happy as most other folks, and being very sociable they often have five or six friends in it during the hours for meals and recreation, all laughing and talking in the best of good spirits. In the case of houses where there is no porter, the street door is kept closed, and any one desiring to enter gives one, two, three, or four resounding blows with the heavy knocker, whereupon the occupant of the floor thereby indicated looks out of the window, and if satisfied, pulls a wire which opens the door. Many apartment doors have an eye-hole, protected within, from which to survey a visitor before deciding to open to him. This, not wholly out of use, was once deemed a necessary precaution, especially at night or when a woman was alone.

Let us now come to the inmates of the Italian home. Elsewhere reference has been made to the courtship[1] and to the ceremony of espousal in which the two families interested participate and formally fix the pecuniary obligations involved in the marriage. In our happy country when the consent of those interested is gained the rest is simple and easy. Not so here, for not only must the banns be published on the walls of the municipal hall, but papers with full and legally attested statements concerning the expectant bride and bridegroom and their ancestors must be presented, and this often involves

[1] To me it seems beautiful and significant that in Italy love to a sweetheart of either sex is expressed not by the words, "*T' amo*," but by this other form, "*Ti voglio bene*," *i. e.*, "I will, or desire, thy happiness."

time and trouble. I have myself known two or three couples who thus suffered from the law's delay.[1] This difficulty surmounted, an appointment is made with the Sindaco; for marriage in Italy is a civil rite, complete without the intervention of priest or pastor. There must be witnesses for both bride and bridegroom, and all sign their names in the register. In Rome, at least, the morning is the preferred time for the marriage ceremony, and scarcely a day passes that I do not see from my study window scores of carriages dash up the winding road of the Capitoline Hill about nine o'clock for the purpose. A good deal is thought of furniture in Italy, and the apartment of the young couple is supplied with at least the best that their purse can afford. If an Italian has an apartment he is proud of it in itself and for the furniture; he is apt to invite every friend who calls to go over it.

Happy for the young couple if their servants are good, those humble folks on whom our bodily, aye, and mental, comfort so much depends. No doubt there are bad specimens, but as a class Italian servants are excellent. Domestic service is recognized as one of the occupations, I had almost said, professions, and the ability to fill a lowly place and perform lowly duties without servility or the sacrifice of self-respect, is one of the fine Italian traits. A bright peasant girl who served my small family to perfection during a summer at the baths of Lucca, doing all the work, spoke to the lady of the household of her intention to make a career as a servant, rising in the scale of merit and securing its reward. The relation between the servant and the rest of the family is distinctly

[1] It may be well that the law imposes delay in marriage, for it does not allow divorce, not even in the cases given by Christ. Separation there may be, but the bond with certain obligations remains. It is perhaps better than the other extreme seen in some parts of our country. There is a movement in Italy to secure the right of divorce, as there is one in our country to secure greater similarity of marriage laws in the different States.

friendly, and she knows how to be treated as a friend without in the least presuming upon it or becoming less the servant. Italian servants tend to attach themselves to the families with which they live, and to identify themselves with them, a good deal as did the Negro servants of the South in other days, especially the house servants. Except for a short time in the beginning, when we had little right to complain, and save in our summer flittings, I have had in my family practically but two servants in the quarter of a century I have been in Rome. The first, a Roman, remained with us some twelve years, till a few months before her death at a good old age. Faithful, affectionate, capable, she was a treasure, and noble of the best nobility. I would have trusted her with uncounted gold. One day I told her of her son's name on the Capitoline wall as one who had died for his country. "Yes," she replied, "and I was bid go and get money, but I would not take money for my son's blood." At another time she spoke of her son thus: "He said, 'Mother, I may fall, but when the cause is won, you must go into the plaza and huzza with the rest, *Viva l' Italia*' (Long live Italy). I went as he asked me and shouted my *Viva*, and then covered my face with my apron and went home to weep for my son." The name of this woman was Chiara, or, as we would say, Clara, and I would sometimes tell her she was quite the equal of the Roman Catholic "saint" of the same name. Many were the interesting stories which she told my children of old days in Rome. She outlived a king and several popes, dying at about eighty.

Her successor, from the Abruzzi mountains, simpler in character, and with less opportunity of culture, is yet her equal, full of natural shrewdness, reliable, with enough executive ability to conduct a business or be matron of an orphanage, while she is the kindest and

most efficient of untrained nurses when I am ill. She has made us acquainted with much of the folklore of her mountains. No doubt she will remain with us as long as she needs a place and we need a servant. We may have been especially blest in this regard, but I know a sufficient number of families, both native and foreign, to confirm my favorable impression of Italian servants. Our servant, like any other member of the household, regularly offers and receives the salutation, "Good night," or "Good morning." In Tuscany, when the servant brings in the lighted lamps or candles it is *de rigueur* for her to wish the family a "Happy evening." Though servants' wages, like the salaries of government officers, are low, the same paternal principle holds in their favor, and in well-to-do families old servants are pensioned or somewhat provided for when unable any longer to work, while legacies are frequently bequeathed to them.

It is proper to add that the labor of an Italian domestic servant is less than is usually expected of a servant in America. For one thing, there is no bread to make, which especially in a Southern family is an important item, where hot bread in loaves and other varieties of hot bread are prepared for breakfast. Storerooms are to some extent used in the north of Italy, but south of Florence, I think, hardly at all, and as regards most articles of consumption the supply is renewed day by day. From the baker comes bread every morning, and from the dairy milk morning and evening, both of excellent quality. The ovens are what we call Dutch ovens, such as I have often seen in the valley of Virginia. A quick, hot fire of dry twigs and brushwood is made within ; then the ashes are swept out, the loaves thrust in, the door closed, and the baking done by the accumulated heat.

The marketing, which includes also the buying of gro-

ceries, is done by servants, though no market basket is used, but a large colored handkerchief kept for the purpose, just as Ruth filled her veil with the grain she had gleaned. The cook returns to the kitchen, and what a number of articles does she produce from the hidden depths of the handkerchief and lays upon the table, such as meat for the soup, which makes a constituent part of dinner among the Latins; then there is a vegetable or two, some herbs for seasoning, sugar, rice, some one of the hundred species of macaroni, eggs, butter, fruit, all done up neatly in conical parcels of brown paper; in the case of delicate articles, lined with a large green leaf. Marketing is a perquisite much prized by servants. Where they are dishonest they add a few centimes to each article in making the daily account with the mistress. I have known servants who would even frankly say, "I want such and such wages, but if I do not make the expenses, I must have more," for even when there is no dishonesty, serv-

ants enjoy a little commission or get presents from the shops where they habitually buy. It is also a pleasant break in the day to go out for an hour, linger in the sunshine, chat with one's friends, or step for a few minutes into a church for purposes of devotion.

Cooking stoves and ranges are not much used. In their stead are gratings set into square holes in a brick erection which is open also at the side. Into these holes, called *fornelli*, is placed charcoal, the one fuel used for cooking, the pots are set on top, the fire is kindled with reeds, and the cook uses a fan of turkey feathers as blower at the hole below. Who would suppose a dinner could be cooked thus? But facts are stubborn things. The utensils are of tinned copper or of earthenware. In the former case if the re-tinning is not done when necessary, poisoning results. One of the extra expenses of living in a furnished apartment is paying the landlord for the re-tinning of innumerable pots and pans, including those which, not having been used, neither need nor get it.

Dinner, even when quite simple, is always served in courses. The use of wine at the table is universal, and deemed as necessary as bread, and more necessary than meat. Butter, which is never salted, is not so common a table article as among Anglo-Saxons. The French say that the English have a hundred religions and only one sauce. Tomatoes enter largely into Italian cookery as a seasoning, being preserved for the purpose. Macaroni, or *pasta*, made in the house with eggs and flour, both nutritive and easy of digestion, or *risotto*, often takes the place of soup, and is called a dry soup, but both a dry soup and broth are never served at the same meal. However plain the meal, the linen tablecloth and napkins, even if coarse, are ever clean. Eggs are sold neither by weight nor by the dozen, but so many for half a franc, the num-

ber varying according to size, all being supposed equally fresh; but for eggs laid the day of purchase you go to the creamery and pay three or four cents each, a luxury too dear for most. In purchasing by weight the old-fashioned *libbra* (Latin, *libra*) of twelve ounces may be used, but a more exact weight may be secured by using the modern kilogram (*chilogram*), which is a thousand grammes, or some of its multiples. Wood is brought ready sawed, or the sawing is done at your door, generally without a horse, the saw being held stationary between the knees and the log of wood worked against it. The handsaw resembles our woodsaw, only smaller. The chief repast of the day is usually in the evening, sometimes late at night, when work and business are over and there is leisure to linger at the board and season its viands with the feast of reason and the flow of soul; then, however simple the food and sour the wine, family and social converse adds an unmistakable charm. America is the blessed land of abundance, with many a gastronomic capital, but in Italy dining is one of the fine arts.

The midwife in Italy is regularly instructed and trained, and receives after passing the examinations, a diploma authorizing her to exercise the calling. Accordingly, for ordinary cases, a physician is not called in at child-bearing. As soon, however, as an infant is born, the municipal doctor[1] must be summoned, who certifies the authorities as to its sex. The father too must go with a witness and register the birth, with all particulars as to himself, at the proper office. The object of this registration is to keep track of the population in case of crime, or succession to property, but especially for the military levy. On the birth of my friend Dr. Eager's firstborn,

[1] As invariably the parish priest is required, for even if the immediate household is liberal and has no use for infant baptism, there are grandparents or other kin who must not be offended, and who must not be made wretched concerning the fate of an unbaptized babe.

a son, the commissioner ascertained the name of the village in Mississippi from which he came, and sent an official communication of the birth to the authorities there that they might know of their future soldier, though born so far away.

The babe is promptly clad in just such swaddling bands as the infant Jesus wore, and as may be seen in the Pompeiian collection in Naples. These bands, five inches wide, are woven for the purpose, and the strip, several yards long, is woven around the little form till it seems a Liliputian mummy; but it thrives under the treatment, is largely protected from accident, and the limbs do not suffer from the confinement. The wetnurse is an important person in Italy. Usually one of the finest specimens of physical woman, always from the country or a country village, she acts as second mother where the natural mother cannot perform the first and sweetest maternal service for her babe. If the foster-mother resides in the family she is made much of by all, and generously paid in money and ornaments of coral and gold, and when she bears abroad her charge for air and exercise, on foot or in a carriage, dressed in peasant costume indeed, but with a certain gay magnificence,

proud of herself and of her charge, she is a sight pleasant to behold. How often one sees her by the side of the pale and happy, yet envious young mother! Not infrequently, however, for health or economy, or some other reason, an infant is sent to the rural mountain home of the wet-nurse. I still remember well, though read a score of years ago, a little story by Senator Farina, entitled "*Mio Figlio*," or "My Son." It is a real idyl, full of pathos, telling of the birth of a firstborn boy, the need of a foster-mother, the little journeys of the young couple into the country in search of one, of finding a youthful mother approved by the family physician, who was also vouched for and afterward proved to be faithful and affectionate; of the pain in sending off the infant, but of the joy of repeated visits to it; holidays made interesting and delightful as the growth and development of the infant each time was marked, till the weaning season came to the great grief of the foster-mother, who loved him as her own child, but to the parents a jubilee.

In due season the swaddling bands are laid aside and the baby is taught to walk, by being held up with an elastic cord passed under the arms, so that the feet and legs are left to bear the weight of the body little by little. The child too is often put into a wicker coop fitting around his body, which in part supports him and which he pushes along at will, but cannot turn over or get out of.

Children are sent to school very young, first to the kindergarten and then to the elementary school.[1] Italian parents are ambitious, and I have sometimes thought that they push their children forward at a too tender age. There is too, really a rage for education in New Italy,

[1] Solomon's rod is almost unknown in the family, and entirely so in the school, though used by the Pompeiian schoolmaster, as shown by a very realistic fresco. On the other hand, the giving of toys to children is as much a custom in Italy to-day as it is in our country or was in ancient Rome.

and even the children seem to share it. I do not know a finer sight than the gathering of the bright and happy schoolchildren of Rome in the square of the Campidoglio on the second of October, the anniversary of the Roman Plebiscito, to receive the diplomas and prizes won during the previous session. I watched them for hours last year as they with their fathers and mothers and older brothers and sisters came down the winding road, beautifully dressed, their faces more beautiful, and the thought of their golden opportunities and possible future gave me a glow of tenderness and hope. Ah, who can look at children, especially children quite young and comparatively innocent, without interest and affection? Certainly Italians cannot, for they are peculiarly susceptible to the appeal of childhood, and when a babe comes into an Italian home it enters the same atmosphere of love which you or your infant found, my Anglo-Saxon reader. Then, if a little creature has some special grace or loveliness, the Italian never ceases his admiration, and is never tired of calling it by that name which he who was afterward Gregory the Great gave to young English captives in the market-place of Rome: "Call them not Angles but angels," he said. This people of dark skin, hair, and eyes, still admire blondes, so that fair English or American children often excite their admiring enthusiasm, and one hears as they walk in the streets the word "angels!" For a suffering child, on the other hand, the sympathy of Italians is quick and tender, and practical too. Where it is their own, the grief of parents is intense. I know a man who has too, a hard side to his character, who after half a score of years will never walk on the street along which the corpse of his little daughter was borne from home to burial, though it is the street he would naturally take on issuing from his door.

Nor are children the only objects of practical family

affection here. Our present servant is economical and thrifty, and I thought with satisfaction of her goodly savings for sickness and old age. But besides living expenses in the summer when she returns to her humble home in the high mountains, is the support of her husband and sister, who are invalids, so that every year her wages are consumed. It hurts her to lay by nothing for the rainy day pretty sure to come, but no murmur arises in her heart or escapes her lips. She is ready even to give to people poorer than she, only blaming them sometimes for thriftlessness.

It is an opinion, more or less prevalent, that Italians, more than other people, are unfaithful in the marriage relation, but the reverse of this I believe is true,[1] and perhaps especially among the poor and the peasant class. In an article on "Buffalo the City of Homes," by Rev. William Burnett Wright, published in the "Outlook," remarkable testimony on this subject is borne in favor of Italians:

> A Sodom of homeless outcasts is steadily improving, partly through the influence of the Salvation Army, the rescue mission, and the free kindergarten recently established there, and still more by an influence which has been scarcely recognized yet, except by the police. Italians, attracted by its cheapness, are crowding into the district. They are of the poorest and most ignorant, and have vices enough and to spare, but they are singularly free from that particular vice which has drawn the degraded population together, and their presence is slowly driving out those who pander to it. These Italians are exceptionally faithful in their marital relations, and through them the family is gradually banishing the brothel.

Observe too that they are, or were when the article was written, only seven thousand in number in the midst of one hundred thousand Germans, fifty-nine thousand

[1] It is also the case that the number of illegitimate children is large, due in part to extreme poverty, but I am speaking not of purity in general, but only of the comparative absence of adultery.

Poles, and thirty-five thousand Irish. Verily the leaven must have been pure and strong when so small a per cent. thus leavened the mass.

Let this fact be at least set over against a remark in one of the American magazines that the Italian in New York seems to have left off some of the good traits of his race only to take on some of the bad ones of his adopted land. It is perhaps natural that in a city where the struggle for existence is sharper than he has been accustomed to, he should adapt himself to it. It is also pertinent to remember how many Americans who think Paris a sort of heaven, according to the rather profane saying familiar to all, easily acquire the Parisian shrug and Parisian vices without acquiring the Parisian accent.

The number of endowed hospitals in Italy, is a boon to the poor who, even in health, live hardly in their restricted quarters. Even when the removal of a patient to the infirmary is obnoxious either to him or his friends, it is certain that he will be far more comfortable than at his home, and they will be left free for household cares and wage earning. But he is the farthest from forgotten, and whenever allowed they visit him with such small tokens of love as are possible and permitted. With what joy is he welcomed home if cured, with what faithful sorrow is he mourned if he return no more.

By the lower middle class and those above them, the hospital is not resorted to save in exceptional cases, for whom, as pay patients, special rooms are reserved.[1] Thus it is that not merely the shadow of death, but death itself comes oftenest to the house of the at least comparatively well-to-do. Italians, says Mr. Story, have a great dislike for death, so the family, having said their

[1] Having several times employed Italian physicians, even in small, out-of-the-way places, in my journeys in Italy, I have found them very satisfactory, as might have been predicted from their long, thorough course of study with clinic training; while their fees are usually most modest.

last adieus to the departing or departed one, themselves depart for the home of friends or kinsfolk, leaving to the church to care for the remains, which are sometimes removed to the parish church, or even to the mortuary chapel before the funeral takes place. The funeral of a woman is attended with little publicity. When the lady of the first floor of this house died, a number of young ladies dressed in white acted as pall-bearers, but I think it was rather exceptional. The announcement of a man's death is made by means of a two by three feet black listed poster. Here are two or three of the forms used. As may be inferred, almost every man belongs to some league, society, or association, which is under obligation to pay him the last tribute of respect.

ON THURSDAY NIGHT.

Ceased to live, after a long and painful illness borne with Christian fortitude,——— ———. The funeral procession will move from his house —— ——.

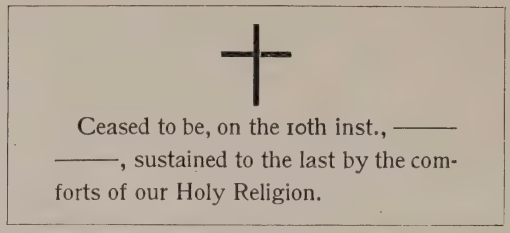
DIED.

This morning at 3 o'clock, at the fresh age of 29, died

——— ———

The Society of Printers is requested to attend his funeral from his late home in —— St.

Here, there is no cross, and there will probably, after such a notice, be no priest.



Ceased to be, on the 10th inst., ———
———, sustained to the last by the comforts of our Holy Religion.

Every act connected with death and burial is executed with due formality and decorum, and it is remarkable that even for a small village there is a *Campo Santo* (Holy Field) solidly walled in, with handsome entrance, and generally containing a chapel and an arcade.

Save among decided anti-clericals, the priest has given extreme unction and absolution and, with the aid of monks and the society of *La Misericordia* (Mercy), attends to the last rites. No doubt something has been done to diminish the expense of funerals by these clerical undertakers. Some thirty years ago Massimo d' Azeglio wrote as follows, about the funeral of his father:

However little might have been thought of the deceased, however little our own thought to wish for magnificence in a funeral, yet who can ever see borne to the earth the body of a dear person without feeling a natural desire to see rendered to it a little honor? There came, then, that sad and repugnant discussion with the parish for the tariff which regulates the least circumstances of the funeral. It is necessary to be interrogated, to hear the prices enumerated, so much for the bells, so much for the candles, and for the cover of the bier, simple or covered with silver lace, and all this to speculate on the carelessness or submission of one who has other thoughts in his heart. The honor which we render to the memory of our dead, the love so free from egotism which we yet feel for them proceeds from the most sensitive fibres of the heart . . . and shall we, so civilized, in a moment of such anguish have our hearts so lacerated by the claws of those birds of prey? Among the hundred reforms which the Catholic worship must undergo, count also that of the funerals. They are now a shame to it.[1]

[1] "*I miei Ricordi*," second, third, and fourth paragraphs of Chapter XXX.

THE ARMY, INDUSTRIES, LOTTERY, EMIGRATION, Etc.

I am a man; whatever belongs to man is not foreign to me.

—*Terence*

X

EVERY youth in Italy is subject at the age of twenty to the military levy. At a given day and place, every year, the men thus liable draw numbers to determine the duration of their service which may be as little as three weeks, as much as three years, or an intermediate period. There is then the medical examination, and

sickness, imperfection, or deficiency of stature, leads to the temporary or permanent rejection of some. The minimum stature is one metre and fifty-five centimetres, it having been reduced one centimetre in 1883. University students and volunteers for a year may defer their military service until the age of twenty-six. An only son is exempt. In 1893 the number of youths subject to the levy was three hundred and fifty-seven thousand one hundred and forty. The peace strength of the army of Italy is two hundred and eighty-two thousand four hundred men, which may be increased in war to three million four hundred and thirty-five thousand six hundred and seven.[1]

[1] "*Annuario Statistico Italiano*," 20 Maggio, 1896.

Officers are appointed from graduates of three military schools for infantry, cavalry, and artillery. Special and superior preparation is required for the Staff, which is a distinct arm of the service.

The pay in the army, as in other callings in Italy, is small,[1] ranging from three hundred and sixty dollars for a second lieutenant, and six hundred and forty dollars for a captain, to eighteen hundred dollars for a major-general, and three thousand dollars for a general, with six hundred dollars more for expenses. As for the common soldier, he receives, besides his food and clothes, which are very good as to quantity and quality, only two cents a day, but then he has almost no expenses, many fees are half-price to him, and a little pocket money generally comes from home.

It might be supposed that the withdrawal of so many young men from the ordinary avocations of life would be a great and unmixed evil. The expense of the army and navy is indeed a heavy burden, but otherwise many things may be said in favor of both. Especially in the army, men of all classes and conditions are brought into contact, so that a democratic spirit is fostered, while as a soldier is always sent to a province other than his own, and generally far away from it, and as he meets men from every part of the kingdom, his views are enlarged, and his sympathies from being purely local become national, which is especially important in a country made up of so many long-separated parts with different customs and traditions. The army thus tends mightily to the moral oneness of Italy. There is always a certain amount of elementary instruction given in the army, which is that much clear gain, as after the age of

[1] But as with every other employee of the State there is, after a certain period of service, a pension equal to two-thirds of the pay or salary, for the benefit of himself or family.

eighteen it would hardly be secured in any other way. Best of all is the discipline, the habit of obedience, the regular performing at the appointed hour of disagreeable, difficult, painful service, the habit of neatness, and the care for health. The soldier learns to take care of horses, and acquires practical notions concerning sundry of the arts and crafts. Altogether, he returns to his home and life-work more of a man for having been in the army, and though he may have learned evil, it is probably not more than he would have encountered anywhere, and it is his fault if he is morally a worse and not a better man. Beginning in Rome, but by no means confined to Rome, a good deal has been done toward evangelizing the army, and converted soldiers returning to their homes so widely scattered, disseminate as widely the good seed.

All who have read that charming book, "*Vita Militare*," by De Amicis, of which there is a good English translation, must remember the witness borne to the good feeling between the officer and the private soldier. When the time came for separation between an officer and the soldier who had served him, it was like the parting of dear friends or near kin. In his "*Les Italiens d'aujourd'hui*," M. Bazin tells of his visit to the barracks of Bologna and the favorable impression he received of the troops quartered there. There was a gentleness of manner, a courtesy, and an order which, he says, would not be found in any *caserne* in France. While as tall and stalwart men are to be found in Italy as elsewhere, and that too in respectable number, still the average height of the Italian soldier is decidedly less than in our country. But he is tough and strong out of proportion to his size, and he has great endurance, resembling a horse raised on grass and running in the pasture through hot and cold, fair or stormy weather, as distinguished from one fed on corn and stabled in comfort from a colt.

A man accepted as soldier may not marry, though his being already married is no obstacle. Nor is an officer allowed to marry without the king's leave and depositing a sum sufficient to produce the pension which, according to his rank, would be due his widow and children.[1] This law often works hardships and is likely to be modified, though this, or something similar, would seem necessary in view of the Italian system of pensions, as otherwise an impossible burden of expense would be incurred. An officer killed in the late war in Africa left a widow and son, not legitimate, but in every other respect truly his own, and it had been his intention to legitimize both by marriage as soon as possible, and his last wish and prayer was for royal interposition to give his son a legal sonship. We knew at a village where a summer was spent, the estimable and esteemed teacher of the communal school. She was the wife of an officer, save for the legal sanction which was impossible. They loved each other and were mutually faithful and the priest had blessed their union, and the general sentiment was sympathy, if not formally approving yet by no means severely disapproving.

Italy has three hundred and forty-nine ships of war, including several not yet launched, of which total twenty-six are ironclad, manned by nineteen thousand and seventy-four men.[2]

Italy produces of the principal crops as follows: One hundred and five million bushels of wheat; fifty-two million bushels of maize; thirteen million bushels of oats; six million five hundred thousand bushels of barley; seven million bushels of rice, besides peas, beans, lentils, potatoes, and chestnuts (larger than ours and used for bread) in proportion; also fifty-eight million kilograms of raw hemp; eighteen million seven hundred and fifty

[1] There is an analogous condition on entering the consular or diplomatic service.
[2] "*Annuario Statistico Italiano*," 1896, 20 Maggio.

thousand kilograms of raw flax; forty-one million kilograms of cocoons, yielding from three to four million kilograms of raw silk; six million five hundred thousand kilograms of tobacco; seventeen billion one hundred million kilograms of forage; seventy-four million kilograms of cheese; sixteen million kilograms of butter; twenty-four million kilograms of other milk products; ten million kilograms of wool.

There are in Italy seven hundred thousand horses, not including those of the army, three hundred thousand mules, one million asses, five million oxen and cows, seven million sheep, two million goats, and the same number of swine.

Italy is rich in minerals; excellent iron is procured on the island of Elba, copper in abundance at Volterra, sulphur and rock-salt in Sicily, lead, zinc, cadmia, antimony, and silver in Sardinia, and other minerals, here and there. From eight hundred to one thousand mines are worked, the variation being with the different years, by fifty to seventy thousand miners, excavating minerals, not including salt, worth from fifty to seventy-three million *francs*.

Coast fisheries employ one hundred thousand men and twenty-two thousand boats, and the annual earnings from fish and coral are nineteen million seven hundred and fifty thousand *lire*.

Italy is practically without coal; grouping together her wood fossils, lignites, anthracite, and bituminous material, she produces only some three hundred thousand tons, valued at two million *francs*. This lack of coal is a sufficient explanation of the fact that Italy is not a manufacturing country in the sense that England and our country are. Yet Italy possesses a fair share of water-power, and many of her mountain streams are turning industrial wheels. The Lima, a small river un-

known to the tourist, but oft traversed by me, is for a considerable distance lined with mills and factories in which paper, pins, macaroni are manufactured, and wood is sawed and worked; elsewhere are cotton and woolen mills and silk factories, for that stream is a type of many others. Italy also builds merchant ships and war ships. There is also a great variety of small fabrics made entirely or almost entirely by hand, such as shoes and hats, gloves and umbrellas, paper boxes, paint brushes, musical instruments, artificial flowers, carved wood and ivory, picture frames, mosaics, paintings, and engravings. Most of these articles are the work of the artist rather than the artisan. As to the value of these smaller fabrics, some suggestive figures will be given under the head of Commerce.

In 1896 Italy exported products to the value of one billion seventy-one million seven hundred and ninety-three thousand five hundred and six *francs*, and her imports amounted to one billion one hundred and eighty-

three million three hundred and forty-seven thousand five hundred and twelve *francs*, showing an excess of imports over exports of one hundred and eleven million five hundred and fifty-four thousand and six *francs*. This balance against Italy would be larger but for the exportation of about ten million *francs* of the precious metals more than were imported. It is a very encouraging fact that this excess of imports over exports for 1896 is only about half what it has averaged for the past ten years, and this too, despite the discrimination against her by France, once her best customer.

The chief articles of export are silk, wine, and oils, hemp, and flax; and of these articles the exports are immensely in excess of the imports.

On the other hand she is obliged to import coal, cotton, gutta percha, tobacco, cotton goods, sugar, against very small exports of the same, besides coffee, which of course she does not export at all. In some categories the exports and imports about balance each other.

Italy exports six and one-half million *francs'* worth of hats, and as she imports of that article a very small number, and every man wears a hat, it would be safe to say that eighty million *francs'* worth of hats are manufactured within her borders. She also exports three million *francs'* worth of paper, including the paper used for the Bank of England's notes.

Gloves and shoes are largely manufactured and exported. A single shoe factory has a branch in nearly every important city in Europe. Umbrellas are largely made and exported, so are artificial flowers to the value of two million *francs*, while works of art, almost exclusively modern, go abroad bringing about five million *francs* into the country. Many towns have specialties for which they are known all over Italy and beyond, each fabric being distinguished by the name of its native

place, as Chiavari chairs, Murano lace, Faenza (Faience) ware.

Scores of other productions and fabrics, with their values, and the amount of their exports and imports might easily be given, for I have before me the full and scientifically classified statistics of Italy from the beginning to December 31, 1896, and indeed I would love to reveal more fully the resources, industries, and commerce of Italy, but I fear to weary the reader, and have thought it wiser to limit myself to the more important and interesting matters, and to treat them for the most part in a general way.

Italy sends her exports to every country in Europe, to the States of North Africa, to Malta, to Japan, to the English possessions in Asia, and to North America, Central America, and South America, as also objects of every category to other countries not otherwise specified. Austria-Hungary has to some extent taken the place of France as a market for Italian wine. Our country is by no means one of Italy's best customers, but at least so good for some articles as to cause America's new tariffs to be regarded with dismay. Italy's commerce is carried on by three hundred and twenty-eight steamships and six thousand two hundred and thirty-one sailing vessels.

Italy's public debt in round numbers is one hundred and thirty-seven million dollars, mostly due to her own citizens, and bearing from three to four per cent. interest. Her bonds are now in demand by Italians at par and at a premium, while in the bourses of Paris and London both bonds and paper currency lack only about four per cent. of gold value.[1] This is a great advance, giving promise of an early return to specie payments, not by force of law but by the appreciation of the national credit. Na-

[1] Written July 5, 1897.

tional economy is now the order of the day, and the budget of the Ministry for 1896–1897 calls for not much over one hundred and sixty-six million dollars, which, despite special expenses for the year, is less than the preceding year. Various reforms and economies, yet to be introduced, will still further help the treasury both as to the income and expenditure. In 1890 it was calculated that the private wealth of the kingdom was increasing at the rate of two hundred million dollars per annum.

Quick as Italians are to seize upon new inventions, they now and then find it well to reproduce styles and forms of the past. The Cantigallo pottery of Florence has gone back for the patterns of its majolicas to the designs of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and a son of Salvini has done the same in the factory founded by him a few years ago. The famous Venetian lace of other days was no longer made, but an effort patronized by the queen to revive its manufacture was successful, one very old woman being found who was able to teach it, so that what might have proved a lost art still flourishes to the general advantage. The secret of Venetian glass was also lost and had to be re-discovered. One sees too in daily use objects the fac similes of such as were used in Italy two thousand years ago.

Italy has fourteen thousand nine hundred and forty-four kilometers of railroad, the first having been opened in 1839, while steam tram lines owned by companies since the first, opened in 1878, have reached a development perhaps without parallel.[1] The railways belong to the government and are leased to two great societies controlling respectively the Mediterranean and the Adriatic systems, with those common to both. In 1890 the rail-

[1] Two thousand eight hundred and fifty-two kilometers (1771 miles). A kilometer is .621 of a mile.

ways of Italy, including those of Sicily and Sardinia, carried over fifty million passengers, for something over ninety-eight and one-half million *francs*. There are the following passenger trains—material and freight with a passenger coach attached, omnibus, and express, and the speed varies from ten to twenty and thirty miles an hour. Foreigners, in speech and in writing, refer contemptuously to the slowness of Italian trains. I doubt the wisdom of the reference. There is an oft-quoted proverb in this country:

Chi va piano
Va sano,
Chi va sano
Va lontano,

or, in our tongue, liberally rendered:

Slow goes safe,
And safe goes far,

which is illustrated in Italian railways, in which only about one passenger in ten million is killed. Disasters are rare, and the few accidents to passengers are often due to their own imprudence.

Besides the different kinds of trains, there is also the difference of classes, as the cars are divided into compartments, each of which is entered from the side, with seats facing each other as in an ordinary two-horse carriage. Taking into account these two differences, the price for passengers ranges from two cents to four cents a mile, for any distance, short or long. There are, however, great facilities and reductions both for round trips and also for circular journeys. The seats in the third-class cars are simple wooden benches with backs more or less uncomfortable according to the form. When not too crowded, and the occupants are of the respectable working class, they are not bad for short journeys, and I

have several times used third-class for long journeys, using a folded shawl as cushion. The fine courtesy of the plainer people aboard is simply beautiful. A well-to-do English family of my acquaintance, admirers of Italy and Italians and visitors to Italy for years, always make from preference their short trips by third-class, because so they get nearer to the people, many of whom they find very interesting, and not a few experiences and incidents have they thus gathered. This class is also favorable to evangelization, as I once found in a thirteen hours' journey in Sardinia, during which I announced the gospel to many. I have often heard it said that only Americans and fools travel first-class, which is utterly untrue in Italy, unless all people of a certain social station in life are fools, for they all travel first-class, and if they cannot afford that, they stay at home, cases of which I have personally known. On every train there are compartments for smokers and non-smokers, but the gentlemen of the weed[1] have a way of lighting their cigars regardless of the provision, though generally a hint or request is sufficient to secure its observance, which last is said not always to be the case in Germany. There is also a compartment for ladies traveling without male escort, but I have observed that many ladies prefer to take their chances in compartments not thus reserved. The paternalism which obtains in other things is found also on the railroad. In England a train leaves with a suddenness quite startling to one accustomed to the Continent, the hand of the clock pointing the hour being deemed announcement enough. In Italy, besides the bell ringing and cries of "*Partenza!*" *i. e.*, "Departure!" the passenger is so well looked after that it would not

[1] It amuses me no little to find in Italy's "*Annuario*" of statistics tobacco classed with alimentary products, and a footnote explaining that tobacco is a nerve aliment analogous to coffee and alcohol.

be easy for him to be left, if he is anywhere on the platform.

In each city there is, with rare and insignificant exceptions, but one station, from which trains go in every direction. The building is always neat and solid, often spacious and handsome, with every convenience, including a restaurant and *café*, whose prices are posted on the walls and duly controlled, and in the chief cities the lofty halls are frescoed according to some symbolical design. Servants of the company stand ready to convey baggage from cab to train or the reverse. Only small baggage taken into the compartment, for which there are racks, goes free. Trunks cost so much a pound, one of medium size and weight, from a third to a fifth of a second-class ticket. Lightness is therefore desirable, and wicker trunks are much used, which would not bear American handling; but in Italy a trunk is lifted as tenderly as if it were a baby. I note that Bædeker, in one of his Italian guidebooks, protests against the heavy trunks used by many travelers, saying that they have often been the cause of serious injury to the porters at hotels and railway stations.

The post office and telegraph are owned and controlled by the government. Letters and post cards cost double as much as in the United States; telegrams about one-half.[1] Express business is in the hands of the post, and the cost for the transmission of packages weighing two and a half to five pounds costs from twelve to twenty cents. The registration of a letter costs five cents, and if lost the post office pays five dollars; the insurance costs according to declared value. Up to ten *francs* money may be sent by a card for two cents. Letters and newspapers are always delivered according to their address, and only

[1] Over seven million domestic, and eight hundred thousand foreign telegrams were sent in 1893–1894.

those marked *poste restante* remain in the office till called for. In the year 1893–1894 over one hundred and forty-one and a half million letters, and over sixty million postals passed through the post office, as also two hundred and twenty-seven million newspapers, and five and a half million packets of manuscripts. The postage on these last is quite cheap. Of telephones there is both a private and a public service.

One of the best features of the Italian post office is its saving banks, in which even the smallest sums may be deposited. On December 31, 1895, four hundred and sixty-two million *lire* were in deposit by nearly three million depositors. The interest, though variable, is about three and a quarter per cent. At ordinary savings banks, at the same date, were deposits to the amount of one billion nearly four hundred million *lire*.

The business of pawnbroker is a government monopoly. The building, generally large, in which it is carried on, bears the name *Monte di Pietà* (Mountain of Pity). No doubt it is better for the business to be legally controlled by responsible agents; no doubt too, hunger is sometimes staved off by pawning some bit of jewelry, even if it be never redeemed; but the *Monte di Pietà* is a dangerous facility, and sometimes bed linen and even the tools of one's craft are pawned not for a need, but for a pleasure or the satisfying of a caprice.

The lottery, referred to in connection with Naples, deserves separate notice, as the evil is by no means confined to that city. The improper desire for large and sudden gain without labor favors the lottery and is fostered by it, and the appetite for gaming seems to grow equally from winning and from losing, each ticket buyer feeling sure of a prize the next time. The lottery is also nurtured by superstition, and in turn nurtures it, for there is a book of signs, the player's own book, in which

there is a number for almost every conceivable object and event. The bell tolling announces the death of the bishop of Turin. People hear it, count the strokes—let us say seventy-five—indicating his age; it is Tuesday, and they go and buy a ticket, choosing the number for Tuesday, that for bishop, and that for the number of his years. Just lately my daughter, having helped to nurse a young lady who died at one of the hotels, went up a day or two afterward to call on the family. The little elevator boy, a German, approached her, radiant: "O miss, I shall always remember with so much pleasure the death of that young lady, for it made my fortune. I played the number for death, youth, and lady, and won a big prize."

If any important or startling event occurs it doubles the number of tickets sold. This was the case in April, 1891, when the powder magazine of Rome exploded. People played the numbers for powder magazine, disaster, explosion, and the like, and great crowds were present at the next drawing. Not one of those cabalistic numbers was drawn. A few smiled, but the crowd in general, including mothers with their babes in their arms, went away disappointed and sad.

Many are the stories connected with the lottery. Almost every one has a theory with which he supplements the book of signs. Some always play the same numbers, sure that one day they will come up. A man had done that for ever so long, but in vain. One day he decided either not to play that drawing or else to play different numbers. Lo and behold, that day his numbers came up! It was too much for him, and he left the world in disgust. I have known people who believed with their systems they could beat the government, and one man who professed to be a Christian, was sure he was doing his best in playing the lottery, which he ad-

mitted to be a bad thing, to compel the government to abandon it. All such thoughts are delusive. It is true, once in a while a big prize is drawn, but it must be very rare, for to do it, three numbers, or a *terno*, must be drawn; the extreme rarity of this is shown by the law of chances and by the algebraic doctrine of the permutation of numbers.

The lottery is drawn every Saturday afternoon in the balcony of the building occupied by the direction of the lottery. Two ushers in uniform, the manager of the lottery, a secretary, the representative of the prefecture and another of the municipality, appear on the platform, as well as a little boy from some orphanage, in a white gown. The numbers one, two, three, four, and so on up to ninety are displayed one by one and placed in the wheel, which at every tenth number is turned around several times to mix well the numbers. When all are in the chattering ceases, there is a great silence, for the crisis is near. The little boy is blindfolded, thrusts his hand in the wheel (a sort of metal keg) and draws out a number, which is displayed to all. Many look blank, women begin to beg the little boy or the madonna for a winning number. A second, third, fourth, and fifth are quickly drawn, mid murmurs of disapprobation, and muttered curses are heard. It is all over, and every one begins to look forward to the next Saturday.

The Italian government pushes the lottery vigorously. There are many lottery offices in every city for the sale of tickets, and at least one in every, even the smallest, town, as well as eight distinct lotteries in Italy, one for each of the following cities, Rome, Bari, Florence, Milan, Naples, Palermo, Turin, and Venice, and one may anywhere any week buy a ticket for all eight of the lotteries. The newspapers, Saturday night or Sunday morning, publish lists of all the forty numbers drawn, and similar

lists are over the ticket offices. Nor is this all, for ever so many other lotteries, sometimes with different names, are authorized for the expositions as another attraction, and for this school or that orphanage. Even some of the government bonds are real lottery tickets, and there is a semi-annual drawing.

The gains of the Italian government are of course immense, as, after all prizes and expenses are paid, three-fourths or more of the amount from sale of tickets comes into the treasury. One of the secondary lotteries, known as a Tombola, after flaming advertisements, was drawn on the Capitoline Hill, a few days ago, for the benefit of some institution under the patronage of St. Joseph. The total prizes possible were eight thousand dollars, and the sales amounted, so the papers said, to sixty thousand dollars. Yes, the gain is great, but it is at the expense of the demoralization of the people, who are taught by the country to break the country's own laws against many other forms of gaming. It is a gain too, at the expense of the poor, who should be taught not to risk and squander their small and hardly-earned wages. Every year the matter comes up in Parliament, and there are not wanting from deputies protests against the lottery; but it is defended as financially necessary, and by the plea that the people are not ready for its abolition; to which it may be replied that the people never will be as long as it keeps on, and that they might be, if necessary, gradually prepared for its abolition. Matilde Serrao considers it the great romance and excitement of the Neapolitan poor, and so a boon in their privations and misery.

If it all seems strange to us, we must remember that Italy as a nation is young but saddled with many ancient evils, and that something over half a century ago, lotteries were more or less prevalent in our own land, and

let us hope that Italy too, long before 1950, will have made the lottery a thing of the past.

The superstition connected with the lottery suggests the widespread belief in southern Italy of the Evil Eye. A man believed to have it, however worthy himself and good his position, is shunned worse than if he bore about the plague. Every sort of ill and accident is attributed to him, and if his eye has looked upon one, a dread certainty is felt of coming disaster. A gentleman who had once vainly tried to escape from a man notorious for having the evil eye, and soon after fell and broke his leg, with great coolness said: "I am very much obliged to him for only breaking my leg when he might have broken my neck."

In 1895 the emigrants from Italy were two hundred and ninety-one thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight. About one-half of these regard their removal as temporary, and expect to return to their native land. This is a large increase over previous years, indeed the number has doubled and trebled since 1876. The emigrants are chiefly men, ten men to one woman in the temporary emigration, and about twice as many men as women in the permanent emigration. About one-third of the total emigration is to other European countries. Some three thousand go to Africa, Asia, and Australia, and the rest to North and South America. In 1894 something over thirty-two thousand went to the United States and Canada. It is not strange that many, under the pressure of poverty and taxes, besides those seeking work, should try their fortune in other countries, and especially in the New World. Cheap as the human being is in Italy, this constant drain upon her cannot be regarded with satisfaction by her statesmen, especially as it is chiefly the men who go, and the most enterprising at that, for only such take a step involving

so much, while those willing to endure rather than encounter the risks, dangers, and inconveniences of emigration, stay where they are. Our country may be quite wise in rejecting those unable to read and write. Still, there are those here who understand the subject, and who believe that a large proportion of such are really more valuable citizens by reason of their simplicity, honesty, and hard-working habits, than many who have learned just enough to shirk manual labor and try to live by their wits. I am acquainted with the Italian gentleman who is commissioned to examine emigrants arriving at the port of New York, and he tells of pitiful scenes when simple, worthy people, who have come in good faith to identify themselves with our country, are refused like bad coin and sent back where they came from. The Italian government is doing much to prevent the emigration of those who could only be refused at great loss and distress to themselves. I am glad too that the Italian Parliament is now following Germany's good example and carrying out the expressed wish of the king as to some provision for the aged and disabled poor.

LANGUAGE, LITERATURE, PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

The commercial traveler learns Italian in three weeks and will know it never.

—*Cherbuliez*

XI

THE Italian language is the eldest daughter of the Latin and, more than the French or Spanish, is like its mother. As to copiousness, it resembles the German or English rather than the French, and is remarkable for the number of its synonyms. As among the people, so in it large families abound. It is very deceptive in this, that it seems easy, whereas it is very difficult.[1] George P. Marsh, for thirty years U. S. Minister to Italy, and a singularly philosophic and profound linguist, pronounced it the most difficult of all languages, and said he had known but one foreigner who could speak it without offending the ear of a cultivated native. In a few days one can pick up a few words and notions and think how easy it is, but the longer he reads its literature, hears it spoken, and tries to use it, the nearer he comes to agreeing with Mr. Marsh.

The knowledge of Latin is, of course, the greatest help in acquiring a vocabulary, and I remember in making a speech in my early Italian days when I had but "few words and few notions," I quite unconsciously exceeded and at the same time enlarged my vocabulary by using Latin nouns, especially of the second and third declension, and in the ablative case. The Italian, also, like the Latin, admits great variety in the relative position of

[1] *Les drôles font gloire de penetrer sans peine les honêtes gens; ils les comprenant jamais qu'à moitié. Il en est des sentiments des honêtes gens comme de certaines langues reputées faciles qui sont pleines de secrets, de finesses inaccessibles aux esprits vulgaires. Tel commis-voyageur apprend l'italien en trois semaines et ne le saura jamais* (Stupid folks glory in being able to penetrate without difficulty into people; they never half understand them. It is of the sentiments of honest people as of certain languages reputed to be easy, which are full of secrets, of finenesses inaccessible to vulgar spirits. The commercial traveler learns Italian in three weeks, and will know it never).—*Cherbuliez.*

words in a sentence changing thereby the emphasis (as in our own language) and also the meaning. Even one adjective joined to one noun has a meaning varying with its position before or after the noun, as has been seen in another chapter in the case of *uomo galante* and *galantuomo*. The language is rich in augmentatives and diminutives, forming sometimes ascending or descending scales, and most expressive, but which only a native, or one long used to hear attentively the spoken language, can be sure of using correctly.

Abounding in sonorous Latin words, the Italian, like the English, is also rich in short expressive words from another source, and one sees in Italy, as in English-speaking lands, that the man of books is apt to use Latin words, and the man of the people, or he who means to reach the people, a more homely speech. Italian has a good share of very small words, enclitics, connectives and the like, which have been well called "the paste of a language," and until one has become really master of Italian he will use cumbrous circumlocutions to express his thought, which more neatly and more concisely would be conveyed by those words so small but so important.

A striking peculiarity of Italian is that every word ends in a vowel. Rhyming in it is therefore singularly easy, and many are the rhymers, not to say poets, some writing not for glory but only for expression, feeling, and thought. Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, dwelling on the intimate connection between words and music, said to the then youthful John Addington Symonds, "Italian is all music—every word." But it is not therefore a weak language; on the contrary, one through which the most masculine thought may be expressed. "A soft, bastard Latin," it has been called, but Demosthenes could have thundered through it his orations against Philip. The language in which Dante wrote,

besides being musical and the language of love, is also the vehicle for the tersest, most concise style. Try, doubter, to put into English, with fewer words and in shorter space, some Italian classic. Browning, who had "blown through bronze" for the world, would "breathe through silver" when the song was for his wife. Our English makes both possible; so also does the Italian, with silver flute or brass trumpet according to need. Enough if the musician be there.

The great difficulty is, not to read Italian, with full understanding of the construction and appreciative sense of the style; the great difficulty is in speaking it, to give the right pronunciation, the tone, the inflection, the accent. The drill of Italian children in these respects is something quite unique, and when I first was present at such exercises in a school, it was at once a revelation and a discouragement. It is here that one feels the truth of Mr. Marsh's words. It is not a question of knowledge so much as it is of an acute ear, the proper formation[1] and flexibility of the organs of speech, and the perfect readiness to believe a teacher who says we are at fault even when we seem to ourselves to have spoken to perfection. Some vocal organs never can speak Italian, especially if they have long used another and very different tongue, and a nasal note hardly perceptible in English is in Italian almost torture to a fine Italian ear.

Italian is little studied in America, much more in England. So many English ladies, especially elderly ladies, have told me of having learned it in their youth, in those days when people who came to Italy lingered long in one place, instead of rushing about as is the fashion now, from

[1] A popular American minister who was about to begin the study of Italian, asked the instructor, a singularly intelligent but rather over-candid man: "Do you think I can learn to speak Italian fairly well?" "It may be," was the reply, as the questioner's face was scrutinized; "it may be, with time and patience. I knew one man with a jaw like yours who succeeded."

one town to another, retaining often only blurs instead of pictures on the mind. We all remember how Robert Hall was once found on the floor hard at work with dictionary and grammar learning Italian, as he said, to judge of the correctness of Macaulay's comparison of Milton with Dante, but no doubt for larger reasons also. Gladstone was as much at home in "the sweet idiom" as in Greek and Latin, and translated into it one of Cowper's tenderest hymns.

It is a pity that in our country Italian is so neglected. About the time of my appointment to Italy, I was in a city, the seat of one of the great universities of the North, and it was a painful surprise that hardly an Italian book could be found. With a previous knowledge of Latin and of French, enough Italian could soon be picked up to be useful to the traveler in Italy, not so much for the practical part, though that is important, as for putting one into touch with the country and its people. So many Americans come abroad and live with American people and American ideas from landing in Europe to embarking for home. Besides, he who cannot travel really visits a new country when he learns a new language, and though translations may be, as Goethe said, the means of the world's intellectual commerce, it is well known that there is a vast difference between the original and a translation, and this especially in books full of local color. How many explanations are necessary to put a man who reads the sacred Scriptures only in his own tongue somewhat on a level with the man who reads them in the Hebrew and the Greek. We all know too, that a great value in a book is its suggestiveness, and much of this escapes in a translation. You may have the flower, but the dewdrop is gone and something of the soft bloom has been brushed away. I praised not too much, but perhaps unwisely, Manzoni's "*Promessi Sposi*," to a professor in the University of

Virginia; he read it afterward, but in a translation, and confessed his disappointment. Ah, he could not see the pictures it conjures up in my mind, the Italian scenes it evokes, the romantic thoughts it inspires, the vague, indescribable but delightful feelings it awakens. Its very simplicity and the absence of the sensational are its great charm, as Buffini, a fellow-novelist, insisted.

There are a great many dialects in Italy, the Piedmontese, Venetian, Modenese, Milanese, Roman, Neapolitan, and ever so many more. A cultivated gentleman living in Bari told me that he could not understand at all the dialect spoken in the older part of that city. On the other hand, Italian is understood everywhere. These dialects are troublesome but valuable, as they are full of local color, preserve local peculiarities, and prevent the merging of the entire population into one homogeneous, uninteresting mass. This idea will appear again in the consideration of literature. Some of these dialects are of very respectable origin, being echoes of tongues no longer in use, and they also enrich the common, living languages as disintegrated lava fertilizes the soil.

When Italy was in chains, though thought was free and busy in plans for freedom, the pen was not. There were indeed some noble exceptions, and the very slavery suffered was at once a theme and an inspiration. The poet Giusti, as has been seen, sang the wrongs and sorrows and the hopes and fears of his country. The prolific and genial Buffini, of Genoa, wrote "Lorenzo Benoni," full of personal painful experience under a thin veil, and "Doctor Antonio," incidentally descriptive in the first part of Italian scenery and Italian character with some hint of English traits as seen in the English tourist; then the scene changes and there is a revelation of the horrors suffered by political prisoners in Neapolitan prisons. A curious fact about this book is that it was

written in English by the exiled author to win bread. His other volumes have been translated into English and widely read. Elsewhere I speak of the hymns written ere Italy was made. It has been well said by a generous Frenchman that "Italy lost in making its unity many great writers." Unity attained, the practical side of life claimed attention. It was also necessary to secure emancipation from a certain traditional dependence on France, a consummation helped by hostility and tariff war. Not only is the number of the translations from the French and of French books notably diminished, and works from other modern languages increased, but from one to two thousand Italian books per annum have been produced, religious, scientific, literary, didactic, musical, artistic, and pertaining to the drama; the musical, literary, didactic (*i. e.*, on the subject of instruction), scientific, and artistic predominating. Many of these books are known out of Italy, at least by those versed in the respective subjects. Mascagni has won a European if not transatlantic fame. Verga's "*I Malavoglia*" is known and admired in America under the new title of "Under the Medlar Tree." Fogazzaro's "*Il Piccolo Mondo Antico*" and "*Daniele Cortis*" are far more than clever, and especially the former has a value of its own as distinctly Italian and painting in unfading colors traits and scenes of a romantic though not remote past. Gabriello D' Annunzio is "an eminent stylist," and Matilde Serrao is well known for her realistically but also poetically descriptive stories, full of the life of to-day, and appealing to both heart and head. Several other authors and their works have been already referred to. The scenes of Giacosa's novels are laid in the vale of Aosta; Mario Pretesi portrays Tuscan manners; Renato Fucini has written "*In Provincia*" and "*Le Veglie di Neri*," taking us to the fireside of the Tuscan peasant. Above all there are the novels of Salvator

de Giacomo and Onorato Fava, born, says M. Bazin, "of this love of province, and therefore living, true, colored. Even for a foreigner it is evident that Italian *raconteurs* have found a productive vein of inexhaustible wealth," and he speaks of "their tender and just sense of the sufferings of the people, the intimate neighborhood, almost the mixture of the classes in a society dwelling less proudly,[1] at bottom even more Christian than ours, the variety of local customs, of types of races, and this marvelous element of color and poetry, their dialects." The dialect authors, as with us, have gotten near to the inner life of humble but interesting folk, and given to Italians a literature hardly translatable, and so their particular possession. Writers, after striving after the classic and realistic

> Begin to understand that every artifice of the imagination is not worth so much as one word from the depths of the heart; and at moments when one reads certain novels, sober, familiar, one has the feeling which never deceives him, of a thing which all the world has been able to see but that only an Italian has been able to write.

There is also, there must be, inspiration for Italians, as for all others, in proportion as they know Italy, in her great past and in the remains of that past, confined to no one city or province, for it is "the wonder of Italy that no matter where you go, you are sure to find a remarkable monument, a work of art, an interesting trace of that past. Three or four civilizations have gone over the land, and they have left their mark on the stones";[2] and M. Bazin has noted the interest of the Italian people in preserving and making public old history, or buildings and works of art, seconding and often anticipating the action of the authorities. Italians know the value of

[1] The affectionate friendliness with their poor neighbors of Cavour, Marquis Alfieri, and D' Azeglio are well known.

[2] Emile de Laveleye.

their treasures of art and antiquity and guard them jealously. I remember that the whole country was stirred and the press wide awake when a famous picture was illegally sold out of Italy, the *Poca* Edict of long ago being invoked against the nobleman who had let it leave its native home. "Oh, this affection for the fireside," ex-

claims M. Bazin, "for the native city, this pride in the loved past, this religious worship for the great men and the works of art of small places scarcely mentioned in guide-books and rarely cited in history, how alive they are as one encounters them everywhere in this land." How powerful they are on the hearts of men! What shall be said of Cantu, recently deceased, who wrote a

universal history and also the history of Italy; of Villari, with his life of Savonarola; of Lanciani's well-known archæological books; and of De Rossi and his great work on subterranean Rome?

De Amicis in his charming volume "*Pagine Sparse*" ("Scattered Pages"), expresses the opinion that books are widely read in Italy, but are not so much kept for the forming of libraries. It is true that books for the most part are bound only in paper and that such easily go to pieces; but then in what other land are there so many and so busy bookbinders? Every week some library comes into the market, and it will be found that the volumes are nearly all solidly bound in parchment or leather. It were a pity indeed if books were not kept and libraries formed, for it is not enough to read a book, however carefully, and a library is a large dictionary and encyclopedia to be ever referred to as well as read.

In Italy eighteen hundred and ninety-seven[1] periodicals are published, of which one hundred and thirty-eight are dailies; one hundred and forty-one semi-weeklies; six hundred and twenty-seven weeklies; seven hundred and eighty-one monthlies and semi-monthlies; and over one hundred quarterlies. One hundred and twenty periodicals have illustrations in every issue. Of the whole number, five hundred and twenty-five are political, three hundred and eighteen administrative, juridical, and treating social and political science, some two hundred treat of agriculture, one hundred and forty-eight are literary and the like, one hundred and twenty-six of medicine, and one hundred and forty are religious. Of the whole number one hundred are in dialect, in Latin, and different modern tongues. As in our country, there is a certain number of periodicals which after a longer or shorter, and more or less prosperous existence, cease to exist.

[1] Growing from seven hundred and sixty-five in two decades,

The number of Italian periodicals published outside of Italy is one hundred and thirty, of which seventeen are in the United States, and twenty-seven in South America. The Dante Alighieri Society has for its object the spread of the Italian tongue in foreign lands.

The pictorials of Italy rank well in quality with those of other countries, as do the literary and especially the historic and scientific periodicals. The papers, generally weeklies, which deal in caricatures are numerous and are keen to see the mistakes, follies, and abuses of the day in society and in politics, and with pen and pencil to hold them up for ridicule or reprobation as the case may be. They are powerful in their influence, appealing to many with neither the time, the ability, nor the disposition to read.

Judging from such as I have for years read I decidedly like the Italian daily political newspapers. They sweep as with a glass the entire world for news, which one may get every morning at breakfast in telegrams or in the editorial *resumé*, not remaining ignorant of any news he ought to know. I like them because they are of moderate proportions and rather condense their material than inflate it. Wherever in the world anything really interesting is going on, a special correspondent is sent. Articles with large area of thought and fact now and then appear, suggested by some great event of the day anywhere. As in French journals, there is an appendix for a serial novel, keenly appreciated by the lover of fiction unable to buy books. Zola's "Rome" was thus published, as have been several works by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." The funny man gathers from the world over, incidents, national traits, eccentricities of character and conduct, instead of manufacturing or borrowing poor jokes—one to a number sufficing. The chronicles of vice are not wanting, but they are re-

counted simply, so as not to minister to a prurient taste. "Personals" in the American sense of the word, and "interviewing" are yet absent. In a word, I like the modest, dignified, ably edited sheet that comes to me every morning, and am satisfied not to receive the big American dailies with all their undeniable merits. True, Emerson says that a newspaper is made for many, and one should read only the part for him; but it is better to avoid for one's self and for his children the temptation to spend much time on a daily paper, especially as it fritters away not merely the moments, which is bad, but also the mind, which is worse, as well as the temptation to read what were better left unread. When last in my native land I saw the temptation in the case of others and felt it in my own. "If this be treason, make the 'least' of it."

In one important particular I see a great lack in Italian newspapers, viz., the comparative absence of advertisements. Instead of the journals, huge posters on the walls and intelligence offices are used for the little advertising that there is. The absence or fewness of newspaper advertisements is due in large part to the comparative absence of the business which crowds long columns in Anglo-Saxon newspapers—columns interesting as revealing the life of a people. Perhaps too, it has yet to enter into the mind of the owners and business managers of Italian newspapers that advertisements must be sought and may be had for the seeking, and that a journal of large circulation may treble its money value just in this way.

The press is free and the acts of the government are frankly, even sharply, criticised. Even socialism has its organs. But there is a license which is not allowed, and an attack on the institutions, and particularly on the monarchy, is apt to cause the sequestration of the number containing it.

It is a pity that the right of assembling, guaranteed by the Constitution, is often invaded by the authorities, meetings being either forbidden or held under the eye of a large police force and liable to be broken up. Ah, if Italy could take a lesson in this matter from England, which allows giant processions and gatherings, intervening only when illegal acts are committed, well knowing that explosive elements are the more dangerous when confined, that repression can never, for long, prevent expression, and that it is a bad plan to furnish the discontented with fresh grievances and make martyrs of the weak and the criminal. A large and variable minority heartily admires and would fain imitate England in her large freedom.

Thirty-five years ago seventy-seven out of every hundred of Italy's population could neither read nor write, and in the southern provinces not more than one in every ten. Even of those who could read many knew little or nothing of Italian history or of the Italian language, and less, if possible, of other branches of knowledge. Seldom had a people been so neglected by the rulers that profited by them and owed them the opportunities of at least elementary instruction. No doubt it was their policy to keep them ignorant the easier to hold them in subjection. A certain number of the well-to-do, and even of the poor, endowed with brain power and a thirst for knowledge, reached the heights of science and literature and brought honor to their better-loved, because so unhappy land, while the masses of the people lay utterly ignorant save indeed of that love which living gives.

When Italy was made, one of her first duties was to make Italians, at least by giving to them "the key of knowledge." Vigorously did she set about it, and with increasing zeal has she labored for it to this day.

In 1893–1894 there were forty-six thousand nine hundred and fifty-nine regular elementary schools, frequented by two million two hundred and thirty thousand nine hundred pupils, the males being somewhat more numerous. By including irregular schools these figures are increased to fifty thousand one hundred and fifty-one schools, and two million three hundred and twenty-six thousand eight hundred and sixty-five pupils. By public irregular schools are meant those maintained by the communes in small neighborhoods in which the school is not obligatory. Nearly two hundred thousand pupils in addition attend private elementary schools, as well as about one hundred and eighty thousand in elementary night and Sunday-schools.[1]

Let us now see what fruit this elementary instruction has borne. There are three methods of determining the number of persons unable to read, viz., the census, marriages, and conscription. According to the census, in the ten years from 1871 to 1881, the number of both sexes from twenty to twenty-five years of age in the whole country unable to read was reduced from sixty-three to fifty-four per cent. It is notable that many, especially of males, learned to read after they were twelve and even twenty years old, a fact, with one of its causes, to be referred to later. In 1884, of the couples married, sixty-one per cent. could not read. Ten years later this figure was reduced to fifty-five. At each date the number of wives who could not read was from one-fourth to a third greater than the number of the husbands who could not. Of conscripts for the army in 1893 thirty-nine per cent. could not read; of those for the navy the percentage is somewhat higher. On being enrolled in 1890, fifty-eight per cent. of the soldiers could both read and write. When released from service three years

[1] The word is "*Feste*," and includes other holidays besides Sunday.

later, the number of those who could both read and write had increased to seventy-six per cent.; in fact that number had previously gone up to ninety-three and one-half per cent. Alas, that the regimental schools which did such fine work should have been abolished for lack of money. It should be observed that though elementary instruction is compulsory by law, yet as there is no penalty for disobedience, not all parents send their children to school, poverty, indifference, distance from the schoolhouse, and other causes hindering. Still, there is a great popular enthusiasm on the subject, and the opportunities offered are prized by both children and parents. The quality of the teaching varies with places and the character and ability of the instructors. On the whole, I believe a great deal of excellent work is done, both in instruction and discipline and in developing the *morale* of pupils, and I have good hopes for the generation now at school.

Next to the elementary school in a complete classical course comes the gymnasium, then the lyceum, and finally the university. There are seven hundred gymnasiums attended by fifty thousand students, and three hundred lyceums attended by over ten thousand students. There are seventeen universities belonging to the government, viz., Bologna, Cagliari, Catania, Genoa, Macerata, Messina, Modena, Naples, Padua, Parma, Pavia, Pisa, Rome, Sassari, Siena, Turin, besides four free universities, the number of students being over twenty-one thousand. Bologna, Padua, and Pisa are well known. An effort has been recently made to reduce the government universities, several of which have incomplete faculties and few students, but, as is usual in such cases, local influence has been too strong. No doubt there is an advantage in having a school of learning at one's door, and it is natural in a town to hold on to any pres-

tige possessed; but for the common weal, a smaller number better supplied with all that goes to make a university great and useful, should be preferred. In three towns university courses are annexed to the lyceums, and the Superior Institute of Florence, with no professional faculty, is otherwise considered on a level with the universities.

There are one hundred and fifty normal schools, attended by nearly twenty thousand students, of whom at least nine-tenths are females. Of technical schools and institutes there are four hundred and fifty-nine, attended by over forty-six thousand students. Of nautical and military schools, superior technical institutes, schools of application for engineers, superior veterinary schools, schools and institutes of social science, commerce, agriculture, forestry, mining, and machinery, it is perhaps unnecessary to speak particularly. The magistral female school of Rome has a course equal to that of the universities, and its diploma is a prerequisite to teaching in the higher schools.[1] It is only about ten years old and has two hundred and twenty-four pupils. Every teacher must have the government diploma corresponding to or superior to the grade of the school in which he teaches; if it is superior, so much the better chance of an appointment, for the candidates are more numerous than the places, so that the best prepared, other things being equal, will be chosen. Nearly twenty-seven thousand pupils attend industrial and professional schools, and over three thousand pupils the institutes of the fine arts, and eight hundred and forty the musical institutes and conservatories of music.

In an evangelical family, well known to me, is a youth who year after year failed to take his diploma at the university. It was a mortification to his parents and a

[1] The requirement is thus really higher for female than for male teachers.

surprise to every one, for his father and mother are gifted, and he himself did not seem stupid. In fact, he was not without talent, especially in music, and was devoted to it. At length the wise thing was done and he was put into the Rome Conservatory, where he is happy and successfully at work composing music and studying it as a science, and he will perhaps one day be heard from.

Let us go into the chief professional and industrial school for girls. We want, let us see, if you are an expectant bride, laces, embroideries, and other fine, delicate fabrics which a man is called on not to know but only admire, or rather the lady who wears and adorns them. However intent on the special object of your visit, you forget it and yourself as you see several score of girls engaged in many industries to render them independent and useful members of society. You come home hungry and enjoy the lunch, especially the sweet part of it, and your hostess tells you that it came from the industrial school. She also tells you, *apropos* of a telegram at that moment arriving, that thousands of girls serve in the telegraph offices of Rome and the rest of Italy, telegraphy being one of the branches regularly taught, as is stenography.

In one of the two highest girls' schools in Rome, which is under the special patronage of the queen, a course of lectures was delivered every winter by some of the most distinguished men in Italy, a limited public being admitted. This was the origin of an analogous course of lectures to women, delivered every season in one of the large halls of the Roman College. These lectures, costing about two dollars for the course, are largely attended, chiefly by ladies, the queen always being one. Other lectures are delivered in connection with the "Arcadia," an academy of Rome holding meetings since the seventeenth century.

Italy has spent large sums in the erection of school-houses and suitable quarters for institutions of higher learning, all according to the most modern ideas, and supplied with every requisite. There are publishing houses devoted exclusively to the production of text-books, globes, plaster or wax casts, mathematical and other blocks, and all other appliances for schools. Great attention seems to be given to maps. The windows of Paravia's bookstore always interest me, and must of themselves be educational, for many linger to admire the prints and read the accompanying letter-press, telling generally of some scene, event, or hero of Italy, for emphasis, and most properly, is laid on Italian history and Italian geography. And as I linger, more interesting than aught else are the children and youth, generally accompanied by their mothers, providing themselves with new text-books and hurrying off to school, to begin a new study or enter a higher class, just as you or I did, a half century or less ago.

Instruction, save in the elementary schools, is not free, and parents of moderate means, with several children, often find the fees, though far less than with us, quite heavy, especially as there are also many and sometimes expensive text-books to pay for.

The question of religious (?) instruction in the elementary schools is ever coming up and will not down. That progress has been made is shown by the following figures. There are in Italy eight thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine communes, and in six thousand six hundred and fifty-four of these the religious instruction is given by twenty-seven thousand lay teachers, and by three thousand ecclesiastics. There are thus two thousand two hundred and five communes in which religious instruction is not given, and the lay teachers are nine times as many as the ecclesiastics. It is a great thing to

get the priests out of the public schools, as they are opposed to Italy's best interests. The catechism is objectionable, and though parents may forbid the attendance of their children during the half-hour devoted to it, yet inconvenience and loss of time are incurred. Really the catechism is nothing but an epitome of the doctrines of Roman Catholicism, and any religious instruction in a government school is a violation of religious liberty, unless indeed every parent having children attending the school consented to it.

Only yesterday, Sunday alas! but the fourth of July, Parliament was discussing this subject. It is pleasant to note that those who opposed religious instruction in the elementary schools, equally with their opponents, recognized the importance of religion and of religious instruction, while they insisted that it should be given in the home and not in the municipal schools. It was also shown that the catechism and religion are very different. To those who favored the priest in the school, and punishing him if he taught subversive doctrines, it was replied by the Minister of Public Instruction that this would only make a martyr of him, and he continued:

> If some communes have found aged priests whose liberal spirit has nothing to envy in the liberalism of those who have contributed to make our country independent, those communes have done well to confide to them the teaching of religion. In other communes, for local reasons of public order, or for motives of patriotism, it has been confided to lay teachers, and they (the communes) have done excellently well.

The chief orator, Hon. Martini, showed, according to the article of the newspaper, "*La Tribuna*," that the pretense of replacing, by means of the State, official religious teaching, had nothing to do with Christian sentiment or with zeal for religion. The clericals, when they demand that this teaching be given by the priests and under the

direction and control of the parish priests, have no religious end in view. They know it could be better given in the family. When they insist on penetrating into the school, it is to affirm the supremacy of the clergy, which, given the clerical character assumed by many communal administrations, will end in resting as an unbearable intellectual yoke upon the lay schoolmasters and mistresses. The article proceeds in the same sense and represents, apparently, the journal as well as the deputy.

The universities were already well housed. That in Rome occupies a striking pile, whose tall cupola-tower is said to have been modeled on the proboscis of the "busy bee," suggesting that those within are improving "each shining hour" and gathering the "honey" of knowledge "all the day."

It is unfortunate, however, that the studies of Italian university students are often interrupted by their devotion to politics, which sometimes takes the form of opposition to the government, *i. e.*, the party in power, and as all the universities make common cause with each other, it is a serious matter. This year there was some friction between the youthful minister of public instruction and the students, and in Bologna, where he temporarily was, there was an unfavorable demonstration on the part of some of the students which he would have done well quietly to ignore. The result was a collision, the students all over Italy taking up the matter; the ringleaders, however, were punished, and the gates of learning were closed, the studies being interrupted for weeks. I believe the students gained their point concerning an unpopular professor, but the loss of time was great. Young men are generous in their impulses; that is youth's virtue, and Italian students are ardently devoted to freedom, which is something to be thankful for; but they will be better friends to freedom if

they learn while young obedience to constituted authority.

There are one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two libraries, frequented by about one million of readers, to whom over one and a half-million works have been given out.

THE STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS OF ROMANISM, AND ITS RELATION TO NEW ITALY

In thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vale redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant, that from these may grow
A hundred-fold, who having learnt thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

—*Milton*

XII

IN what consists the strength of Romanism? There is little danger of falling into the error of attributing it to a single cause, as not only do many elements of her strength lie on the surface, but it is also clear that an Italian ecclesiastic, a peasant of the Campagna, and the Duke of Norfolk, are not influenced by the same motive in their attachment to the papacy. The truth is, Rome is strong just because she is many-sided, and thus appeals to minds most different in condition and character.

There is no other human institution on earth at once so widely extended and so ancient as the Church of Rome. She antedates modern civilization. The great past is hers. "Catholicism suggests all the pell-mell of the men and women of Shakespeare's plays." She "stretches in unbroken succession back to the palmy days of heathen Rome, and has outlived all the governments of Europe," and as she shows to-day no signs of decrepitude, she is indeed a venerable object, resembling one of her own great cathedrals, which received centuries ago and still receives multitudes within its ample bosom. That which has lived so many ages and been for most of them the synonym of Christianity and of Christendom, not only strikes the imagination, but has a certain presumption in its favor—a presumption indeed easily rebutted by an appeal to primitive Christianity and the New Testament, but still very impressive in itself. Even Protestants, or at least some Protestants, have laid great emphasis on the teachings of church history notwithstanding the fact that those teachings were in opposition to the practices and doctrines of apostolic and

immediate post-apostolic times. And be it observed, in the one case as in the other, antiquity and an approach to universality may create a comforting presumption in a mind which has received by heredity or otherwise a certain form of religion, while they would have little influence on one coming without bias to examine it solely on its own merits.

But the long existence of an institution not merely strikes the imagination and presumes its right to be, it is likewise a source of strength. Whatever is old must also be more or less connected with other long-existing things which help to uphold it. Romanism, at least in countries where it has been dominant, is to-day connected with business, society, the family, the State, all the relations and affairs of life. Into what human concern does not the priest enter? Marriage, for instance, has been entirely in the hands of the church, and the power it has given her may be inferred from her bitter fight, in several lands, against its transfer to the civil authorities. At death, not only does she have to do with the soul, but assumes the entire care of the dead body and its sepulture. Her vast earthly possessions in lands and houses and stocks, give her a place and power at the bourse and in the marts of business. Into a thousand ramifications of life, known only to herself and those who feel her power, Rome enters. It is therefore clear that over and above her spiritual power Rome is strong in connection with human society and human life, so that to uproot her would in many places involve a social revolution.

But not only has Rome identified herself with human relations and affairs, she has likewise created many popular customs which are the embodiment of her teachings and go far to uphold them. Our Saviour established two rites which have been well called "the mold of doctrine" which conserve and illustrate the truths taught

by himself and the apostles. And Rome, for each one of her extra-scriptural and unscriptural dogmas, has instituted some observance to stamp it upon the memory and the heart. Thus, for example, the custom of naming children after "saints," and of celebrating one's "saint's day" instead of one's own birthday, writes in every household and in every heart and life Rome's doctrine of sainthood. All the popular festivals in Roman Catholic countries associate the people with the church and her doctrines. On certain days it is meritorious to visit a certain number of churches, and even now hundreds go, though with little or no religious feeling of any kind, but only because it is a custom. To-day you must eat this, to-morrow that; on certain days this or that dish must not appear on the table; every servant, every shopkeeper, every restaurant caterer knows about it and acts accordingly—it is done just as any other fashion is followed. In many stores and on the streets, lamps are burning in front of pictures of the Virgin or some other saint; religious sentiment, for the most part, has little to do with it; but, all the same, by these and hundreds of other popular habits and customs, Rome has bound, as in a fine, strong network, the people to her doctrinal teachings. It is not so much that these teachings are believed as that they have been associated with their daily existence from childhood, and have thus become a part of themselves. On many a fine dwelling in Italy are the sculptured keys and triple crown, while on the walls of houses are still the ordinances of cardinals and *monsignori*, and this is a symbol of how Rome has inwrought herself into the minds of the inhabitants. Nay, Mariolatry has so fixed itself in popular customs that a certain hour of every morning and evening is especially dedicated to the worship of the Virgin. Where an American would say twilight, early candle light, hour by sun, or dusk, in

Italy and elsewhere on the Continent, "Ave Maria," that is, "Hail Mary," is said. At these hours the bell sounds, calling upon all to recite to the Virgin the angelic salutation of Luke 1 : 28, as rendered by the Vulgate, the words of Elisabeth (1 : 42), and also the following words: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now

and at the hour of death." The Angelus, that famous picture by a great French master, what is it but the idolatrous worship of Mary on the part of two peasants when the bell of the village church at the evening hour summons to prayer, addressed, however, not to the Creator and Father, but to one of his creatures and children?

In Rome's long history many of the best men of Christendom have been among her members. Augustine

and Ambrose, though they, in a high sense, belong to the universal church, and would be out of place in modern Roman Catholicism, yet are among her canonized saints and shed lustre upon her to-day. Coming down to a later period, what does not the Christian world owe to men like Bernard of Clairvaux, and his namesake and contemporary of Cluny, whose hymns[1] we sing? Yet both of these men were monks. Nor can we withhold our admiration for the piety and zeal of Catharine of Sienna and Francis of Assisi. Rome of the nineteenth century is yet the heir of the beneficence, piety, and learning of the Middle Ages. The word of God was conserved, copied, and illuminated by monks, and a monastery, though bearing within itself a tendency to corruption, was yet often a light in the darkness and center of helpfulness to the people. Milman in his "Latin Christianity," Vol. I., p. 320, describes

> Monasticism in the west as the guardian of what was valuable, the books and arts of the old world; as the missionary of what was holy and Christian in the new civilization; as the chief maintainer if not the restorer of agriculture in Italy; as the cultivator of the forests and morasses of the north; as the apostle of the heathen which dwelt beyond the pale of the Roman empire.

There were abuses, wrongs, corruptions, and Romanism was useful only for such a time and in lieu of something better, but whatever was good then is put to her credit and is a help to her now.

Even to-day Rome has her beneficent institutions, her martyr missionaries, her self-sacrificing priests and laymen and nuns who minister courageously and tenderly to the wounded on the battlefields and to the sick in seasons of epidemic. That she surpasses evangelical Christians in these respects, as is sometimes claimed, I

[1] *E. g.*, "O sacred head now wounded," by Bernard of Clairvaux; and "Brief life is here our portion," and "Jerusalem the golden," etc., by Bernard of Cluny.

do not believe; but in avoiding the extreme of unduly exalting her, it is wrong to deny or ignore her real merits. If in Italy and elsewhere there are many, alas very many, ecclesiastics who are worldly, ambitious, sensual, there surely are, especially in the rural districts, honest, upright priests who, according to their lights, faithfully do their duty and give no occasion of scandal to the people. I have sometimes asked ex-priests who had become evangelical workers, as to their former spiritual state. Some of these have described their conversion to Protestantism as involving nothing less than a spiritual revolution and renovation, while others have spoken of themselves as sincerely pious while in the Church of Rome, and have declared that they simply received new light and experienced deeper peace in the clearer perception of the gospel. And if among the priesthood, far more among the people, there are many Roman Catholics who, despite their errors, are truly and beautifully pious and whom we rejoice to recognize as our brethren and sisters in Christ.

It is no wonder if persons who do not think soberly fail to distinguish between a system radically wrong and some of its adherents who derive what is lovely in them not from but in spite of its essential errors. John Foster says:

> Thus we can imagine a Protestant falling into communication with a man like Fénelon, charmed with such piety and intelligence, carried by this feeling back into the popish church; no comprehensive view taken of its essential connection with secularity and ambition, of its general hostility to true religion, of the prevailing worthlessness of its priesthood, of its wicked assumptions, maxims, and impostures, of its infernal persecutions, and of all this being the natural result of its very constitution.

Perhaps to nothing else does Rome owe more than to the subtle mixture of truth and error in her dogmas.

Were the system a mass of mere error it could not stand. None of the great doctrines of the Bible are by her directly denied. These give her a sanctity which appeals to all men and especially to such as are religiously inclined and conscious of moral need. The sanctions of the law she has ever used with pitiless, tremendous power. Nor is the divine mercy in Jesus Christ utterly concealed, for on many a hill there is a cross with all the implements of crucifixion, while in the churches the tragedy of Calvary is more or less scenically represented. But the way of salvation through Christ is rarely ever pointed out—nay that modicum of evangelical truth which Rome presents is largely obscured and neutralized by those errors which place her between the sinner and the Saviour, which make her the depository of pardon and give her the key to the gate of paradise; and she in the exercise of these usurped powers at once condescends to, and at the same time marvelously works upon, human weakness. Nor in her doctrines alone, but in her ritual as well, there is the same mixture of the false and the true.

Infant baptism, whether it be scriptural or not (Rome does not claim it to be such) is an element of power for Rome, since in a Roman Catholic country every child, on reaching years of understanding, finds himself a member of the Roman Catholic Church, and as such learns the catechism, goes to mass, confesses, takes the communion, and at death can receive extreme unction and his body have what is called Christian burial. This baptism makes him a Christian. In this rite he receives his name, and through life, for almost every civil act or privilege he must bring the priest's certificate of his baptism. Without baptism he is deemed outside the pale of salvation, and an unbaptized babe is buried not in the cemetery, but in unconsecrated ground with suicides.

Rome is strong because her peculiar doctrines have their root in fallen, depraved human nature. The tendency to depend upon works, to give undue importance to outward ceremonies, to commit the interests of the soul and eternity to the keeping of others, to look to a human priest or other mediator, to throw forward salvation to a future state, to sacrifice the spirit to the letter, prefer sight to faith, substitute penance for penitence, and conciliate the claims of God and the world—all this is native to the human heart.

[1] Jesuitism itself with its maxims and spirit are by no means confined to the Society of Loyola. We hear and see and feel them daily in society, in politics, in philosophy, and alas, even in the Christian church. When a man admits, at least to himself, that his business, or the way he pursues it, or some short cut he is taking is not above criticism, but pleads the necessities of his family; when people are satisfied to go with the current, and be carried along by public opinion, social habits, the spirit of the age, instead of conforming to the law of right; when politics are placed above ethics, when men are not ashamed to do in public life what they would count infamous in private life, and a bad man is counted a good representative because of holding certain party tenets; when men cry, "My country, may she ever be right, but right or wrong, my country!" when according to the utilitarian school, success justifies and honesty is applauded, not as eternally fit and binding, but because it is the best policy; when expediency is the guide, and the law of right is let down to the claims of convenience; when Sunday religion is deemed enough, and worldly men think to compensate God and to get a dispensation from him, and when churches employ lotteries and theatricals to build chapels, pay the preacher, and send out

[1] This paragraph in part suggested by a passage in "Martensen's Ethics."

missionaries, and rites are made a substitute for righteousness; is it not clear that Jesuitism is natural to the heart, and that therefore Romanism, even in what seems shocking when considered in cold blood, is wonderfully adapted to our poor human nature. In view of this we must see how strong is Rome and understand how she draws and holds such great multitudes of men.

Rome is logical. Let her premises be inherited, let them be drunk in with a mother's milk, let them with every art be impressed upon the imagination, the conscience, the heart, let them be received by ignorance from a trusted religious teacher, and all the rest of her doctrines naturally follow. It is a system that hangs well together, and Rome's teachers have such confidence in it and in her authority that they are audacious in the extreme, and do not hesitate to use means apparently the most perilous. Take as an example the fact that in the catechism universally used in Italy the second Commandment is entirely left out, the tenth being divided into two to make up the number. To an inquiring parishioner who had no access to a Bible, the priest would probably deny the fact or say that it was a Protestant Bible, but if driven back on his entrenchments he would simply reply that the church had the right to make the change, being the judge of what should be taught. He would be justified in this answer by Rome's standards, and every "good Catholic" be satisfied.

Rome's worship is a most elaborate system of ritualism which addresses itself chiefly to the eye and the ear, and draws all the fine arts into its service. Gothic cathedrals, altars, crucifixes, Madonnas, pictures, statues and relics of saints, rich decorations, solemn processions, operatic music, combine to lend it great attractions for the common people, and for cultured persons of prevailing æsthetic tastes, especially among the Latin races.

Even the secular papers of Italy say that Protestant-

ism, with its severely simple service, can never win its way in this country. Not alone in the churches has Art, and especially painting, been the handmaid of Rome. Not a few of her errors have been embodied and embellished in the works of the great masters. The galleries of Europe are full of exquisite Madonnas which glorify the Virgin and promote her worship. She is represented as having been raised from the tomb and taken up into heaven and crowned equally with the divine Son. Likewise all the chief saints are the subjects of fine pictures and are often presented performing some unscriptural act.

Rome is strong as an educator. She begins early and her work is thorough. The instruction given is indeed within narrow limits, but within these it is complete. Nor is her educational work confined to the mere communication of doctrine. She takes possession of the imagination, the conscience, the heart, and stamps her image and superscription upon the entire being. Each pupil is treated according to his individuality, and is known in all his idiosyncrasies. That strange thing, the human heart, which, with its labyrinths and deep recesses, defies the psychologist, is laid open to her. It has been said that Balzac dug every one of his novels from a woman's heart; but Rome, through the confessional, extracts the most sacred secrets of the heart, aye, vivisects and plays upon the quivering nerves of the spirit, which only the Creator's finger should touch, and looks boldly on sins and weaknesses which should be exposed only to his eye. A young doctor recommended a medical student to walk the hospitals of Continental Europe rather than those of England or America, "for," said he, "in the former, the poor people are treated like cattle; they are pulled down to the operating table and held there." Whether this revolting statement be a fact or

not, it illustrates the dreadful possibilities of the confessional. That confession has its good side, its beautiful ideal, must not be forgotten. A wise and venerable man to whom one can go for guidance, counsel, sympathy, and into whose ear the story of temptation and sin may be poured and buried, may easily be thought a great boon. But that this is not the sole, actual side, no one believes.

Through the confessional a double power is gained, since to know any human being is to know how he must be treated in order to attain any given end, and moreover, he whose most sacred and darkest secret is known is no longer a free man. In the German novel, "Clytia," this is most strikingly presented, and though the tale is of the sixteenth century, it treats of principles and is true of every time. The slavery of imperial Rome was cruel, yet Epictetus had still a free soul; but ecclesiastical Rome binds in chains the spirit of man. Not that all souls are worth or require the most thorough manipulation, but in educational institutions, and especially in forming priests, the power and tyranny of Rome are seen. So complete is her work that it is rare for a priest to unfrock himself. Not infrequently some noble soul like Padre Curci rebels and utters brave words, but he usually falls back helpless and submissive as the fly in the clutches of the spider and entangled in the spider's web.

The Church of Rome is in fact a vast and strong political corporation, availing itself of many of the sanctions and motives of religion without being guided or restrained by them. She "has reared up the grandest governmental fabric known in history." As her theological system holds well together, so the hierarchy is a no less firmly knit organism with every member directly controlled by the one next above, and the whole by the head.

The characteristic of Latin Christianity is that of the old Latin world—a firm and even obstinate adherence to legal form, whether of traditionary usage or written statute; the strong assertion of, and the severe subordination to, authority.

Rome's claim to temporal power is not restricted to the demand for the local capital from which she long ruled. In every country she aspires to influence elections, to control education, to guide the policy of government. That she has lost much of her old political prestige may well be admitted, but it were unwise to ignore her as a factor in the destinies of nations, a factor even the more to be feared because she works in a way less open, and thus less easily met. Rulers often think that they need her aid, and she, conscious of having something to give, always demands a full equivalent. France, Germany, even England, whether they will or not, take her into account, and have reason to fear her enmity. Nay, the United States, so cut off thus far geographically from other European complications, finds that both in local and in general affairs Rome has to be reckoned with.

Claiming supreme allegiance from all of her members, skilled in diplomacy, able to act promptly and to face both ways, she rivals Meternich himself, while the blending in her of the earthly and the heavenly, the union of outward show with the claim to superhuman authority, powerfully impresses the superstitious and the worldly. Who believes, if the pope's legate to America had presented himself either as a mere statesman, or in the garb of a minister of Jesus Christ, that he would have received the kind or degree of homage that many in Washington society were so prompt to offer him?

Few perhaps understand fully the chameleon-like quality of Rome. While *semper eadem* (always the same) in her principles and aims, she is "all things to all men" in a sense never dreamed of by the great apostle. Iden-

tified during the ages with an absolutism kindred to her own, she is no less ready to coquette with, to favor and flatter a constitutional monarchy or democracy itself. She has very different faces in Europe and in America, and can approve in France what she condemns in Italy, thinking, in one word, all things lawful, and expedient as well, provided only they further her interests and promote her far-reaching plans.

That unity which is political strength no less strikes the imagination. The mind loves simplicity. There is ever the effort to find one key that shall solve many problems and reduce varied phenomena to one common law, so that even to the philosophic mind there is something attractive in Rome's visible unity, while the less thoughtful, finding the unity of all believers in Christ "too sublimely spiritual," are easily satisfied with "the conception of one visible head to one visible body." As to many it is a pleasure and pride to belong to a great religious organization connected with the realm and having for its head the sovereign of England or the Czar of the Russias, much more must it be to claim connection with a church which is of almost every land under heaven, which has presented the sublime spectacle of external unity for ages, and which is reigned over by one who is recognized as a great earthly prince and at the same time as the representative and substitute of him who is King of kings and Lord of lords. Even religious souls, tormented with the divisions of Christendom, longing for a nearer approach to the oneness of his people promised by the Lord Jesus, sometimes seek the realization of this in Rome. No wonder that minds of a certain type, accepting her professions, forgetting her divisions of the past, unaware of the dissensions within, and above all, ignoring the mechanical nature of her unity, enter her fold.

Widely spread as is Roman Catholicism in other lands, honeycombed as is the Church of England with her doctrines through the treachery of priests calling themselves Protestants, still Rome's chief strength is undoubtedly among the masses in Southern Europe. These are ignorant and receive her teachings without inquiry. They make no protest against the mass and other services being in an unknown tongue, and the words in sonorous Latin not only impress them with the priest's superior knowledge, but also have a cabalistic influence appealing to superstition and the sense of mystery. Nor is it the masses alone who are ignorant, for princes of the church,[1] and some at least of the old aristocracy, who

[1] A curious confirmation of this remark was recently furnished when the libraries of three distinguished cardinals came under the hammer. Their contents were analyzed by an anonymous writer in the "Roman World" newspaper, whom I have identified as the scholarly Rev. Dr. Dryer. A few sentences from the article follow:

"In the first place all three libraries of course possessed the standard works necessary to a library of a prince of the Roman Catholic Church. Here are the editions of the Fathers and Schoolmen and Latin translations of those in Greek, the Canon Law, the Bullarum Romanum, Acts of the Holy See, especially Pius IX. and Leo XIII., Acts of the Councils, Baronius, Bellarmin, Petavius and Cornelius a Lapidé, Escobar and Mendoza."

Judging from their books, the two cardinal secretaries of State, Jacobini and Galimberti, "read neither German nor English—works like those of Moehler, Hefele, and Hübner all appear in French translation; almost the only English book was a fine presentation copy of the "Memoirs of Gen. U. S. Grant." The Spanish books did not indicate familiarity with that language, and you would search the more than three thousand titles in vain for a book of Protestant authorship. The Protestant world might as well have been in another planet. On the other hand, there were more books in the Sclavic languages than in German, English, and Spanish altogether. The books of history, travel, and current literature about Russia, Poland, Bohemia, Hungary, and the Balkan States, proved how strongly the attention of the Papal See is directed toward southeastern Europe. Judged by this library, confirmed also by that of the German cardinal, these Sclavic States count for more in the councils of the Holy See than the whole English-speaking world. . .

"Prince Hohenlohe's was a mind of different order. As a German he did not need to read German books through French translations, though there were probably not a dozen English books. . . Among the things to which the cardinal particularly devoted his attention was the subject of the Jesuits, who did not love him and whose feeling was returned. He had as good a collection of modern books throwing light on their ways as it was probably wise for a Roman cardinal to possess. The cardinal prince had evidently heard that there had been a Reformation, and possessed the only history of it in the three libraries. He also knew that there was a Protestant world, and had perhaps a dozen Protestant authors on his shelves, including Lut-

live in grand palaces and boast fine equipages, are medieval in their ideas and as innocent as babes of the

hardt's 'Fundamental Truths of Christianity,' as well as Eymeric's 'Directory for Inquisitors' (edition 1587), and the last edition of the '*Index Prohibitorum*' of forbidden books, in three volumes. The library as a whole gave an impression of wider and deeper intellectual interest than those of the two secretaries of State. The prince possessed a few art books of value, but the collection was not remarkable; nor were either of the libraries up to the standard of an English or American gentleman or the best class of Protestant clergymen, in general literature. One might look in vain for the historians, the poets, the orators, and essayists, an acquaintance with whom is supposed to be a mark of common culture throughout the world.

"To a Protestant scholar some striking reflections are suggested. Has the Roman Catholic Church and its theologians and scholars given up the study and exegesis of the Holy Scriptures, which are the common basis of the Christian religion in all churches? In these libraries the exegesis is by Cornelius a Lapidé, Nicolas de Lyra, de Celada, and Calmet; but if there has been a Roman Catholic writer of value as a commentator on the Holy Scripture within these hundred years, these cardinals have not found it out. The Protestant Delitzsch on the Psalms in the Hohenlohe library looked lonely. Judging from these libraries one would infer that their owners were innocent of Hebrew and not familiar with Greek; but at least if there were good Roman Catholic commentaries on the Scriptures written within the last two hundred years one would suppose some of them would have found their way to the homes of these princes of the church.

"Almost the same remark applies to the works on dogmatics, or systematic theology. The theology of the Jacobini library was mostly of the eighteenth century, a weakened rehash of abler thinkers. In the Hohenlohe library these are absent and there is a much better representation of the best of the Fathers and the abler Schoolmen. But were Petavius and Bellarmin the last of the Roman theologians? Of those of this century only Moehler and Klee among the Germans, and Perrone and Passaglia among the Italian find access here.

"How poorly this compares with the work of Protestant Germany or of the English-speaking peoples. What Protestant pastor but would have a better representation of nineteenth century theology upon his shelves?

"Even more striking in men called to rule in the Christian church is the total absence of all that testifies to any interest in modern life and the moral and social reforms which have marked the progress of civilization in this century; for these were not old men, Jacobini and Galimberti did not see their sixtieth year, and Hohenlohe was but little older. It seems as if these men lived in the past and worked in the present. How different when we turn to a library like that of Prof. Armellini, the archæologist, who recently died! Archæologist though he was, and knowing and possessing the ancient authorities, his studies were of this century, and he had about him the best that has been done in his especial field of research. Of how little value would have been his work if he had read or relied only upon authorities whose reputation was won one or two hundred years ago!

"There lies before me the catalogue of the library of the late Professor Döllinger, some of whose books I had the privilege of using at Munich. Doubtless this would be a high standard by which to judge the rulers of the Christian church; but it proves at least that a man may have a wide and profound acquaintance with, and reverence for, the ancient life of the church and yet live with open eyes and mind to the life of the century in which he works, and recognize the existence of a Protestant Christendom, and an English-speaking world."

thought and movement of the nineteenth century. The learned Archbishop Whately asked his Roman Catholic servant maid if she thought he would be saved, and on what ground, as he was a heretic. "Yes," she replied, "and on the ground of invincible ignorance." That it is invincible ignorance which holds the masses to Rome appears from the fact that, with few exceptions, the cultured men see how false are her claims and revolt from her, though alas, for the most part without accepting the gospel. What is worse, these medieval men are "willingly ignorant," and would not read the most celebrated book produced on the other side. And the masses of the Continent are not only ignorant but morally anæmic as well. There is little sense of the evil of sin, almost no interest in a future life, and consequently but the vaguest sense of spiritual need. Hence the people are satisfied with the mere form, the shadow and shell of religion. This indifference, this practical infidelity, this materialism, Rome's own work, now serve her well, and a genuine religious awakening would do more than all else to dethrone her.[1]

Many persons, especially in England and America, dream of reformation such as shall leave Romanism her organization and distinctive position, and yet place her among the evangelical bodies of Christendom. Yet few, if any, of those who labor in Roman Catholic countries admit the possibility of this. Reforms in morals there have been and may yet be. Shocking abuses have been abated, and the papacy has been made more decent, but without a true spiritual conversion, or the shuffling off of

[1] There is, however, another class, especially in England, who are the antipodes of these, for whom the Church of Rome has great attractions. They are, at the same time, acute thinkers and religious in their instincts, and from the ghost of doubt conjured up by their intellects, they flee in terror to a great historic church ready to assume the entire care and responsibility of their religious concerns and eternal interests.

inherent fundamental errors of doctrine and corresponding ceremonies. The Council of Trent indeed introduced reforms, but also, on the other hand, formed Rome's forces into new and stronger array for the battle. The great Reformation struck a blow against Romanism, but chiefly through delivering multitudes from its sway, while leaving the papist body as little evangelical as ever. Romanism in Europe and in America is very different, it may be urged; yes, very different in manner, but essentially the same, and at times even in our free land, the iron hand is felt under the velvet glove. Outward concessions are made to win that coveted country, but when an ecclesiastic there has made a real concession or shown an anti-Roman tendency, he has been either reprimanded or recalled or both; and once let Rome get the upper hand in that home of civil and religious freedom, and there would soon be the most palpable, overwhelming proof that she had made no real progress toward the teaching and spirit of the gospel. Truly converted persons there are in the Roman Catholic Church, but they are out of place, and if they remain in its communion, it is from ignorance, prejudice, or some outward circumstance rendering an exit very difficult, if not im-

possible, and though born of God their spiritual life, deprived of its proper nutriment, remains a weak and sickly thing.

Let us look at this subject more minutely. Could Rome give up the mass, confession, Mariolatry? Nay, for in each of these is her life; yet with these could she be called an evangelical body? Or, to take another view, could the Roman Church accept the all-sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures, of Christ's one perfect sacrifice for sin, of the Holy Spirit as renewer and sanctifier, and at the same time retain her priesthood, the mass, purgatory, intercession of saints, and the church's right to change and set aside the plain teaching of God's word? It is impossible, and yet short of holding the all-sufficiency of the Sacred Scriptures, of Christ's sacrifice, of the Holy Spirit in regeneration and in sanctification, she could not take her place among evangelical bodies. Suppose, however, that she could and did accept those fundamental doctrines accepted by every denomination claiming to be evangelical, together with their necessary consequences, then she would be no more the Roman, the papal church; this would have ceased to be, and a new entity would have come into existence. If this is what is meant by a reformed Roman Catholic Church, then it is theoretically possible, but practically, I believe, impossible. A reformed Roman Catholic Church, in the usual sense of the words "reform" and "reformation," is even theoretically impossible. The Reformation of the sixteenth century, as already intimated, so far as doctrine is concerned left the papal church substantially where it was before. Romanism is a structure whose parts are so marvelously united that every one is necessary to every other, and to the perfection and integrity of the whole. Whenever a priest hears of an inquirer being told, even in apostolic language, "Believe in the Lord

Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," he violently contradicts it. Why? Just because he sees that this simple New Testament truth, so far as it finds intellectual and experimental acceptance, powerfully counteracts and annuls every distinctive doctrine and practice of his church. He who has been justified through faith in Jesus Christ, feels that priests, and masses, and auricular confession, and Mariolatry, and purgatory are so many impertinences. A man of humble pretensions, if a true believer in Jesus, can smile at them, so far as he is concerned, while shedding tears of pity for the multitudes whom they ensnare and ruin. Well said Luther, the doctrine of justification by faith is the touchstone of a standing or falling church, and the remark is of course equally true of every individual calling himself a Christian.

There has recently been a revival in Romanism, especially the Romanism of Italy. New organizations have been formed and old ones have entered into new activity. Sunday-schools have adopted methods borrowed from American and English Protestants, and Roman Catholic almanacs for the family and for popular reading have not only taken leaves from our own publications but have closely imitated the adornments of the cover and title-page. The late Sig. Bonghi, one of Italy's best thinkers, and a friend to Roman Catholicism, though not a professed believer, noted not long before his death the revival in Roman Catholicism, but he added, somewhat regretfully, that it was a purely mechanical revival, without a single sign of life. What better indeed could be expected when Leo XIII., recognizing a great lack in the priests, recommended them to study, not Paul's letters, and especially those addressed to Timothy, but the works of St. Thomas of Aquinas, the greatest of the Schoolmen and the ablest of the defenders of Rome's distinctive

tenets, as well as a pious man with whose spirit modern ecclesiastics might profitably be imbued.

Except in a few choice spirits Roman Catholicism appeals little to love, scarcely at all to hope, and chiefly to fear. I heard a preacher in one of Rome's largest churches assert that the smallest sins, such as most people commit many times a day, would be punished with thousands of years in purgatory, with sufferings greater than we can know, with anguish indescribable. The terrorizing effect of these tremendous words could be seen in the faces of many present, and the logic of it all was, confess and buy masses; yet even to the best Catholic no cheering hope was held out. How dismal is that religion whose infallible pontiff, Pius IX., "pastor and teacher of all nations," and "the supreme dispenser of Christ's precious blood," is himself unsaved, nor will it ever be known that he has been delivered from the pains of purgatory, masses being continually said for the redemption of his soul.

It is a bad sign for a religion when at least morality and the semblance of piety are not required of its ministers; and this is the case with Roman Catholicism. That many priests are at least outwardly good men, and that some are really so, is cheerfully recognized, but it is also true that the reputation of the priesthood, as a class, is not good. A priest's child is a name given to a bastard. A bed-warmer is called sometimes a priest and sometimes a nun. In many a company, the entrance of a priest, especially if he is fat and rubicund, is greeted with a significant smile. Naturally, as there is often need of a priest, for marriages, "baptisms," extreme unction, funerals, as for other functions appealing to superstition and made popular, people have come to accept the office regardless of the man; and yet it must often be hard for finer souls to accept, in the most solemn and

most beautiful moments of life, the services of a religious minister who is known to be not only not pious but tainted and befouled with vice.

An oil painting long exhibited on the Via Condotti, in Rome, suggests at once the odious position often occupied by the priest and the anger he excites. The scene is a small room, apparently in the country, a fat priest accompanied by an acolyte bearing a basket of eggs which is to be still further filled from the little store of the poor mother, who with one child in the cradle and another on her bosom, looks on helpless and indignant, while the hen is hiding herself in terror. Often, perhaps generally, the priest is welcome, as for instance when he comes to bless the house at Easter, and the tribute to him is cheerfully rendered; the picture, then, represents only one phase, but a real one.

The papacy's relation to Italy is peculiar. Concerning another country, France, for instance, it accepts the free, popular vote, but though the population of Italy has declared overwhelmingly against the pope's secular rule, he bates no whit of his claim, and remains a stranger and a foe within the citadel, an annoyance to the government, and a perpetual menace to civil and religious liberty. In the elections clericals are sent to the polls or kept away as policy dictates. The papacy still wields much power in the communes through the schools and the strangely permitted Roman Catholic catechism in the municipal schools. The allegiance of many citizens is divided, and they must choose between their country and their religion, surely a demoralizing choice, and which, wherever Rome can bring it about, will be for the Church against the State. She holds the balance of power, and may join hands with socialism against the kingdom. It has been claimed that the course of the present pontiff has been dignified, and it is frankly ad-

mitted that he makes no useless, ineffectual struggles, and that he gains in comparison with Pius IX., as that pope did in comparison with Gregory XVI. Leo XIII. is more intelligent than either and, naturally, more influenced by modern thought; but he is therefore all the more dangerous. He has done what he could to embarrass the relations of Italy with other nations. One little incident is fresh in the minds of men. Carlo, king of Portugal, is the nephew of King Humbert, but when he would have visited Rome the Vatican made difficulties, for Carlo is a Catholic prince, and the visit was given up. Not only so, but diplomatic relations between the two countries were interrupted, and only resumed by the intercession of Maria Pia, sister to Humbert, on the occasion of the marriage of the Crown Prince of Italy. Even when matters have not gone so far it must be an offense to Italy and her king when a royal or imperial guest must needs also pay court to the pope.

Latterly, indeed, there have been signs of an understanding between the Vatican and the Quirinal, and it is perhaps not without meaning that at Easter of 1897, the Quirinal palace, the first time for twenty-eight years, was formally blessed by the priests.

For the rest, the Vatican waits. She knows what wonderful changes have taken place in Europe even in the nineteenth century. From internal discord, from foreign wars, and from the new map of the continent destined to be made ere another century passes, she thinks she has much to gain and nothing to lose. She remembers her long past, checkered with honor and shame, defeat and victory; she knows her inexhaustible vitality, wonderful adaptability, and incomparable organization; and so, while in the meantime seeking new conquests in the New World, hopes for the opportunity to regain the secular power lost. Whether this hope is destined to fulfillment

none can tell. If there is much to favor it, there is much also against it. Revolutions do not generally turn upon themselves, nor is the clock of the ages often set back. Why should Europe permit in the twentieth century what it deemed an anomaly and an anachronism in the nineteenth? Will the sons or grandsons of the patriots who suffered exile, cruel imprisonment, ignominious stripes, death for dear Italy, give her up to her worst foe? Has not even Austria, then the most faithful daughter of the church, taken a bold step forward toward freedom? Would Germany, England, aye, and even republican France, quietly see Italy, in whole or in part, under the heel of the pope? None can tell; but these interrogations may be safely put over against the ambitious pretentions and hopes of the Vatican.

On May 27, 1897, with great pomp and in the presence of crowds, the ceremony of canonizing two new saints took place in St. Peter's. A Roman newspaper of that date took occasion, in view of it and in view of the pope's jubilee, also celebrated with all magnificence, to ask what the Vatican wants or can complain of, since these manifestations occur in Italy not only with a frequency but with a freedom and independence of the civil power unknown elsewhere, adding for example, that France prohibits processions and punishes priests who disobey.

THE EVANGELIZATION OF ITALY

"Italy is made, and now it is necessary to make the Italians"

—Marquis d'Azeglio

XIII

EVEN before Italy was made, much was done toward making Italians by evangelizing them. Providentially there was in the Alpine valleys a people preserved of the Lord and now providentially prepared to lead in this great work. The Waldenses date not from apostolic times, as some have thought, but from the latter part of the twelfth century, and take their name from Peter Waldo. They settled in the valleys of Piedmont about the year 1300, and were the spiritual

descendants of Bishop Claude of Turin in this sense, that, as he protested against the worship of images, so they represent another movement having the word and the tradition of the church from the apostles for its warrant. The diligent study of the Scriptures was the fundamental principle on which they differ from the Church of Rome.[1]

Nor were the Waldenses "Reformers before the Reformation," as some have claimed, the fact being that "in consequence of their intercourse with the Reformers, they began to adopt their distinctive theology,"[2] but it is nevertheless true

that by their efforts, not always successful, to extricate themselves from errors which in the lapse of centuries had arisen in the church, and especially by their exhortations to a diligent study of the sacred Scriptures, they became a light shining in a dark place, and that through their congregations in Florence, in Genoa, in Venice, and Milan, and as far south as Calabria, they prepared the way for

[1] "The National Churches. The Church in Italy," by A. R. Pennington.

[2] "In 1532, in consequence of communication with OEcolampadius and the Reformers, the Synod of Angrogna (near Torre Pellice) abolished confession and discouraged celibacy, which had hitherto prevailed in the valleys." They had before that received the sacraments from the priests.

those who in the sixteenth century labored to deliver their fellow-countrymen from the power of their spiritual oppressor.[1]

At the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the present century the Waldenses had spiritually degenerated, a fact due, in part perhaps, to the terrible persecutions suffered, and especially to the lack of a clear separation between the parish and the church. They were once visited by Felix Neff, who was the instrument of a religious awakening. One of Neff's disciples named Blanc, for some time held special and separate services, but without separating from the Waldensian Church. He and his followers were called by the others, Dissenters. The Waldenses had great need of the helping hand, both materially and morally. In the providence of God this was forthcoming specially through two Englishmen, Dr. Gilly and General Beckwith,[2] both of whom manifested

[1] The Waldenses had their predecessors even in Piedmont. Early in the ninth century Bishop Claudius of Turin "acted the fearless iconoclast" and "removed all images and pictures, condemned even the cross, and lived and died, if not unassailed by angry controversialists, yet unrebuked by any commanding authority, undegraded, and in the full honors of a bishop. . . Images were to him idols; the worship of the cross godlessness. . . But it was not on image-worship alone that Claudius of Turin advanced opinions premature and anticipative of later times. The apostolic office of St. Peter ceased with the life of St. Peter. . . It is difficult to suppose but that some tradition or succession to the opinions of Claudius of Turin lay concealed in the valleys of the Piedmontese Alps, to appear again after many centuries."—"*History of Latin Christianity,*" *by Dean Milman, Vol. III., pp. 146, 147.*

[2] Major General John Charles Beckwith, born in Halifax the second of October, in 1779, was the oldest son of a distinguished and wealthy English family. He owed his conversion, under God, to the loss of a leg from a French cannon-ball at the battle of Waterloo. One day in 1827, visiting the Duke of Wellington, whose aid in the battle he had been, he met with the account given by Dr. William Stephen Gilly, a clergyman of the Church of England, of his visit to the Waldensian valleys. This volume led Beckwith to visit and see for himself those valleys, where he confessed to finding some painful disillusions, but where also he saw needs, to supply which he devoted a large part of the next twenty-five years of his life. Not only was he the means of relieving much poverty, of providing schoolhouses, churches, trained teachers, a college, and dwellings for pastors and professors, but he excited in the people new aspirations, creating and developing among them the much needed sentiment of self-help. Late in his career he said if the people of these valleys had known when he came the sums he would get from them, they would have driven him away with stones. Perhaps his best work was to stir them up to prepare for evangelizing outside of their valleys when the time was ripe, and in co-operating with them

and aroused far and wide in behalf of this "Israel of the Alps," a generous, practical sympathy which has continued to the present time.

Even apart from Waldensian labors and influence the work of evangelization went forward.

As early as 1848 there were some signs of a religious awakening in Italy. To the political movements which prepared the revolution, corresponded a religious movement limited, but spontaneous, weak, but genuine. It was generated chiefly by the fact that in those times of agitation the Holy Scriptures could penetrate into various provinces of Italy, and were read with ardor by many. There was even printed a New Testament in Rome during the Roman Republic (1849).[1]

It was a great advantage that there was no need to spend long years in translating the sacred Scriptures into Italian, inasmuch as there was ready at hand the version by Diodati published in 1603, a recognized classic as to style, and at least so faithful that it anticipates many of the improvements of the English Revised version.[2]

In 1848 two Waldensian ministers, Messrs. B. Malan and P. Geymonat, were in Florence to perfect themselves in the Italian language.

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in planting a work in Turin, and in building in 1851-1852 a handsome temple in that city, meeting and overcoming, with the help of Sig. Malan, a rich and zealous Waldensian banker, many legal difficulties and much political opposition. A part of the preparation for evangelization in Italy was to provide that certain of their ministers should become masters of the Italian tongue; for Italian was almost unknown in the valleys, as it still is to many of the older people there. On his earnest appeal, Genoa also was promptly entered by a Waldensian evangelist. In 1850 Beckwith was married to a lady of the Waldensian valleys, who survived him many years. It was a great disappointment to him that the Waldensians did not embrace the liturgy and constitution of the Anglican Church, preferring instead to remain Presbyterian, but he did not stay either his labors or his beneficence in their behalf. Other works not here recorded did that good man, but enough has been said to reveal his character as well as the indebtedness of that people to him, ever since by them gratefully acknowledged.

[1] Translated from a manuscript history of Sig. Oscar Cocorda, prepared by him at my request, and kindly placed at my disposition.

[2] There is also the version from the Vulgate by the Roman Catholic Archbishop Martini, many thousand copies of whose New Testament have been circulated by the evangelicals where a Protestant version would not have been accepted.

At the same time they took part in the work of evangelization. In 1849 two converted Tuscans, Count Guicciardini—descendant of the famous historian of the same name—and the lawyer, T. Chiesi, of Pisa, besought the Waldensian Tavola[1] to send evangelists into Tuscany, and the two above-named ministers were appointed. The work made remarkable progress. Hundreds of Italians frequented the Swiss chapel where twice a month these two ministers preached the gospel in the Italian tongue. There were also held many small and private meetings. It was a most beautiful moment in which, relatively, the primitive church flourished anew. If this could have continued, the city of Savonarola would have seen a serious fulfillment of his prophecy: "*Et reformabitur*" ("And it shall be reformed").[2]

But that word of the Apostle Paul, "an open door and persecution" was now to be verified, and unexpectedly the grand duke, who had been deemed the gentlest of the rulers who then reigned in the peninsula, showed that he was under the influence of a power the synonym of intolerance, tyranny, and oppression.

On the twenty-second of January, 1851, Mr. Malan and Mr. Geymonat were sent away from Tuscany for having preached the gospel, the former being allowed to go freely, the latter guarded by two *gendarmes*. On the evening of the seventh of the following May, Count Guicciardini, having been previously admonished and meaning to leave the country, was in the house of one Betti, with five other persons, for a farewell Bible-reading. They had read the fifteenth chapter of John's Gospel and were about to disperse when the police entered and conducted them to the famous Bargello prison. At their trial it was declared that the government saw in their meeting a conspiracy to undermine the religion of the State, and they were sentenced to six months' imprisonment at Volterra; but this sentence, except in the case

[1] *Tavola*, or Table, is the Board which administers the affairs of the church in the valleys. For some time there has also been a committee of evangelists.

[2] Cocorda manuscript.

of one of them, named Guerra, was afterward commuted into exile. Worse things were to follow.

Francesco Madiai was the son of a small farmer in the neighborhood of Florence. He himself acted for several years as a courier, serving especially an English family in which Rosina Pulini, a Roman, had been for seventeen years a trusted and beloved servant. In the course of time the two married and, putting their savings together, rented and furnished apartments in Florence to be let to English families. They were both Roman Catholics, but had become disgusted with the abuses of Romanism and with the behavior of the priests, especially in the confessional. Rosa had, even before their marriage, read to him from an English Bible, translating it into Italian. Little by little the veil fell from their eyes, and at last the decisive step was taken and they broke finally and forever with the Church of Rome. They attended the meetings held by Messrs. Malan and Geymonat in the Swiss church, and when these were broken up, began to frequent the small gatherings held in private houses by English ladies and others. Conspicuously honest in all their affairs, kind neighbors, and good citizens, no charge of evil-doing could be brought against them; but their apostasy, as it was called, could not be forgiven. A few months after the expulsion of Count Guicciardini they were arrested and thrown into prison. Ten long months they spent in prison before the trial, and but once in that time were they allowed, through the intervention of the English *chargé d'affaires*, to see each other for a few moments, and then only in the presence of the jailer. At the trial, being accused of having been influenced by sordid motives, Rosa replied courageously and most convincingly that if this had been the case, they would have changed to Protestantism when in a Protestant country and with a Protestant family. It must have

been clear to their bitterest foes that the step had been taken in full view of the dire peril to which it exposed them. At first no lawyer was willing to plead their case, but afterward a generous youth threw himself into the breach and did all that could be done. The trial lasted nine and a half hours with the result that the prisoners were condemned to solitary imprisonment with hard labor, the husband for four years and eight months and the wife to three years and ten months; besides, they were to pay all the expenses of the trial, and be subjected after leaving prison to three years of surveillance by the police. This infamous and terrible decision they heard with dignified self-control, embraced each other, and were led away in the midst of the bayonets of the guards. The grand duke refused to mitigate the sentence, and soon they were wearing the garb of convicts, and Rosa's hair was cut short. Like their Master, they were numbered with the transgressors.

Time and space fail to tell of the physical and moral sufferings of these Christian martyrs. Their experiences were diverse. He was subjected to special severities to weaken his body and break his will, while the promise was continually repeated of liberation the moment that he should recant. He even believed that he was being slowly poisoned, and his great fear was of losing his mind and seeming to yield. With Rosa, on the other hand, persuasion and even praise and adulation were used by nuns and by the archbishop himself, who asked her to pray for him, though the pains and discomforts of her life were scarcely alleviated. The details of their imprisonment show that Tuscan prisons of that day were full of all that is disgusting and horrible. The behavior of these two humble persons, in circumstances so trying, was truly remarkable. Their faith never wavered, nor did their patience and their resignation to the will of God

ever fail; they pitied their fellow-sufferers, some of whom were political prisoners, forgiving and praying for their persecutors.

Naturally their case excited the sympathy and the indignation of Protestant Europe. Deputations from England, Holland, France, Switzerland, and Germany came to Florence, but were not received by the grand duke. Nay, he confirmed himself in his course, moved by what he thought his duty to defend the religion of the State, and on November 16, 1852, this proclamation was posted all over the city: "The death penalty is again put into vigor, until a new order, throughout the grand duchy, for crimes of public opposition to the government and to religion." He forgot, if he had ever heard, that they who take the sword for religion perish by the sword, and perhaps little dreamed how soon his grand-dukedom was to become a thing of the past. But, for all his high-swelling words, the pressure of England was not in vain, and in March, 1853, Francesco and Rosa Madiai exchanged prison life for not unwelcome exile to Nice, which then belonged to Piedmont, where he labored as a colporter for the dissemination of the Scriptures; and in 1859 Leopold, having lost his throne, they were able to return to their beloved city on the Arno—but Francesco's health was ruined by the sufferings endured, and his life was shortened.

In Florence the work was continued in secret by some English ladies, compared in a publication of the day to Priscilla of the early church. Certainly some of them merited this comparison, but others, perhaps, did more harm than good, as they sowed the seeds of principles which were to hinder the work, causing division to break out.

In the meantime, Piedmont, having risen to freedom through the Constitution, had become the asylum of the refugees from all the provinces of Italy. Among these some, brought into contact with the exiles from Tuscany, came also to the knowledge of the gospel.

Others who had received the gospel in their own various homes came also to Piedmont. Many more fled into Switzerland and England. The Waldenses, driven from Tuscany, had initiated a work of evangelization in Piedmont, and the exiled Christians, glad to find in them ancient defenders of the faith, united with them in the testimony of the gospel. The field of the mission was restricted to the Sardinian kingdom, which still included Nice and Savoy, and in that brief period the chief cities and even some of the secondary cities were provided with evangelists. The work continued one and compact for several years. Those were times of living faith and of first love, of enthusiasm and of zeal. The work was done with fervor and individual initiative. Ecclesiastical ideas were not yet introduced, or at any rate were not prominent in the field of evangelization, so that there were as yet neither jealousies nor competitions between parties. All were, or seemed to be, of one heart and of one mind.[1]

And yet there were latent differences between the two elements which were destined to produce an open division between them. The converts from Tuscany had been in great part educated by representatives of the Plymouth Brethren, while others had imbibed the same teaching. Moreover, Geneva, having come out from an older and far more outwardly magnificent church than the Waldensian, did not feel concerning this the expected need and veneration, and the reaction from clericalism and its forms and ceremonies to an extreme simplicity was most natural. Perhaps too, having begun by idealizing the Church of the Valleys, they may have felt a disappointment in finding the Waldenses just as human as themselves. They seem also to have desired an independent diaconate,[2] and it does not appear that their appeal was favorably received by the Waldensian Tavola which was, as yet, supreme even outside of the valleys. The Waldenses had a pious and cultured minis-

[1] Cocorda manuscript.

[2] Especially this was the case after a large sum for beneficence had been collected abroad by a non-Waldensian which they saw disbursed exclusively by the Waldensian pastor.

try, but owing to their confinement within the narrow limits of their native valleys, to the long persecution of their people, and to the close relation with the Tavola, lacked the geniality and power of adaptation needful to work harmoniously with men from different parts of Italy and full of the new wine of liberty. It was natural for them, with their past and their educated ministry, to feel and to show a sense of superiority to those just out of the Church of Rome, as did the Hebrew Christians to their brethren converted from heathenism.[1] But the assumption of superiority is always hard to be borne by those treated as inferiors, and primacy among Christians should reveal itself only in a greater love, patience, and humility. The Plymouth Brethren, however, were far from considering themselves as inferior. On the contrary, with scant justice, they taunted the Waldenses with being foreigners, and claimed the superior right, as Italians, to evangelize Italy. They ended with declaring the Church of the Valleys a dead church, in which professing Christians and worldlings were unequally yoked together. They described it as narrow, sectarian, intolerant, and its work contentious, absorbing, and masterful. But this was somewhat later. These charges were but partially true, and some of the same faults existed in a larger measure in the accusers. The Waldensians professed themselves Presbyterian, but even so good a Presbyterian as Dr. Stuart of Leghorn, their great benefactor, had not found their liturgy an attraction on account of his hatred of every, even distant, appearance of ritualism. They felt themselves midway between clericalism and the anarchy which they seemed to see in the Plymouth Brethren.

[1] Prof. Comba, in his able and singularly fair "History of the Waldenses," does claim primacy for them, saying that they were to the others what Piedmont was to the rest of Italy.

The non-Waldenses attended the common service, but were not members of the Waldensian Church, and held private meetings of their own. This was the situation.

But before passing on let us assist at one of the services common to the entire multitude of believers in Turin and held in the spacious Waldensian *locale*. This was crowded, and hundreds stood quietly in every available space. It was not now the mellifluous and rather Frenchified word of Signor Meille, the Waldensian pastor, which echoed through the ample auditorium. It was, instead, a robust voice, a speech purely Roman, which thundered against the innovations of the papacy and enchained the attention and the sympathy of the congregation.

It was a noble and sympathetic figure, that of the preacher!

Tall and imposing in person, the spacious forehead was plowed in the midst with a deep furrow. His look was at the same time sweet and severe, truly fascinating. His gestures were few and dignified. Although he was but a little over forty, yet his hair, which he wore long, and the beard framing his manly face were already sprinkled with gray.[1] It was Luigi de Sanctis.

So important a person deserves more than a passing mention, especially as his books not only cover the entire ground of the Roman Catholic controversy, but cover it with such fullness and such consummate ability as to leave nothing more in that direction to be desired. From the arsenal of his writings may be drawn alike the heaviest cannon and a vast number of small arms of precision.

Luigi de Sanctis was born in Rome, December 31, 1808, the first of twenty-five sons of Biagi de Sanctis, a rich merchant, fanatical in religion, and ambitious of seeing the boy one day wear the purple. In his sixteenth year

[1] The description is translated from an article by Sig. Bernatto in, "*Il Seminatore.*"

Luigi entered the cloister as a Carmelite monk, whose special mission it is to minister to the sick and dying; but having manifested a vocation for theology and preaching, he devoted himself to these with so much zeal that when he received the doctorate, he had but one competitor as a theologian and not one as a preacher. How highly he was esteemed appears from his being appointed theological professor to the Carmelites and many others who attended his lectures and, when only thirty years old, to be parish priest of the Madeleine Church in the very center of Rome. It was a trying position, and being confessor to the nuns, terrible snares were laid for his feet; but his life was above reproach, and not even after his becoming a Protestant could any charge be brought against his conduct amid the corruption of Rome. Yet other and more important offices were conferred upon him, one of which brought him into intimate relation with the office of the Inquisition. Two facts opened his eyes to the error and to the enormity of Romanism. Constantly called on to minister to others he felt the need of spiritual exercises for himself, and recurring for this purpose to the Jesuits he saw them as they are. Besides, he had set himself to establish as biblical the doctrines of Trent, which he found to be impossible. Thus intellect and heart were at one in his decision to separate himself from the Church of Rome. To accomplish this it was necessary to leave Rome, and availing himself of a vacation, he fled in September, 1849, to Ancona, and thence, by way of Corfu, to Malta. Here he met with considerable petty persecution, started the first Italian evangelical journal ever published, "*Il Cattolico*," composed several of his chief controversial works, since so widely circulated, wrote open letters to Pius IX. and to Cardinal Patrizi, preached the gospel, and was married to an English lady, Miss Martha Somerville, who

thereafter not only made him comfortable on very slender resources, but was the comfort and joy of his life.

So valuable a man had not been allowed to go without every possible effort to bring him back to the "Holy Mother Church." Cardinal Ferretti came to Malta and tried caresses and promises, but in vain. He had one last card to play. After going on board of the departing vessel, he wrote a note begging De Sanctis to come for a farewell kiss, but the latter replied that the farewell kiss had already been given. Woe to him had he been taken in this snare, for he would have gained to his sorrow a yet more intimate and experimental acquaintance with the Inquisition.[1] It is almost needless to say that he was disinherited with curses by his father, and that the personal property left behind him was never recovered.

In March, 1850, he accepted the invitation of Geneva to reside there, and for three years was greatly honored by that people, while he preached and lectured, both in French and in Italian, to admiring multitudes and enjoyed much domestic felicity. Here too many of his writings first saw the light. In short, he found in Geneva a second country, but without accepting the Genevan theology. Among those whom he was instrumental in leading to the gospel was Signor B. Mazzarella, an Italian professor of philosophy and writer, not unknown to fame, and who for several years previous to his death was a member of the Italian Parliament. About the end of 1852, the Waldensian Tavola invited—or accepted—Dr. de Sanctis to labor in Turin by the side of Signor G. P. Meille. The Genevan committee agreed to the arrangement and advised Mazzarella to settle in Genoa as colleague of Sig. Geymonat. Both De Sanctis and Mazzarella were afraid of Darbism, and were satisfied with

[1] The sight of its cruel apparatus thrilled with horror all Rome when entrance was effected into the building during the brief Roman Republic of 1849.

the Waldensian church as being pure, simple, ancient, and Italian. In the summer of 1853 De Sanctis was received as minister of the Waldensian Church.

These things seemed to promise continued concord and union. But there were other facts and influences of a contrary tendency. There had been a division between the Darbists and the less extreme of the "Brethren" by which the former lost hold in England but kept it on the Continent, and wishing to enter the mission field decided to work in Italy, George Müller providing the funds, and the management on the field being left to a lawyer named Alberella and to Count Guicciardini. This was a potent factor for division taken in connection with the real antagonism between the conservative and clerical features of the Waldenses, and the democratic and radical views of the other party.

Another fact was that while Sig. Meille was pastor, Dr. de Sanctis was merely evangelist which was, as it still is among many in Italy, considered an inferior and subordinate office. The French say well that every man has the defects of his qualities, and it would seem that, along with his very nobility of soul, there was a certain simplicity in de Sanctis which caused him to be easily imposed upon and to become the prey of mischief-makers, and soon there was a rift in the lute, and mutual suspicion between brethren pledged to labor together.

Causes in plenty were now at work and there needed but an occasion to precipitate an outwardly wide and deep division between those already separated in conviction and in sentiment. The occasion was not long in coming. The Waldenses had bought in Genoa what had been a Roman Catholic church, "The Great Mother of God," which had long ceased to be used as a church, and was serving indeed as a stable. But as soon as it was proposed to use it for evangelical worship and the preach-

ing of the gospel, the Roman Catholic party raised such an uproar, and brought such influence to bear upon the authorities, that the building had to be re-sold. But this sale seemed to Mazzarella and De Sanctis an act of bad faith, and a sort of treason on the part of the Waldensian Church.

The end was that De Sanctis and Mazzarella, gathering around them the element more or less favorable to their views, formed two congregations, the one in Turin, the other in Genoa, and called them Free Italian Churches, which became the centers from which were formed other congregations in the region around. Even in the Waldensian valleys several congregations of "Brethren" were formed. The following year Dr. De Sanctis plead the cause of the Free Churches of Italy before the Evangelical Alliance in Paris, so that these received a recognition on the part of evangelical Christendom.

It should be said here that of the new denomination thus formed not all held the views of the Plymouth Brethren, and this fact was to have later decisive proof in a new separation. At present, however, there was no hint of this, and all the non-Waldensian Christians ranged themselves with the Free Italian Churches.

The two denominations rivaled each other in the work of evangelization, and it was a period of feverish activity. The Waldenses, though moving more slowly, had the advantage of a solidly prepared ministry, besides an assurance of large co-operation on the part of Protestants everywhere, and especially of Presbyterians. They gradually acquired also a greater adaptedness to the work, to which the founding of a theological school at Torrepellice greatly contributed by training their ministerial students, not as before in Switzerland, but on Italian soil.

The Free Italian Churches, able easily to extemporize evangelists, at first covered more ground, but they too established a school in Genoa, and De Sanctis and Mazzarella divided their time between teaching and evangelistic labors, and it must be recognized that a number of gifted and pious workers were raised up among them who preached Christ with power. Unfortunately the "Brethren" did not now limit themselves to criticisms (which were a mixture of truth, exaggeration, puerility, and falsehood), but, as has been too much their manner in other mission fields and in England, in many cases tried to destroy the Waldensian work for the advantage of their own, sometimes planting a meeting by the side of the Waldensian *locale* and seeking to divert to themselves the members acquired by the labors of the Waldenses. But it usually resulted then, as it has since, that when either denomination supplanted the other in any field, that field sooner or later became sterile and ruined for evangelization.

Each denomination had its own particular value and instrumentalities for evangelizing, and, despite defects and faults, the labors of both were abundantly blessed of God, and as the field was enlarged by the union of new provinces to Piedmont, the gospel was carried also into them. In 1861 the English Wesleyans began to work in Italy; the English Baptists soon followed; then the American Episcopal Methodists; and in 1870 the American Baptists. From the beginning these foreigners were not looked upon with favor by the two "Native churches," the "Brethren" being cruel in their opposition. The Waldenses were far more moderate, and one of them, Mons. Pilatte, published singularly wise and generous words on the subject.

In 1863 appeared an anonymous book, generally attributed to Sig. T. P. Rossetti and Count Guicciardini, in

which the entire Protestant world was severely condemned, and its evangelization represented as harmful and sectarian. Only the Church of the Brethren was faithful and worthy of the name of Christian. Toward the end of the same year Dr. de Sanctis put forth first a declaration in which he protested against this book, and then a tract against Plymouthism. Other protests were raised. A discussion arose which showed where individuals and congregations of the Free Churches of Italy stood as to the doctrines of Plymouthism. De Sanctis, for one, abandoned the denomination, and in 1865 returned to the Waldenses, with whom till his, alas too early, death he remained as professor in their theological school, which had been in the meantime removed to Florence. He was pronounced by a colleague who spoke at his open grave, "the first, the greatest, the best, the most charitable of all those who had evangelized Italy."

Causes internal and external now tended to produce a new alignment. The departure from the Free Churches of Italy of a man so good and so able as Dr. de Sanctis exercised a great influence which was strengthened by the monograph in which he unveiled the principles and spirit of the Plymouth Brethren. The committee at Nice too had protested against the offensive volume in question, and who could wonder if their protest affected evangelists and churches which they assisted? For some cause, not apparently connected with the troubles in Italy, the Geneva committee soon ceased to exist. Individuals of the "Brethren" from their own means and the gifts of others supported certain evangelists. New agencies sprang up, such as the Continental Society of London, which was Congregational, and the American and Foreign Christian Union of New York, composed of several denominations, but with a Congregational influence equal to that of the rest. Having begun work in

Italy the way seemed open to form an organization neither Waldensian nor Plymouthistic. There was even a material reason on the part of some evangelists who needed more stable dependence for their temporal support. Various attempts were made, but for the moment no solution of the problem was found.

The American and Foreign Christian Union, besides aiding evangelists, established and maintained for several years a school in which a number of men studied for the ministry, many of whom have since labored successfully in various parts of Italy.

The need on the part of churches and evangelists of getting closer together was first manifested in the bosom of the congregation of Pisa, which led to the convocation of a general assembly at Bologna in 1865. This meeting was attended alike by members of the old and of the new party. But henceforth the line of division was drawn, and some of the churches not only did not any more participate in the movement, but even protested against and opposed it. Although the object had been to unite for the purpose of evangelization, yet the title adopted for the union by the Assembly of Bologna was, Free Italian Church, which suggested an ecclesiastical organization. As regards provision for evangelists, very little was done, and only five years later there came another gathering, in part at least due to the imminent close of the work of the American and Foreign Christian Union in Italy.

This assembly was convoked at the instance of the Church of Milan, and met in that city. Its object, as set forth in the circular letter of the Milan Church, was to complete the work begun at Bologna, and unite the churches for evangelization. Thirty-two churches were represented by twenty-seven ministers. It was decided to come to "a union of the free churches for the work of

evangelization, through a declaration of principles common to all the churches, and the formation of a committee for evangelization." In regard to the declaration of principles, it was proclaimed that "it must be limited (as in point of fact it was) to the fundamental verities of the faith, leaving to each church its entire autonomy relative to things secondary." The declaration itself was fol-

lowed by the recognition that "there are in the Bible other doctrines to be believed, as for example, the Lord's Supper and baptism. Now in the doctrines not contemplated in this declaration, it is understood that full liberty is left to every one, committing them to the special distributions of the Holy Spirit." There was now declared "the Union of the Free Christian Churches, for the work of evangelization in Italy. These expressions, and others which could be cited, seem to reveal the organization of a

Congregational union of independent churches for missionary purposes. But, on the other hand, the title of Free Italian Church, adopted at Bologna and confirmed at Milan, seems to imply an ecclesiastical body. Really, there was here a confusion if not contradiction ; and it is not strange that at subsequent meetings in Florence and Rome, differences of opinion on this point were manifested.

The two leading men on the executive committee were Sig. Gavazzi and Dr. MacDougall, both strongly Presbyterian. To them more than to any other persons was the Free Italian Church indebted for generous pecuniary support from 1870 onward, and this support came almost exclusively from Presbyterians in Scotland. Although even to the present time some of the ministers of the Free Italian Church have been doctrinally in sympathy with various other denominations quite as much as with their own, still this church has seemed to become increasingly and more openly Presbyterian. It is proper to add, however, that Dr. MacDougall is understood to have cherished the conception of something midway between the Presbyterian and the Congregational type, uniting the federal, representative system of the former with the liberty and autonomy of the local churches characterizing the latter. In fact, the late lamented Professor Henderson used this language: "While in the Constitution the Congregationalist element appears more largely than in that of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, the Constitution is essentially Presbyterian." Moreover, the Italian champions of the Free Italian Church always insisted that it was something new, and not a copy of any organization in other lands. On the other hand, it must be said that there are not wanting Italian brethren of intelligence and position who feel aggrieved that what they believe was originally meant to

be a mere union for missionary purposes evolved into an ecclesiastical body with a "constitution essentially Presbyterian."

To conclude this subject, it may be added here, that a few years ago the Free Italian Church assumed the new name of "The Italian Evangelical Church," an apparent assumption of being the only evangelical body in Italy.

The singing, and indeed the entire service of the Waldenses, up to the beginning of Italian evangelization was in French, but for evangelization and public worship outside of their valleys, hymns in Italian were a necessity, which in a very remarkable way was in God's providence promptly and abundantly supplied. Among the men who went or were driven into exile for political reasons, there were several who either were or became as earnestly evangelical and deeply pious as they had been ardently liberal. Of this group were Ferretti, Mapei, and the well-known poet Gabriel Rossetti, to whom is chiefly due the first hymn book of original Italian hymns.[1] It was printed in London in 1850. Of this collection thirty-three hymns and four psalms were by Mapei. Altogether the book owed more to him than to any other person, not only because he was the author of more than half its contents, but also because of the quality of his work, both as to its poetry and its evangelical sentiment. As has been well said, his hymns will be sung as long as there are evangelical churches in Italy. For what he did for the evangelization of Italians, through his hymns and otherwise, and also because his experiences as an exile are somewhat typical, it seems proper to give some brief account of his life,[2] especially the first part of it.

[1] In 1849 a book of evangelical hymns, translated by Bianciardi from the French, had been published in Florence.

[2] For which I am indebted to the biography, in Italian, by Rev. C. Luzzi.

Camillo Mapei, the son of a well-to-do family, was born at Nocciano, a village of the Abruzzi, June 1, 1809. As soon as prepared he was sent to the Pontifical College in Rome. While not free from fleshly indulgences, he yet had high ideals and a longing after moral purity, and even used the most cruel practices, such as wearing a hair shirt and scourging himself to bring his body into subjection.

The pious Abbé Pallotti, to whom he had a letter of introduction, wept that so fine a character should be exposed to the temptations of wicked Rome, but gave him a Latin Bible as the best preservative.

In 1832 he received the doctorate in theology and returned to Nocciano, where he was made canon, professor of dogmatics, and synodal examiner.

An anecdote illustrates his humor as well as the impostures of Rome and popular credulity. There was a neighboring Madonna (or rather picture or image of Mary) famed for its cures, and the stepmother of the young doctor being sick, appealed to it for cure. Its pretended operation was always accompanied with a very loud noise. A great noise was heard in the chapel adjoining the ex-convent in which the family lived, and the invalid sprang from her bed, healed and rejoicing. But great was the surprise and chagrin when it was heard that the noise was of no miraculous origin, but due instead to the mischief of Camillo, who hugely enjoyed the joke.

But he did not lack for seriousness, and preached much on justification by faith, not only citing proof texts in Latin, but rendering them into the vulgar tongue, which excited suspicion and led to threats of his excommunication. A strange incident precipitated a crisis. One day a pupil of his, saying mass, suddenly turned around and explained that the wafer was not the real body of Christ,

but a mere symbol. It was taken for granted that he was deranged, and he was at once seized and put into a madhouse, where he is believed to have been kept all the rest of his life. Camillo, who still believed in the mass, was sent to convince him of his error, but not being able to answer him was perplexed by the strong reasoning of the supposed lunatic. Though quite innocent in this case, he was believed to have been the inoculator of the heresy, and the police of the Neapolitan kingdom came to arrest him. Having set before them the best food and drink the house afforded, he watched his opportunity, leaped out of the window and fled on a horse without saddle or bridle, making good his escape despite the bullets of his would-be captors. Thinking it enough to get out of the Neapolitan kingdom, he fled to Rome, but what was his consternation to find a placard offering a reward of so many *scudi* for his arrest as a heretic. Rome was no safe place for him, and after being secreted by a friend under a bed and enduring great discomfort and mental anxiety, he got off to Algiers, afterward to Malta, then to Marseilles, and finally to London. Space is lacking to tell of his adventures, labors, persecutions at these intermediate cities, but an experience *en route* for Algiers is too characteristic and striking to be omitted. An open-hearted, frankly outspoken man, he made no concealment on shipboard as to whom and what he was, and a great tempest having arisen, and the vessel being in danger of foundering, the sailors attributed it to the heretic, and despite the efforts of the liberal captain, would have treated him as a second Jonah had not a sudden calm set in, when these superstitious souls were ready to hail him as a saint and their deliverer.

In London, after a long preparation, he reached a clear and experimental knowledge of the gospel, earned a scanty subsistence as a teacher of Italian, labored much

to save Italian children from a hard fate, evangelized earnestly as he had opportunity, endured bitter persecution, suffered horribly from the climate, was active in forming an Italian church, married an English lady, and died in a Dublin hospital, when not quite forty-four years of age. Yet, though he fell asleep in Christ so young, as much as perhaps any other man he deserves to be gratefully and honorably remembered by Italian Evangelicals.

Gabriel Rossetti also, with others, made important original contributions to Italian hymnology, and somewhat later his nephew, Pietrocola Rossetti, translated with fine felicity from the English a number of hymns which have large place in the different hymn books and in the use of the churches. The music to which nearly all these hymns are sung is foreign, being chiefly French and German. More recently several additional hymns have been composed or translated[1] into Italian by ministers or others in the various denominations, each of which has now its own hymn book. Italians are gifted in verse making and their language easily lends itself to that form of writing.

Mention must be made of a collection of hymns by Vincenzo Bellondi, especially as they are set to music composed by his organist, Sig. Del Rovere, a composer of worthy fame. It is not to be supposed that in so large a collection from one pen, all the hymns should be of equal value, but several of them have already won popular favor. Many of the Moody and Sankey hymns having been translated, pleased for a time, but the translation perhaps left something to be desired, and besides the airs are of too light a character for the taste of

[1] The beautiful hymn of Cowper, "Hark, my soul, it is the Lord," has been translated into Italian by Gladstone, the Italian statesman Bonghi, and by Sig. Pons, of the Waldensian valleys, but as far as I know, is not sung in any Italian congregation.

Italians, who prefer a more stately music for religious service. Of Sunday-school hymns there is a fair collection, original and translated.

Among the persecutions suffered for the gospel's sake, one of the most notable of this period was that of Barletta, a city on the Southern Adriatic, famed for a combat[1] in the sixteenth century between thirteen Italian and as many French knights, and for the well-known romance by the Marquis d'Azeglio founded on the same. The city is an agricultural mart, the country around being full of vineyards, olive gardens, and plantations of almond trees, and in the vintage is visited by merchants from France and the north of Italy to purchase the strong and precious wine produced in the neighborhood and largely used to give body to lighter wines. To this city, in the summer of 1866, came Gaetano Giannini, an evangelist of apostolic zeal and power, raised up from among the people. He was accompanied by a colporter. At first the services were attended by a small number which, however, afterward increased to larger proportions, and the power of the Lord was present to save. The conversion and complete renovation of a notoriously wicked man was a potent factor both in bringing others to hear the gospel and in kindling the fires of persecution. As to the population in general, composed of some ten thousand, laborers in the fields and of well-to-do proprietors, Barletta was not an illiberal city, but there was a low class of both sexes entirely under priestly influence. Bitter was the crusade preached in the Catholic churches against these Evangelicals, and on one occasion their meeting was invaded by men bent on securing the person of the evangelist; but the brethren, forewarned, defended

[1] Conducted by Colonna and Bayard, "*sans peur et sans reproche.*" At the first charge seven of the French knights fell, but the survivors defended themselves with such bravery that after a conflict of six hours the combatants were obliged to relinquish the field leaving the question still undecided.

themselves and their leader with stout sticks and stout hearts and the assailants were driven back. The story of what occurred on March 19, 1866, is found in the simple and touching words written soon after by the evangelist himself. Standing at his window, about the middle of the afternoon, he heard the cry for his death. He barred the windows and waited. Suddenly came two boys, the sons of brethren, and throwing themselves on his neck exclaimed, "Signor Gaetano, the people wish your blood." He begged them to leave him, but they said, "No, we wish to die with you," and from one roof to another he conducted them. Having found a hiding-place, they were sharply driven away by the owner of the house. Committing their souls into the hands of God, they continued their flight, now having to leap to a lower roof and again to climb to one higher. Seeing the door of a terrace ajar, he opened it furtively, and they crept under a bed. Their whispered prayers were interrupted by people passing near them to see the sad spectacle. Their hearts froze at the sight of a canon of the cathedral, and deep were their sighs. But darkness coming on without their having been discovered, he took the children and started to return. It was more difficult, as there were heights to be scaled, but there were stones with which to make steps; he would put up one child, and they would both help him up, and then he would pull up the other. While they were doing this, the owner of the house appeared, of whom he begged pity for the boys and himself. This one was very kind and concealed them where they could not be found. Late at night he sent the boys separately to their homes, one of whom found his father barbarously murdered. The wife of the landlord of the hall, though wounded in the face, defended with her left hand her babe of five months. The house was robbed and set on fire. Raging like

hyenas, they cried, "Give us the Protestant," and the landlord, being determined to save him, was beaten, but in the confusion escaped. The house of Petrucci also was given to the flames, and him they killed throwing his body into the fire. Another brother had his house burned, and while he was kneeling before the cross, despite the efforts of the citizens to save him, was stabbed in the breast and slain. He and his family were the glory of the Barletta church. Yet another, escaping with his life, suffered the injury and loss of his goods. Many brethren fled into the fields, but their pursuers were led by a priest on horseback who had pretended to be a friend, and God alone saved them, as some of them, though hid very near their pursuers, were not discovered. The persecutors were in large numbers, but were not permitted to execute their designs with impunity, as nine of them were slain and many were wounded. The authorities saved many families in the castle till they could be carried to a place of safety. The first persons arrested were three priests and a capuchin monk. Later forty-three other persons were arrested, among them a man of position, with whom was found the list of seventy-two families, not individuals but families, destined to be sacrificed. In the home of a canon of the cathedral was found the property stolen from the evangelist's host.

The secular Italian press condemned with one voice the infamous facts of Barletta, renewing the barbarism of the Middle Ages, but certain clerical organs excused those facts. The law, however, had its course, and religious liberty was sustained. A lesson was given to intolerant clericals, which, alas, is not yet learned, since often when the gospel is first preached in a secondary town, the pulpits of papal churches resound with the cry, "Death to the Protestants!"

About the time that the American and Foreign Christian

Union was obliged to abandon Italy, another and powerful American body, the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, having stations in pagan and Mohammedan lands, decided to enter also Roman Catholic countries, and after a good deal of hesitation, selected Italy as a field, and sent out Mr. Alexander and then Mr. Gulick. These gentlemen worked by the side of the Free Italian Church, paying some forty thousand francs per annum to sustain the evangelists and stations which had depended on the American and Foreign Christian Union, but they did not really control that for which they paid, nor did the Free Italian Church Committee seem disposed to cede them a certain part of the field with the ministers and churches it contained. No doubt this Committee felt sure of being able to provide for the entire field and would let no man take their crown, while they, and especially the leaders, naturally preferred to propagate the ecclesiastical principles dear to them. Of course, Italy was full of unoccupied ground which the American Board might have taken up, beginning their work on virgin soil, and this they probably would have done had they continued in Italy, but in fact, after some two years of trial, they too, with what sentiments will appear, abandoned the field. It is a pity they could not at least have remained to make the experiment quite independently; and this for two reasons, first because Italian evangelization had and has need of their severely economical method. Still, there might have arisen a grave difficulty, for in the competition among bodies at work in Italy, any pressure of one of them on churches and evangelists in the direction of retrenchment and self-help has tended simply to drive these churches and evangelists into the arms of others, richer, or at any rate more profuse. Another reason why one might regret the retirement of the American Board is, that it would have made

possible a Congregationalism not "essentially Presbyterian."

As to the reasons of the American Board's retirement, and the feelings of at least one of its representatives, it is sufficient to cite the following letter of August 12, 1875, to the efficient agent of the American and Foreign Christian Union, who was greatly grieved at being obliged to surrender his work in Italy:

Dear Sir.— . . . The longer and the closer I study the case, the less hopeful am I of attaining any satisfactory results in a self-sustaining work, with all the untoward influences around us here, for an indefinite period to come. In fact, so far as I am able to see through the mists, our work here will involve as patient and prolonged and hand-to-hand struggle as in any purely heathen field, with some elements of difficulty and complication unknown in any other part of the entire world. The home expectations of rapid and glorious ingathering, and the continual craving for sensational reports from nominally Christian lands, and Italy in particular, must, with all discretion and sympathy, be corrected. And in view of all these facts it may be well for you to leave the cultivation of Italy to the many who are so anxious to do it.

You will do me, I know, the justice to believe that I am not faithless regarding the ultimate triumph of pure religion in Italy; but that I am only giving facts which justify your concentrating your energies on the other fields to which the providential call for your style of labor is, for the present at least, clearer.

In the first place, it will be a long time before any students will be found willing to study with reference to Christian work without receiving a full livelihood while studying. To offer less will insure our failure in getting students. Then too, we shall, I think, have to wait and labor long and personally before we have young men giving evidence, as we ought to ask, regarding a true conversion of heart, of such as are thought of for the ministry.

In the next place, it will be a long time before Italians will be willing to take hold of Christian work on any different scheme than that which now prevails among all the Italian workers. None but the poor sticks, who cannot get employment elsewhere, will consent to receive from us anything less than the usual salaries, which exceed anything the future churches in Italy can ever be expected to give,

and generally exceed what the same individual could get in any other employ, and to hold practically and earnestly to the idea of their soon looking to their churches for any of their support, will decide them not to trust us.

Thus, again, the idea that the churches shall only consist of evangelically converted men, in our sense of the term, simply will not and cannot be carried out by any agents at present to be had in Italy. And any decided pressure on the churches, to be responsible pecuniarily for themselves, will disperse any churches that can be gathered, until the time come, when, by personal influence and labor, we shall have raised up both churches and ministry, consisting of converted men, and with hardihood sufficient to withstand the inevitable seductions to which they will be subjected.

(Signed,) G. H. GULICK.

This letter produced a considerable sensation both in Italy and in the United States. It deserved weight as coming from one who was no novice in mission work, being the son of a missionary in the Sandwich Islands, where too, he was born and long labored; indeed, his is a missionary family, one of his brothers working in Spain and another in Japan. It at least was well worthy to be set over against the many glowing, romantic letters written on Italian missions, especially in those early years. My attention having been called to the subject by my own Board, I frankly stated my conviction that Italy was a field as difficult as could be found elsewhere in the world, and would require as long and patient labor as any heathen country, and that many, many years would probably elapse before we could have churches able to stand alone and help in the world's evangelization.

Still, I think Mr. Gulick's letter was in some respects exaggerated, for I am sure that in one mission at least, and I believe in others, great care is used in receiving church-members, and that "the idea that the churches shall consist only of evangelically converted men," in the

New Testament "sense of the word," is strongly held by many Italian evangelists. I find too, an intelligent and practical recognition of the idea of self-help in nearly all the churches with which I am in relation, and I believe the same is true in other denominations. It is of course an idea that has needed and will need to be constantly and strongly pressed upon both ministers and congregations, and I have seen enough progress to be able to say that if the wealth and the numerical strength of some churches known to me were equal to their readiness to pay and give money, some of them would to-day be independent of foreign help and helping others in other lands.

Everywhere this is a crucial question; and are there no churches in America willing to be helped when they might help themselves, and which give nothing, or next to nothing, for the extension of Christ's kingdom? Everywhere this duty needs to be inculcated and pressed home, and if it be really true that Italian Christians are slower in this regard than those elsewhere, might not the explanation be that the Vatican has pauperized this people even while shearing them to the full, and that all the world for centuries has been seen bringing rich gifts to Rome, aye, and counting it a privilege and an honor?

It was to me a personal disappointment when Mr. Gulick left Italy to superintend Bible distribution in China and Japan, for when I reached Italy in 1873, with one of my children dangerously ill, he was the first man I met, and he and his family gave us a warm welcome and proved warm and helpful friends.

On September 20, 1870, Rome was opened to the free preaching of the gospel, and promptly the different denominations already at work elsewhere in Italy, entered and planted their tents within the walls of the Eternal

City. The meetings held in the various quarters were numerously and enthusiastically attended. Within the next few years these denominations, one after another, secured valuable and well-located buildings, adapted alike for evangelization and for the residence of the ministers. But this involved no small cost, both of money and of anxious labor, on the part of the various heads of missions. It was no easy matter to buy property for such a use, and a third party always intervened. In the cases where an entirely new structure was to be reared, most costly was it to get the needed foundations. In others difficulty was encountered in securing permission from the municipality, while there were frequently questions with neighboring proprietors. A law forbidding another cult to build within a given distance of a Roman Catholic church gave much trouble to the Waldenses.

This writer, representing the Southern Baptist Convention, having purchased a property on Via del Teatro Valle, encountered serious opposition in different directions. The city authorities, after having accepted the plan for the *façade*, withdrew their acceptance at the instance of clerical enemies, and required us to retire our front several feet to the rear of the street line, and this though the buildings on each side projected beyond our building and beyond the straightened line of the street. To obey the city council would have spoilt the chapel, both as to symmetry and size, so we replied that sooner than yield to such a palpable injustice we would suspend work and appeal to Parliament and, failing there, to the public sentiment of the world. This had the desired effect, and the revoked permission was again given. The construction of the apse led to a lawsuit with the owners of the property adjoining on one side who were most overbearing in their pretensions and manners. At the first trial before the Prætor, I stood alone and was confronted

with the lawyer of the other side, who made, in the harshest manner, an *ad captandum* appeal, representing us as foreigners building and pulling down at our pleasure without regard to the rights of others or to the law. To which I replied calmly, stating the facts. The prætor adjourned the case to a future day on the premises, when he ordered the suspension of the work. I took an appeal from his decision and retained as counsel Stanislaus Mancini, one of the greatest lawyers of Europe, who at the trial, some months later, pronounced it a case of religious persecution, and so demonstrated the injustice of our opponents that they were defeated and condemned to pay the costs of the suit. Curiously enough, these gentlemen thenceforth became courteous and almost friendly in their manner. Two other unimportant lawsuits were upon me at the same time, one with the adjoining theatre, and the other with the tenants, who refused to leave the property and had to be ejected. It is a story soon told, but the suspense, the anxiety, and weight of responsibility of that period well-nigh crushed the life out of the man most intimately concerned. Apart from such troubles, the work of evangelization in Rome proceeded with little opposition and with few interruptions.

On the evening of May 7, 1871, when the *locale* of the Wesleyan congregation was crowded, a bomb was exploded which broke all the glass in the windows and put out the lights, but did no other damage. All the Liberal newspapers deplored the fact, and the authorities promised every effort to prevent its repetition. At a night school which I used to attend in the Trastevere, stones now and then came crashing through the windows, and knives were sometimes drawn, as we entered or left the room, which was on the ground floor.

Two notable events marked the next year. One was

the foundation of an Italian Bible society, which was solemnly inaugurated with a discourse by Père Hyacinthe, of Paris, who at one point exclaimed: "Yes, at the foundation of England there is something more solid than the Grand Charter, it is the Bible; and to rear a stable Italy there is need of the same base." This Society, besides large editions of the New Testament, published in 1875 a handsome family Bible, one copy of which was accepted by the king, another was requested by Signor Bonghi for the Victor Emmanuel Library in Rome, and yet a third was sent to the Waldensian College at Torre Pellice and placed by the side of the famous Olivetan Bible,[1] made for the Waldenses in the fifteenth century. Though the edition was somewhat in excess both of the needs and of the purchasing power of the Italian Evangelicals, still, a large number of copies was sold, while others remained on hand for later need.

Another interesting event was the debates on the question whether or not the Apostle Peter had ever been in Rome. It originated in this way: Signor Sciarelli, the Wesleyan evangelist, during his course of lectures on the "Lives of the Popes," inserted a notice in the newspaper "*La Capitale*," that on a certain evening he would prove that St. Peter was never in Rome, and challenged the clericals of Rome to meet him in debate on the question.

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[1] The Olivetan Bible was so called because the translation which had been already begun for the students from the valleys was entrusted to Peter Robert Olevano, a cousin of Calvin. It bore this date:

"From the Alps, the 12 February, 1535."

The need of the Bible was especially felt when the Waldenses accepted the Reformation, in which they were not perfectly unanimous.

The Dedication began thus: "O poor little church, although thou art desolate, sad, and disconsolate, why should we be ashamed to give you this regal present?" In front was this inscription: "The Waldenses, an evangelical people, placed this treasure in public." The Bible is in French, which introduced into their valleys this language. The Old Testament was a translation, but the New Testament was a revision of the version by Lefevre, on the basis of the Vulgate, and the Latin version by Erasmus.

He had no idea that the glove thus thrown down would be taken up, for Rome does not often allow free discussion, but on this occasion the pope was willing, and a formal debate was the result. It took place on the ninth and tenth of February, 1872, in the hall of the Pontifical Tiberine Academy. On the part of the evangelicals the champions were Sig. Sciarelli, Father Gavazzi, and the Waldensian minister, Signor Ribetti, nor could abler representatives have been found in evangelical Rome. On the other side were Canon Fabiani and the priests Cipolla and Guidi. There were also four presidents, two on each side. For the Roman Catholics were Giovanni Battista de Domenicis Tosti and Prince Chigi, and for the Protestants, Revs. H. J. Piggott, the Wesleyan, and Dr. Herman Philip, missionary to the Jews. Admission to the hall was by ticket, and there was not room for all who wished to be present. The discussion proceeded with perfect order, the disputants treating one another with a somewhat strained courtesy. Both sides, of course, claimed the victory. Really it was, in one respect, a one-sided affair, for if St. Peter was ever in Rome, the Protestant cause loses nothing, while if he was not, the papist loses all, as he was therefore never pope, and so cannot have papal successors. On the other hand, it may well be doubted whether it were wise to undertake to prove that Peter was never in Rome. Some very able Protestants, such as De Pressensé, while considering the question unsettled, lean to the belief that late in life Peter did come to Rome. Still, the discussion did good, as favoring the great doctrine that free discussion rather than human authority is the means of reaching and establishing the truth on any subject. Moreover, the speakers on both sides appealed to the Bible, so that when at the close a voice asked who has gained the victory, the answer was, the Bible.

Especially was the public debate in Rome of such a question between Evangelical ministers and Roman Catholic priests a notable indication of the progress of events. It had not been the papal way of upholding and propagating dogmas or of meeting opponents. As to the future as well as regards the past, the case proved exceptional. Pius IX. seemed to repent the permission given, ordered a *triduum* of reparation to St. Peter, and formally prohibited other debates.

In the summer of 1875 a Holiness Convention was held in Brighton, England, and quite a number of the evangelical workers in Italy, both native and foreign, were invited to attend with all their expenses paid. To some of them this meeting was an occasion of pain and perplexity. Speakers on the platform of the great hall professed freedom from sin, and for each nationality some one was appointed to "teach" its group in attendance. The verb "teach" in all its moods and tenses was continually used in this connection, as if a brand new discovery of religious truth had been made quite peculiar to the initiated. Christian ministers in good standing who had labored for many years in the gospel were spoken of with disesteem unless they adhered to the new doctrine. It was evident too, that the vast concourse assembling several times a day and drawn from all over Europe, but especially from England, was enthusiastic in receiving the doctrine, and though doubts here and there were entertained, they were not expressed, and no voice of inquiry or protest was publicly raised. That there was good in the movement, and that good may have been done, is admitted. On the other hand, the exaggerated and unscriptural views presented must have done harm. At one of the sessions of the convention a speaker who had shortly before professed freedom from sin, lost his temper, to the scandal of many, and was obliged after-

ward publicly to confess his fall. Later, one of the teachers was guilty of conduct which discredited at once his mission and himself. It is a matter of thankfulness that gatherings in England and also in Italy of to-day largely avoid the errors and excesses of the Brighton convention.

It must be admitted that after the first novelty had worn away, the car of evangelization in Italy did not move forward so rapidly as many had hoped, nay, that its wheels sometimes seemed to drag heavily. Some who had professed conversion and united with the churches in the excitement of unwonted political freedom fell away, having really confounded evangelical churches with political societies, and mistaken their joy in civil liberty for a religious experience. But as the work went forward without the ardently desired fruit, and to some extent even with sterility, explanations of the surprising phenomena were naturally sought after. The main reasons in my judgment are the peculiar difficulty of the field and the lack on the part of many of the evangelists, though good men and in some respects able as well, of that combination of qualities which has, in other lands, been crowned with large success in soul winning. Others ascribed the slow progress of the cause to the multiplicity of denominations at work. But where else have there ever been so many and widespread religious revivals as in England and America, in which countries more than in any others denominations have multiplied?

No doubt the most honest mistakes were made in those earlier years in receiving members and in putting men into the ministry, so that many in both proved to be unworthy. If some of these latter could be quietly dropped, others, after having given trouble within, when turned off became still more troublesome, and were able

to bring reproach upon the cause at large. This is especially true of certain cast-off ministers, who for years were like those dangerous floating wrecks which are the terror of mariners. Such men, unable to dig, but not ashamed to beg while vilifying their former employers, and finally returning, some of them, to Romanism, or worse, proved indeed enemies to the cross of Christ. The practical lesson was not far to seek—the need of the greatest prudence in receiving men as evangelists, the more so as in this country it is almost impossible for a man who has once gotten out of employment, of whatever kind, to re-enter it, especially after he has been thrust out of the Protestant ministry either as unworthy or incapable.

Another less serious plague, but still a plague, of the work, was the too easy and far too frequent passage of ministers from one denomination to another. All honest convictions are to be respected, and whenever any man feels impelled by his conscience to change his ecclesiastical relations, no reproach should rest either upon him or upon those who receive him; but in Italy there have been scores of cases where ministers in passing to another denomination have not even professed to be influenced by principle, or in fact by other than motives of convenience or interest or some pique with the body left. There is a lightness in such conduct unworthy of those who "bear the vessels of the Lord." Even under the most favorable circumstances such changes are apt to produce unpleasant feeling, and sometimes there has not been the needful care taken to reduce that to the minimum.

At the session of the London Committee of the Evangelical Alliance in June, 1877, a letter was read from an Italian evangelist complaining of the want of concord among the different denominations in Italy, whereupon

the committee decided to send a commission, composed of Rev. and Hon. E. V. Bligh, Rev. Donald Frazer, D. D., and Rev. Wm. Arthur, into Italy to investigate the state of things. On the eve of the arrival of these gentlemen, namely, on the twentieth of the following November, the Roman Committee of the Alliance voted an address of welcome to them while protesting against the communications which had reached England as "inexact and exaggerated," and this was signed at the time by all the ministers except those of the Waldensian Church, who while uniting in the welcome refused to unite in the protest.

The commission, after visits to Torre Pellice,[1] Turin, Genoa, Milan, Venice, Bologna, and Florence, reached Rome on the fourth of December, and was welcomed by the Roman brethren with a tea and social evening in the Hotel d' Angleterre, during which the most courteous Christian greetings were exchanged between the resident ministers and their honored guests. During the next three days the representatives of the various denominations were successively and privately received by the Commission to make or to answer any complaints. Concerning these interviews I know nothing except as to what passed during the hour when Signor Cocorda and I were before them, and one slight incident I will relate to relieve somewhat the tedium of a subject not entirely pleasant. One of Mr. Arthur's questions, asked for obvious reasons, was as follows:

"Now, Dr. Taylor, suppose I should come to you and ask to be immersed, what would you do?"

I had for several years known Mr. Arthur as a man of bright intelligence and beautiful piety, so I promptly replied:

[1] Where they met the Waldensians, but did not even hear of the existence of the Baptist church.

"I would baptize you at once and with pleasure, Mr. Arthur."

His brethren of the commission could not hide their amusement, and Mr. Arthur in some confusion said:

"That is not what I mean," and there the matter dropped; but I had abundant reason afterward to know that this excellent gentleman had taken no offense at my seriously playful but unexpected and somewhat embarrassing reply.

Later a meeting was held at which all the evangelical workers met the commission. It was an occasion when very frank speech was used on the part of all, but without unkindness or bad feeling on the part of any. Some misunderstandings were removed, and the air was cleared by every one's giving free vent to his inmost thought and sentiment. When the Rome brethren had all spoken, many of them more than once, two notable addresses were delivered by Mr. Arthur and Dr. Frazer. The former showed by the comparison of different Italian cities that the presence of a number of denominations in one city was favorable rather than otherwise to peace and good feeling. "The evil had come not from the diversity but from the desire for uniformity." Dr. Frazer said that the divisions here had been exaggerated in England, and that if there is the unity of the Spirit, the variety in denominations does no harm but may even do good.

On the evening of the tenth a public meeting, attended by not less than four hundred persons, was held in the Wesleyan church, in which each member of the commission spoke, as did also Signor Gavazzi and the Honorable Mazzarella, deputy to the Italian Parliament. The next day the three English brethren left for Naples.

Returned to London, the commission made their report, which was published in the organ of the British Branch of the Evangelical Alliance. It confirmed the judgment

already expressed that the cities where there is manifested a spirit of Christian union, and the tendency of brethren to get nearer to each other, are precisely those in which the denominations are more numerous, such as Milan, Florence, Bologna, Rome, and Naples; so that it is not true that truth and love are hindered by the presence of several denominations. It declared also that almost everywhere the objections and difficulties in the way of a mutual recognition of the churches came from the Waldenses, adding, however, that "this does not proceed from any principle of ecclesiastical exclusion, but from convictions relative to the general state of the work." The report also describes the work as solid and encouraging, and closes by saying that the friends of Italian missions not only are justified in the aid given to the different works, but would do well to increase that aid. The report contained an involuntary but unnecessary inexactness concerning one of the works, which was also an injustice; but altogether, the spirit of the commission was so evangelical and there was so manifestly the desire to deal justly and even generously with all, that the impression left in Italy was, on the whole, most pleasant and helpful.

In the spring and early summer of 1880, Italy was visited by the distinguished Scotch Presbyterian evangelist, Dr. Somerville. In various other countries, even in the far East, he had labored and naturally desired to have some fruit also among them that are in Rome. After having delivered four addresses in Naples he came hither. A large choir had been trained, and the Argentina, the communal theatre, secured. At the last moment it was found that the consent of the *sindaco* was necessary and was refused, nor could the efforts of an evangelical deputation change his purpose. There was much prayer and, though so late, the new Theatre Alhambra, just across

the river, was obtained. About one thousand persons were present. Six other meetings were held, one in the Alhambra and five in the Manzoni Theatre. This last, which seats some twelve hundred persons, was full each time, and more would have entered had there been room. It began to be said in that part of the city: "After all, these Protestants are not infidels, but Christians like ourselves." The Catholic paper, "*L' Osservatore Romano*," which had rated severely the *sindaco* for having, as it supposed, given the use of the Argentina, wrote another contemptuous article concerning the service in the Alhambra, and, meaning to demolish Dr. Somerville, said that his preaching was nothing but a simple explanation of the gospel, which was indeed the highest praise. Not less successful were his labors in Palermo and in Leghorn.

It is, of course, impossible to speak with precision as to the fruits of this mission whose advantages and disadvantages may be thus summed up. Dr. Somerville was a man of fine presence and an orator, and his sermons were in every respect calculated to do good. He had large halls and the co-operation of all the resident evangelicals, while he was extensively advertised and very fortunate in his interpreter. There is really but one consideration to place on the other side, and it is that sermons or addresses spoken through an interpreter are rarely effective. If merely the communication of truth were the object, and the hearers were anxious to receive the truth, an interpreted address would meet the requirement perfectly. But the element of persuasion must be almost entirely absent in interpreted speech, unless indeed the interpreter is able to reproduce not only the thought but also the personality of the speaker. Moreover, there is a necessary tediousness when everything must be said twice. To this reasoning may be

added the teaching of experience, and it is certain that, save in the case of Dr. Somerville, interpreted discourses in Italy have proved failures. His preaching and personal charm in private were helpful to us all, and we trust touched some heart of "them that are without."

As a means of promoting a good understanding among the heads of the various missions in Italy, and of deciding amicably and promptly questions which might arise, there was formed in 1882 an Intermissionary Committee. The idea originated with Rev. J. R. McDougall, of Florence, representing the *Chiesa Libera* (Free Church). His thought was that an occasional meeting of the representatives of the various denominations for social intercourse and for a meal together was one of the surest means for the securing of friendly and fraternal relations. In fact, a number of these meetings occurred in Florence, but chiefly in Rome, and were most pleasant and helpful. One after another of us was happy to be host, spreading his best cheer before the group. Dr. McDougall, as the senior in age, acted as president, and we had something of a constitution, but everything was as informal as possible, and for some time happily no serious question came up to mar our pleasure or try the strength of the organization.

In the winter of 1883–1884, a communication came to us signed by nine evangelical ministers of Florence, asking the committee to take the initiative toward a union of all the evangelical churches in Italy. The Intermissionary Committee, itself imperfectly constituted, not being able to act directly in this sense, yet sympathizing with the object proposed, decided to convene an assembly of the ministers and others of the various denominations to promote union and co-operation among the Evangelicals of Italy.

The assembly was held in Florence on the twenty-

ninth and thirtieth of April and the first day of May. It consisted of twenty-one members chosen by the aforesaid committee, somewhat in proportion to the numerical strength of the different denominations. The sessions were held in the Scotch Presbyterian church. The president, Dr. McDougall, delivered a discourse on "Christian Union," indicating its basis, nature, necessity, and privileges, and Prof. Geymonat gave an address on the "Christian Ministry," both of which were requested for publication.

The first question discussed was whether the proposed union and co-operation were desired, and after considerable discussion the question was unanimously answered in the affirmative. Then came up the question whether they were practicable. Here, as before, it was seen that much would depend on the nature and the extent of the proposed union. Sig. Gavazzi favored the abolition of the denominations, fusing them into one sole body. Dr. Geymonat seemed to urge this, while at the same time explaining that the autonomy and administration of each be retained. He wished a unity of name presenting a solid front before the public. Mr. Wall also seemed to favor the removal of all denominational lines. These views were not generally accepted (though others were willing to give up names) and leaving a future congress, which should recognize clearly the existence of the various denominations, to arrange details, it was decided that a closer union and co-operation among them were possible. The practical outcome of the assembly was the formation of an Evangelical Congress, and providing it with a constitution.

The spirit of the meeting was excellent. All were touched by the advanced views and brotherly sentiments of the venerable Geymonat and Gavazzi, especially when the latter said, "If we old ones wished to make the union

soon, it is because we want to see it before we die." Every day we all partook together, with love and cheerfulness, of a lunch which was offered us by friends, through Dr. McDougall, and at his table many of us gathered every evening.

The sequel to all this would be comic if it were not so near being tragic. Some months later the Intermissionary Committee met to settle, if possible, a difficulty between the representatives of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Free Italian Church. All night the difficulty was wrestled with, but in vain, and the alienated brethren were not reconciled.

The committee never held another session, and as it was to convoke the congress, this body never assembled. It had been born dead! Smile not, reader. The effort was honorable and holy, even if it failed. And perhaps nowhere more than in Italy has the attempt been made to diminish division and promote unity. Some of the views entertained on the subject have been utopian,—yes, but also beautiful.

At the time of the assembly in Florence, another attempt, not so large but more practical, was made in the direction of union, being nothing less than the joining of the Waldensian Church and the Free Italian Church into one body. All the auspices were favorable. No great doctrinal difference, or difference as to ordinances, was in the way, and any dissenting congregation or minister of the younger "church" could easily find a congenial home with some one of the other denominations at work in Italy. The responsible leaders of the Free Italian Church were beginning to feel the pressure of responsibility, financial and otherwise. The two churches sought support of the same contributors, especially in Scotland, and there was a strong wish among the friends of both that a union might be effected. The moment could not

have been more propitious, for the idea of union was in the air and the sentiment of union was in the hearts of all. The assembly had powerfully impressed some of those most interested and most influential.

In fact, the preliminary negotiations between the Boards of the two bodies promised well. The question was pending for a year or two, and finally all came to naught. The vessel seemed almost in port, but never entered it. The residuum of difference which remained insoluble appeared, and to me appears, insignificant, but it was enough to render impossible the practical solution of the problem.

> What's in a name? that which we call a rose
> By any other name would smell as sweet.

Yet, after all, names, especially historic names, are powerful to conjure with, and it is perhaps not strange that it was on the question of a name for the united bodies that the bodies failed to unite.

The Waldensian Synod in 1886 voted a project of union, consisting of twelve articles. The fifth article is as follows:

> The United Church keeps the name of Evangelical Waldensian Church, leaving, however, liberty to each single congregation to call itself simply, "Evangelical Church of" (the city or town in which it is located), and earnestly desiring (*facendo voti*) the coming of the day in which the greatly increased number of members, or its union with other Italian evangelical denominations, may consent to the assuming of the name, "The Evangelical Church of Italy."

The synod of the Free Italian Church saw in this the proposal, not for union, but for their absorption, and so rejected it. They quite understood that the name Waldensian fairly belonged to the congregations of the valleys, and for them did not object to it, but they could not accept it for the united body. To an outsider it

seems that they might have done so. On the other hand, why might not the Waldenses have yielded something on this crucial question, offering, for example, to accept the title of Free Waldensian for the joint name? I praise the Waldenses for their slowness to assume "The Evangelical Church of Italy" as a title. Such a name is inexcusable save for a State church, which is itself unjustifiable. There should always be some additional descriptive word, as otherwise the existence of other religious bodies is ignored, if not indeed denied.

Many in the Old World and in the New were disappointed and grieved that the union was not effected, and that it was not seems to me a pity. I do not believe in a union at the expense of principle, a procrustean bed on which consciences are to be compressed or stretched, with the sacrifice of sacred convictions, and of truth more sacred still; but here there was substantial doctrinal agreement, and after all the talk and real feeling too about union, to miss it for a *name,* it was a pity; aye, and the pity seems greater still in view of the fact that almost the only misunderstanding and alienation in the Italian evangelical world since has been, and is, between these two bodies which so nearly became one.

Perhaps the true character and place of the Virgin Mary was never more thoroughly discussed than in Rome in the years 1879–1880. Many were the discourses in the evangelical churches, discourses announced by placards posted all over the city. The clericals were enraged, and especially during May, called the month of Mary, were the Evangelicals bitterly attacked, and Mariolatry in its most advanced form and in the most intolerant spirit was pressed upon the people. The agitation was great. When it had somewhat calmed, the evangelical ministers published a kind, courteous reply to the accusations of the Roman Catholics, declaring themselves

ready to meet the clericals in a solemn, public debate on the question at issue. But the clericals had no mind for such debate, nor would it have been permitted by the pope. The debate concerning Peter's sojourn in Rome was for his Holiness a lesson not to be forgotten.

Next there arose a very spirited discussion on the same general subject among the Evangelicals themselves. It came about in this way. Signor Sciarelli, a Wesleyan evangelist and able writer, put forth a book entitled "The Mother of Jesus Christ." It was especially meant to rebut the charge against the Evangelicals of being impious and blasphemous. Perhaps the matter would have rested there, had he not asked of his companions in labor their frank opinion of his book. Most of them indeed wrote very approvingly concerning it, suggesting only slight modifications in case of a second edition. One of them, however, Dr. Caporali, took the occasion to put forth views concerning the Madonna, alike new and startling, and as he printed them in "*La Fiaccola*" (The Torch), they attained wide publicity. Among other things, he presented Mary as the believer *par excellence:*

> The Madonna is the type of the acceptance by faith of the sacrifice of Jesus Christ, who in her womb humbles himself and begins to suffer for us. *We* accept with the idea only, *she* with all the forces of soul, of brain, and of blood, and so energetically as to unite the two lives. *We* accept for ourselves only, *she* for all humanity. . . If great things were fulfilled, the faith must have been equally great. And so much the more must it have been great if, the Davidic nature of the Virgin being affected by original sin, the highest and most absolute faith and the complete abandonment to the will of the Almighty was necessary continually to eliminate from the divine embryo that which Justin Martyr called the corrosive substance. For concurrence in acts so vital there needed to be not a simple, instantaneous assent, but a faith of the highest degree, most intense, typical, sublime, which should continue always at the same height, faith which contributed to mold and incarnate the Deity. . . With his expiring

voice Jesus recommends to *us* to consider the Madonna as our mother and model, saying to the disciple whom he loved, and to all future disciples: "Behold thy mother," that is, look to her by whose means I came into the world, let her great faith serve you as a model. . . She (Mary) had the special merit of having never resisted grace.

Mary was also presented as the type of humility, as the symbol of the habitation of God in the creature, as the figure of the universal church. Dr. Caporali represented the Virgin as having been "after Dante, the ideal of the nation, a symbol, an evangelical standard." He represented faith as "a faculty poetic, fantastic, which idealizes the reality, the reaching forth of the contrast between the me and the not me and a raising of self to God when the contrast disappears."

The views put forth by Dr. Caporali were more or less accepted by the ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Mission, perhaps in part from *esprit de corps*, as he belonged to the same: but the ministers of other denominations, including the Wesleyans, expressed decided dissent from them, and there were replies to his articles in several evangelical journals. Dr. Geymonat "invoked biblical sobriety and prudence," and said "one could almost prophesy a Methodist Madonna." Especially in the "Sower" (*Il Seminatore*), the controversy was ably maintained by Sig. Cocorda for several months, and "The Torch" (*La Fiaccola*) became so personal and abusive that Dr. Geymonat spoke of it as in danger of becoming "a torch of discord."

Another subject on which, happily, all the Evangelicals were of one mind and all equally interested, though not equally prominent, was the observance of the Lord's Day. Indeed it was hoped that there, at least, Protestants and Catholics might labor side by side; but this was not the case, though the overtures met a courteous response. The propaganda was led by Sciarelli and Ga-

vazzi, and interesting public meetings were held. In one of these Gavazzi combatted the objection to suspension of postal service on Sunday that commerce and business would suffer; and he, in his own way, made it appear, as it was, very ridiculous that Rome, really not a commercial city, could not endure a suspension which London, the commercial capital of two worlds, did not find too inconvenient. The propaganda, as far as the general public was concerned, was chiefly on humanitarian grounds, and was not without effect. At any rate, there has been a progressive improvement in the practical recognition of the day of rest, though there is still vast room for improvement. Of publications on the subject I recall those of Sciarelli and William Meille; others may have participated in the discussion of the subject.

As regards the treatment of evangelical patients in the public hospitals, and the burial of our dead, much was left to be desired, but by a persistent presentation to the authorities of the evils sought to be remedied, much has been done toward securing the rights of Italian citizens in these matters. This important result has been effected chiefly through the local committees of the Evangelical Alliance. Ministers have now the opportunity to visit fully the sick members of their congregations, and in many cases separate cemeteries have been accorded, as the Roman Catholics object to our proximity even after death.

There are, however, abuses still existing in some places which it is difficult for the law to reach. An evangelical Christian remaining firm to the last, despite the torments of priests and nuns, is often after his death represented as having died a devout and penitent son of the Holy Mother Church; he receives even when dead "extreme unction," and his body is claimed for Roman Catholic burial. The Baptist church in Bari having suf-

fered from this method, adopted the following plan for self-protection and in homage to the truth. Every member signs before a notary a paper declaring himself an Evangelical, and that he wills to be ministered to by brethren of his faith in sickness and the burial of his body by them in case of his death, and a copy of this remains with him, one with the church, and a third with the public notary, who in Italy is a government official.

It is a comfort that not infrequently our Italian brethren in the great municipal hospitals, by their words and even more by their patience, resignation, peace, and holy joy, despite dreadful tortures, and in the hour and article of death, witness so good a confession that opponents are silenced, and others are consoled and edified.

The burial of the mortal remains of deceased brethren is also a valuable opportunity of evangelization. A Roman Catholic lady of Cagliari was once unintentionally near enough to an evangelical burial service to have her attention arrested; she remained to hear the rest and was favorably impressed in spite of herself. If she did not accept the gospel she at least had her views concerning the Protestants completely transformed, and she said that ever after when she decorated the graves of her own dear ones she would place flowers also on as many as possible of the graves of the Evangelicals. Several times I myself have at the municipal cemetery of Rome assisted in funeral services attended by many who would never enter one of our churches, yet who listened with rapt interest to the hymn, the Scripture, and the words spoken.[1]

In 1884 was formed the Apostolical Baptist Union, embracing the Baptists in relation with America, and those in relation with English Baptists. The former had from

[1] This paragraph is taken in substance from a paper read by me before the Evangelical Alliance in Florence.

the first chosen to be known as elsewhere in the world, that is, as Baptists, while the latter had called themselves Apostolical. Concerning the one question dividing them, that of open or strict communion, it was agreed to waive all discussion both in the meetings and in the publications of the union, leaving each branch free to practise and propagate its own convictions on the point at issue. A monthly periodical was at once begun as the organ of the union, and has since been maintained without help from abroad. A Board of publications of the union has also issued several tracts and larger volumes, while an Orphans' and Widows' Fund,[1] designed for the aid of the families of deceased ministers, through the monthly payments of members and the contributions of others, is beginning to assume encouraging proportions.

In the autumn of 1889 an interesting event in the Waldensian Valleys was the celebration of the "Glorious Return," two centuries before, of that people from exile. Their terrible persecution was an illustration of what is described in the opening verses of the second Psalm. Louis XIV., of France, after revoking the Edict of Nantes, stirred up his nephew, Victor Amadeo, Duke of Savoy, to attempt the extirpation of the Waldenses. After unheard-of cruelties, which led to the apostasy of some and the death of many, the remnant went into exile, most of them seeking refuge in Switzerland, where they were hospitably treated. Some three years later, a league having been formed in Europe against the French king, the exiles set out to return home. On Mt. Cenis they were attacked by an overwhelming force of French troops; but they were not overwhelmed—nay, they put their foes to flight. This time, at least, Providence was not on the side of the heavy battalions. Other verses of the second Psalm were finding splendid fulfillment in

[1] Other missions in Italy have such funds.

favor of the Lord's persecuted people. Great, however, were their sufferings and persecutions, crowned at last with glorious success. The whole story of the "Return" is as romantic and thrillingly interesting as can be found in history or fiction, and their heroic leader, Henri Arnold, is worthy to rank with that other of the same name, Arnold of Brescia.

At the very places in the valleys whither the exiles first returned, meetings were now held to recount the deeds of their ancestors and to praise Him who had delivered them and brought them back from a strange land. Large and enthusiastic deputations came from America and from nearly every country of Europe with congratulations, good wishes, and generous gifts. Rev. H. J. Piggott, the Wesleyan, and the present writer were the two representatives from Italian churches. It was a veritable jubilee, and festal was the scene, with banners flying from every house and fires at night on every mountain top. A new building was opened for educational and other purposes, and the king himself came up to honor the occasion.

In April, 1891, the ninth International Conference of the Evangelical Alliance was held in Florence. Members were present from twenty different countries, and one hundred and fifty Italian evangelists from all over Italy and of all the different denominations. Most of these came and were lodged, during the eight days the meeting lasted, at the expense of the British branch of the Alliance. About a score of the addresses or papers were by workers in Italy, who gave facts and statistics, related incidents, and described the difficulties and facilities of Italian evangelization. Sunday observance in Italy and the work of the British and Foreign Bible Society and of the Claudian Press were also considered. Besides all this, several of the discourses of others treated of Italy,

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her history, and the efforts to give her people the gospel. Many of the addresses and prayers too were in Italian, and altogether, the entire meeting took color from the country and from the lovely city in which it was held. A pleasant feature was a daily prayer meeting in which there were many tongues, but only one Spirit, and some of our Italian brethren will never lose the impression of those seasons of prayer. The evenings were given to evangelistic services, filling the large Salvini Theatre, and these were continued for an entire month.

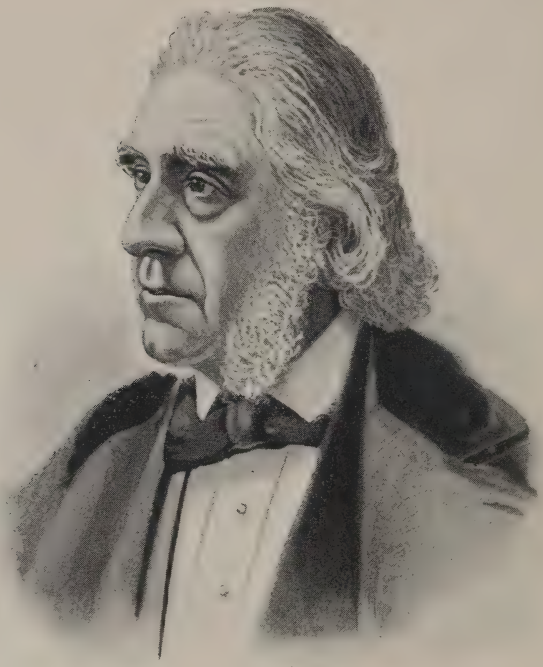
A very agreeable episode was the sending of a telegram conveying the salutations and best wishes of the Alliance to the king of Italy and his sympathetic response. Even before the meeting, his majesty had expressed the wish that it might be held in Rome. When it was explained that this might cause unnecessary offense to the Vatican, the king replied that such considerateness was very commendable, but would not be used by the clerical party.

The holding of such a conference in Florence was sufficiently significant of the great and blessed change which had come to Italy. Forty years before, men and women were sent into exile or imprisoned for reading the word of God; now for eight days crowds gather from all Christendom to hear and preach that word and to plan for its universal dissemination, and the king accepts gratefully their message of good-will and bids them God speed. A new Galileo could say of the world in a spiritual sense, despite all existing evil, "And yet it moves."

Nor was the meeting of the Alliance a mere index on the world's clock; it moved the index forward, as a plea for religious liberty, a protest against Romanism and unbelief, an eloquent declaration of the essential unity of all Christians, and a real help toward more brotherly love and greater zeal for the glory of the Redeemer.

Italy was a special beneficiary, and the churches of Florence have reaped a harvest from the seed then sown.

There were some, relatively small, imperfections in the meeting; that was inevitable, as it was held by Christians, who are also men and therefore imperfect.



But it was a glorious and blessed meeting, to be remembered with gratitude and joy, to be marked with a white stone in the history of Italian evangelization.

One great figure was missed at this meeting, for the whole Evangelical public had suffered an irreparable loss in the sudden death of Alexander Gavazzi, in every way the most splendid figure in Italian evangelization. He

lacked but a few days of four-score years, and his eye was not dim nor his natural force abated. He was born in Bologna in 1809, of honorable parentage, his father being a professor of law in the university, and his maternal grandfather, surnamed "the Just," president of the Supreme Court of Appeals. At fifteen years of age, Alexander, of his own choice, became a monk of the Barnabite order, then one of the most liberal and learned of monastic orders. At twenty he was made professor of rhetoric in Naples, but soon joined the preaching friars and drew crowds by his eloquence; but seeing, and frankly declaring, the church's need of reform, he became the object of suspicion and persecution on the part of the papacy. Even then doubts sprang up in his mind, which he was instructed by his confessor to resist as diabolical temptations, but with all his efforts they would not down. To thwart his influence, he was moved from place to place and even kept in custody, but all in vain.

With the great revolutionary movement of 1848 came his opportunity. "For two months he preached daily in the Colosseum to sixty thousand people and enrolled volunteers." Gavazzi having been made chaplain-general, he marched with the men, and through the Roman States and Tuscany "troops of damsels strewed flowers in the way and sang national songs, as the Hebrew maidens did before King David."

When the French legions came to win back Rome for the pope, who had fled to Gaeta, Gavazzi and Ugo Bassi cared for the wounded Italian soldiers, comforting the dying in their last hours. But for the safe conduct given him by the American consul, he would have shared the fate of his friend Ugo Bassi. In London, like so many other Italian exiles, Gavazzi kept off starvation by giving lessons in Italian and Latin.

But such genius, and especially such magnificent ora-

torical gifts, could not long be hid, and once introduced to the Anglo-Saxon world, his course was one continual triumph. For three or four years he went through the British Isles, Canada, and America, "crowding the largest halls and enlisting universal sympathy by his monk's dress, his platform action, his eloquent denunciation of Pius IX. and Romish oppression." The proceeds of his work he gave to fellow-exiles and to the schools of Dr. de Sanctis. Whenever there was unwillingness for him to speak, he won a hearing by his tact, or compelled the unwilling to hear, whether they would or not.

A striking illustration of Gavazzi's power over an unwilling audience is recounted by Rev. Henry J. Piggott, head of the Northern Branch of the Wesleyan Mission in Italy. It was in 1854 that Gavazzi was invited to deliver a series of addresses in the town hall of Oxford. One of the subjects to be treated awakened the ire of the Puseyites, then powerful in Oxford. Half an hour before the opening of the meeting in which this subject was to be treated, the hall was invaded by some two hundred university students to interrupt and, if possible, prevent the discourse. When Gavazzi appeared, the hall was the scene of a pandemonium; every kind of noise was proceeding from throats and from instruments; the air was full of smoke and small bombs were exploding. Not a syllable could be heard of the address of the mayor introducing the orator of the evening. Gavazzi for some time kept his seat, looking at the noisy students with those mirthful contortions of the face peculiar to himself. As he expected, curiosity presently overcame rage and there was a lull. Availing himself of it, without changing countenance, in his natural voice and still remaining seated, he began: "On ten battlefields and in four besieged cities I have heard the cannon's thunder and the whistling of balls, and I am not the man to be intimi-

dated"—here he sprang to his feet—"by a B-o-o-o-o!" The effect was electrical. The massive figure, the majestic pose, the voice like a lion's roar, for a moment so subdued his adversaries that one scarcely dared to breathe. Several minutes passed before he was interrupted, nor could the tempest ever be again what it was in the beginning. For two hours raged the battle, but he was victor, and well did he scourge those who tried to silence him. Lord Palmerston had lately been pictured in "Punch" as half gentleman with a dress coat, and the other half Pulcinella. Gavazzi applied this to the Puseyite, half evangelical and half Roman Catholic. Here his voice was drowned with the cries of the enraged students, but by his gestures and comic expression the picture was perfect before them, and in spite of all they could not but see it. It was a rare feat to produce such effects through a foreign tongue acquired after middle life.

In 1858 occurred his conversion, and when on his knees crying: "God be merciful to me a sinner," it was a gracious Providence that Dr. de Sanctis was at hand with sympathy and counsel. What friends they were ever afterward! Though again with Garibaldi in the campaign of The Thousand, which redeemed Sicily and Naples, it was as a preacher of the gospel, and from his conversion onward he was an earnest evangelist, proclaiming Christ in many towns and cities of his native land.

Gavazzi was a learned man in various departments of human knowledge. He was eminent as a controversialist and knew how to hold up the papacy and its pretensions to ridicule and to make them odious; but he was also a charming preacher of the gospel. Especially was he great on justification by faith. His gestures and facial expression often bordered on the grotesque, but seemed natural in him. On one occasion when preaching he

kissed his hand and waved it upward, saying, "I send thee a kiss, O God." Who else could have done such a thing? He was beloved and revered by all the Evangelicals in Italy; all had reaped some fruit of his labors, which he was the farthest from begrudging; nay, he was ready to lend his great powers and influence to any denomination and rejoiced in the success of all. On great occasions he was the champion of the entire evangelical community. Magnificent in his physique, grand as an orator, he was simple-hearted as a child. His faith in the Saviour was implicit, and death to him had no terrors, since he knew it was but a departure to be with Christ, which is far better. For the sake of hygiene he directed his body to be cremated, as it was. He had felt mortified at not being invited to Bologna on the unveiling of the monument to Ugo Bassi, and it was a marked slight; but the press of Italy at his death was unanimous[1] and hearty in the recognition of his splendid abilities, his patriotism, and his remarkable career, and latterly his bust has been placed near the equestrian statue of Garibaldi on the Janiculum.

About the same time with Signor Gavazzi died Mrs. Morgan, who for years, with her family, had spared neither money nor toil for the weal, and especially for the evangelization, of the Roman poor. She was beloved and revered by all. Only a year or two ago, Dr. Gason, another benefactor, for many years at the beck and call of the sick, whom he treated without money and without price, passed to his reward. Far beyond even all that they did, and it was much, is what they were, and the object-lesson was most precious to the Italians.

The statistics of the evangelical work in Italy are imperfect. The Waldenses have twenty thousand commu-

[1] Except of course the papal press.

nicants, including those in their native valleys. The *Chiesa Libera* (Free Church), lately calling itself the Evangelical Church of Italy, has one thousand five hundred members; the Wesleyans have one thousand four hundred; the Methodist Episcopal, one thousand one hundred; the Baptists from one thousand to one thousand one hundred, and the Old Catholics about five hundred. All of these bodies own church buildings in different cities in Italy, and some of them, especially the Methodist Episcopal, are spending large sums for buildings and on schools. The work is extensive rather than intensive, the gospel being widely scattered, while the churches generally are small, with not much prospect of self-support, though the principle is recognized. The work is certainly expensive, necessarily expensive, compared with Eastern missions, but it should not be compared with these and, being chiefly in large cities, is more like mission work done in the great centers of our own country. It is not easy for Italian evangelists to earn their own support, in whole or in part, even if it were desirable. Street preaching is not allowed, and even poor halls are difficult to purchase, and more still, to rent. A felt evil of the work has been, to borrow a word from Italian politics, the *opportunism* of church-members, and especially of evangelists, and the lack of denominational conviction, so that for mere convenience' sake they leave any denomination to join another. But, on the other hand, I believe there are many who know what they believe and would die for it. The results of a quarter of a century's labors offer no ground either for elation or for discouragement, but much for humility and thankfulness.

And so we leave our theme. The way of Italy as a nation has been trying beyond that of most. But new forces are at work, and the future has in it much of hope.

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